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THE BATTAILE OF AGINCOVRT.

FOVGHT BY HENRY THE FIFT of that name, King of *England*, against the whole power of the *French*: vnder the Raigne of their CHARLES the sixt, *Anno Dom.* 1415.

The Miseries of Queene MARGARITE, the infortunate Wife, of that most infortunate King HENRY the sixt.

NIMPHIDIA, the Court of *Fayrie*.

The Quest of CINTHIA.

The Shepheards SIRENA.

The *Moone-Calfe*.

Elegies vpon sundry occasions.

By MICHAELL DRAYTON, *Esquire*.

LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for WILLIAM LEE, and are to be sold at the Turkes Head in Fleete-Streete, next to the Miter and Phœnix. 1631.

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45.
6. 30.
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TO you those Noblest of Gentlemen of these Renowned Kingdomes of Great Britaine: who in these declining times, haue yet in your braue bosomes the sparkes of that sprightly fire, of your couragious Ancestors; and to this houre retaine the seedes of their magnanimitie and Greatnesse, who out of the vertue of your mindes, loue and cherish neglected Poesie, the delight of

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Bleſſed ſoules, And the language of Angels. To you are theſe my Poems dedicated.

By your truely affectioned
Seruant,

MICHAELL DRAYTON

THE

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THE VISION OF BEN. IOHNSON, ON THE MVSES OF HIS FRIEND M. DRAITON.

IT hath beene queſtion'd MICHAEL, if I be
A Friend at all; or, if at all, to thee:
Becauſe, who make the queſtion, haue not ſeene
Thoſe ambling viſits, paſſe in verſe, betweene
Thy *Muſe*, and mine, as they expect. 'Tis true:
You haue not writ to me, nor I to you;
And, though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Hanch againſt Hanch, or raiſe a riming *Club*
About the towne: this reck'ning I will pay,
Without conferring ſymboles. This's my day.
It was no Dreame! I was awake and ſaw!
Lend me thy voice, O FAME, that I may draw
Wonder to truth! and haue my viſion hoorld,
Hot from thy trumpet, round about the world.
I ſaw a Beauty from the Sea to riſe,
That al Earth look'd on, & that earth, all Eyes!
It caſt a beame as when the chear-full Sun
Is fayre got vp, and day ſome houres begun!
And fill'd an Orbe as circular as heauen!
The Orbe was cut foorth into Regions ſeuen.

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And those so sweet, & well proportion'd parts,
As it had bin the circle of the Arts!
When, by thy bright *Ideas* standing by,
I found it pure, and perfect *Poesy*,
Ther read I, streight, thy learned *Legends* three,
Heard the soft airs, between our swains & thee,
Which made me thinke, the old *Theocritus*,
Our Rurall *Virgil* come, to pipe to vs!
But then, thy epistolar *Heroick* Songs,
Their loues, their quarrels, iealousies & wrongs
Did all so strike me, as I cry'd, who can
With vs be call'd, the *Naso*, but this man?
And looking vp I saw *Mineruaes* fowle,
Pearch'd ouer head, the wise *Athenian* Owle:
I thought thee the our *Orpheus*, that wouldst try
Like him, to make the ayre, one volary:
And I had stil'd thee *Orpheus*, but before (rore,
My lips could forme the voyce, I heard that
And rouze, the marching of a mighty force,
Drums against drums, the neighing of the horse,
The fights, the cryes, & wondring at the iarres
I saw, and read, it was thy *Barons Warres*!
O, how in those, dost thou instruct these times,
That Rebels actions, are but valiant crimes!
And caried, though with shout, & noise cõfesse
A wild and an authoriz'd wickednesse!

Sayst

Sayst thou so, *Lucan*? But thou scornst to stay
Vnder one title. Thou hast made thy way
And flight about the Ile, well neare, by this
In thy admired *Periegesis*,
Or vniuersall circumduction
Of all that reade thy *Poly-Olbyon*.
That reade it? that are rauish'd! such was I
With euery song, I sweare, and so would dye:
But that I heare, againe thy Drum to beate
A better cause, and strike the braueſt heate
That euer yet did fire the *English* blood!
Our right in *France*! if rightly vnderstood.
There, thou art *Homer*! Pray thee, vse the stile
Thou hast deseru'd: And let me read the while
Thy Catalogue of Ships, exceeding his,
Thy list of aydes, and force, for so it is:
The Poets act! and for his Country's sake
Braue are the Musters, that the Muse wil make.
And whe he ships thē where to vse their Arms
How do his trūpets breath! What loud alarms!
Looke, how we read the Spartans were inflamd
With bold *Tyrtæus* verse, when thou art nam'd
So shall our *English* Youth vrge on, and cry
An *Agin-court*, an *Agin-court*, or dye.
This booke! it is a *Catechisme* to fight,
And will be bought of euery Lord and Knight,
That can but read; who cannot, may in prose

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Get broken pieces, and fight well by those,
The miseries of *Margaret* the Queene
Of tender eyes will more be wept, then seene:
I feele it by mine owne, that ouerflow,
And stop my sight, in euery line I goe.
But then refreshed by thy *Fayrie-Court*,
I looke on *Cynthia*, and *Syrenas* sport,
As on two flowry Carpets, that did rise,
And with their grasy green restor'd mine eyes
Yet giue mee leaue, to wonder at the birth
Of thy strange *Moon-Calfe*, both thy straine of mirth
And Gossip-got acquaintace, as to vs,
Thou hadst brought *Lapland* or old *Cobalus*,
Empusa, *Lamia*, or some Monster more
Then *Affricke* knew, or the full *Grecian* store!
I gratulate it to thee, and thy *Ends*,
To all thy vertuous and well chosen Friends,
Onely my losse is, that I am not there:
And till I worthy am to wish I were,
I call the world, that enuies me, to see
If I can be a Friend, and Friend to thee.

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VPON THE BATTAILE OF AGINCOVRT, VVRITTEN BY HIS DEARE FRIEND MICHAEL DRAYTON Esquire.

Had Henryes name beene only met in Proſe,
Recorded by the humble wit of thoſe
Who write of leſſe then Kings: who Victory,
As calmely mention, as a Pedigree,
The French alike with vs, might view his name
His actions too, and not confeſſe a ſhame:
Nay grow at length, ſo boldly troubleſome,
As to diſpute if they were ouercome.
But thou haſt wakt their feares: thy fiercer hand
Hath made their ſhame as laſting, as their land.
By thee againe they are compeld to know
How much of Fate is in an Engliſh foe.
They bleed afreſh by thee, and thinke the harme
Such, they could rather wiſh, t'were Henries *arme:*
Who thankes thy painefull quill; and holds it more
To be thy Subiect now, then King before.

By

By thee he conquers yet; when eu'ry word
Yeelds him a fuller honour, then his sword.
Strengthens his actions against time: by thee,
He Victory, and France, *doth hold in fee,*
So well obseru'd he is, that eu'ry thing,
Speakes him not only Englisb, but a King.
And France, *in thus, may boast her fortunate,*
That she was worthy of so braue a hate.
Her suffering is her gayne. How well we see
The Battaile labour'd worthy him, and thee,
Where we may Death discouer with delight,
And entertaine a pleasure from a fight.
Where wee may see how well it doth become
The brau'ry of a Prince to ouercome.
What Powver *is a Poet: that can add*
A life to Kings, more glorious, then they had
For what of Henry, *is vnsung by thee,*
Henry doth want of his Eternity.

I. Vaughan.

TO

TO
MY VVORTHY FRIEND
Mr. MICHAELL DRAYTON
vpon his Poems.

SONNET.

VVHat lofty Trophyes of eternall Fame,
England may vaunt thou do'ſt erect to her,
Yet forced to confeſſe, (yea bluſh for ſhame,)
That ſhe no honour doth on thee confer
How't would become her, would ſhe learne to know
Once to requite thy Heauen-borne Art and Zeale,
Or at the leaſt her ſelfe but thankefull ſhowe
Her ancient Glories that do'ſt ſtill reueale:
Sing thou of Loue, thy ſtraïns (like powerful charmes)
Enrage the boſome with an amorous fire,
And when againe thou lik'ſt to ſing of Armes
The Coward thou with courage do'ſt inſpire:
But when thou com'ſt to touch our Sinfull Times,
Then Heauen farre more then Earth ſpeakes in thy
(Rimes.)

Iohn Reynolds.

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THE BATTAILE OF AGINCOVRT.

CEas'd was the Thunder of those Drums which wak'd, (view,
Th'affrighted *French* their miseries to
At *Edwards* name, which to that houre still quak'd,
Their * *Salique Tables* to the ground that threw,
Yet were the *English* courages not slak'd,
But the same Bowes, and the same Blades they drew,
With the same Armes those weapons to aduance,
Which lately lopt *the Flower de liz of France.*

The law Salique was, that women should not inherite; which law Edward the third, by his right to the Crowne by his mother cancelled with his sword: for so much as at that time made way to his cleyme, though in France that law be inviolable.

Henry the fift, that man made out of fire,
Th'Imperiall Wreath plac'd on his Princely browe;
His Lyons courage stands not to enquire
Which way old *Henry* came by it; or how
At *Pomfret* Castell *Richard* should expire:
What's that to him? he hath the Garland now;
Let * *Bullenbrooke* beware how he it wan,
For * *Munmouth* meanes to keepe it if he can.

Henry the 4. so named of a Town in Lincolne Shiere, where he was borne.

Henry the fift borne at Munmouth in Wales.

That

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Dowglas in that battaile slew three in the Kings coat Armour

That glorious day, which his great Father got,
Vpon the *Percies*; calling to their ayde
The Valiant *Dowglas*, that Herculian *Scot*,
When for his Crowne at *Shrewsbury* they playde,
Had quite dishartned en'try other plot,
And all those Tempests quietly had layd;
That not a cloud did to this Prince appeare,
No former King had seene a skie so cleere.

Wickliffe a learned Diuine, and the greatest Protestant of those times.

Yet the rich Clergy felt a fearefull Rent,
In the full bosome of their Church (whilst she
A Monarchesse, immeasurably spent,
Lesse then she was, and thought she might not be:)
By *Wickliffe* and his followers; to preuent
The growth of whose opinions, and to free
That foule Aspersion, which on her they layd,
She her strong'st wits must stir vp to her ayde.

A Parliament at Leyster.

When presently a Parliament is cal'd
To set things steddy, that stood not so right,
But that thereby the poore might be inthral'd,
Should they bee vrg'd by those that were of might,
That in his Empire, equitie enstaul'd,
It should continue in that perfect plight;
Wherefore to *Leyster*, he th'Assembly drawes,
There to Inact those necessary Lawes.

In which one Bill (mongst many) there was red,
Against the generall, and superfluous waste
Of temporall Lands, (the Laity that had fed)
Vpon the Houses of Religion caste,

Which

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Which for defence might ſtand the Realme in ſtead
Where it moſt needed, were it rightly plac'd;
Which made thoſe *Church-men* generally to feare,
For all this calme, ſome tempeſt might be near.

And being right skilfull, quickly they foreſawe,
No ſhallow braines this buſineſſe went about:
Therefore with cunning they muſt cure this flawe;
For of the King they greatly ſtood in doubt,
Leſt him to them, their oppoſites ſhould drawe;
Something muſt be thruſt in, to thruſt that out:
And to this end they wiſely muſt prouide,
One, this great Engine, Clearkly that could guide.

Chichley, that ſate on *Canterburies* See,
A man well ſpoken, grauely ſtout, and wiſe,
The moſt ſelect (then thought of that could be,)
To act what all the Prelacy deuiſe;
For well they knew, that in this buſ'neſſe, he
Would to the vtmoſt ſtraine his faculties;)
Him lift they vp, with their maine ſtrēgth, to proue
By ſome cleane flight this * libell to remoue.

Henry Chichly ſucceeding Arundell (late deceaſed) in that See.

So they termed it as not worthy of a better title.

His braine in labour, gladly foorth would bring
Somewhat, that at this needfull time might fit,
The ſprightly humour of this youthfull King,
If his inuention could but light of it;
His working ſoule proiecteth many a thing,
Vntill at length out of the ſtrength of wit,
He found a warre with *France* muſt bee the way
To daſh this Bill, elſe threatning their decay.

Whilſt

Whilſt vacant minds ſate in their breaſts at eaſe,
And the remembrance of their Conqueſts paſt,
Vpon their fanſies doth ſo ſtrongly ſeaſe,
As in their teeth, their Cowardiſe is caſt,
Rehearſing to them thoſe victorious dayes,
The deeds of which, beyond their names ſhould last,
That after-ages, reading what was theirs,
Shall hardly thinke, thoſe men had any Heires.

And to this point, premeditating well,
A ſpeech, (which chanc'd, the very point to cleare
Aym'd, whatſoeuer the ſucceſſe befell
That it no roomth ſhould for a ſecond leaue,
More of this little then in hand to tell,
If ſo his skill him did not much deceiue,
And 'gainſt the King in publike ſhould appeare;
Thus frames his ſpeech to the Aſſembly there.

The Archbiſhop of Canterburies Oration, to the King and Parliament at Leceſter, in the eleuen following Stanzaes.

PArdon my boldnes, my Liedge Soueraigne Lo
Nor your Dread preſence let my ſpeech offen
Your milde attention, fauourably affoord,
Which, ſuch cleere vigour to my ſpirit ſhall lend,
That it ſhall ſet an edge vpon your Sword,
To my demand, and make you to attend,
Asking you, why, men train'd to Armes you ke
Your right in *France* yet ſuffering ſtill to ſleep

Can ſuch a Prince be in an Iland pent,
And poorely thus ſhut vp within a Sea.
When as your right includes that large extent,
To th'either *Alpes* your Empire forth to lay,

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Can he be *English* borne and is not bent
To follow you, appoint you but the way,
We'le wade if we want ships, the waues to climme,
In one hand hold our swords, with th'other swim.

What time cõtrouls your braue great grãdsirs claim
To th'Realme of *France*, from *Philip* nam'd the faire
Which to King *Edward* by his mother came,
Queene *Isabel*; that *Philips* onely heire,
Which this short intermission doth not maime,
But if it did, as he, so yours repaire;
That where his blood in right preuailed not,
In spight of hell, yet by his Sword he got.

The Crowne of France defeated vpon Edward the third, from Isabell his Mother, Daughter and surviuing heire, to King Philip of France nominde the faire.

What set the Conquerour, by their *Salique Lawes*,
Those poore decrees their Parliaments could make,
He entred on in iustnesse of his Cause,
To make good, what he dar'd to vndertake,
And once in Action he stood not to pause,
But in vpon them like a Tempest brake,
And downe their buildings with such fury bare,
That they from mists dissolued were to ayre.

As those braue *Edwards*, Father and the Sonne,
At Conquer'd *Cressy* with successefull lucke,
Where first all *France* (as at one game) they wonne,
Neuer two Warriours, such a Battaile strucke,
That when the bloody dismall fight was done,
Here in one heape, there in another Rucke
Princes and peasants lay together mixt,
The *English* Swords, no difference knew betwixt.

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There *Lewe* King of *Beame* was ouerthrowne,
With valiant *Charles*, of *France* the yonger brother,
A *Daulphine* and two Dukes, in pieces hewen;
To them sixe Earles lay slaine by one another;
Ther the grand *Prior* of *France*, fetcht his last groan
Two Archbishops the boistrous crould doth smother,
There fifteene thousand of their Gentrie dy'de,
With each two Souldiers, slaughtered by his side.

Iames, Daulphin of Viennoies.
The Dukes of Lorraine & Burbon.
The Earles of Aumerle, Sauoye, Moumbilliard Flaunders, Newers, & Harcourt.
King Iohn of France and Philip his son taken by the Blacke Prince, at the Battaile of Poyteers, brought Prisoners to England.
Iohn of Cleremount.
Peter of Burbon.

Nor the *Blacke Prince* at *Poyters* battaile fought;
Short of his Father, and himselfe before,
Her King and Prince, that prisoners hither brought
From forty thousand, weltring in their gore,
That in the worlds opinion it was thought,
France from that instant could subsist no more,
The *Marshall*, and the *Constable*, there slaine,
Vnder the Standard, in that battaile ta'ne.

Examples of such as haue aduanced themselues to the Crowne of France, against the strict letter of the lawe Salique, in two following Stanzaes.

Nor is this claime for women to succeed,
(Gainst which they would your right to *France* debar)
A thing so new, that it so much should need
Such opposition, as though fetcht from farre,
By *Pepin* this is prou'd, as by a deed,
Deposing *Childricke*, by a fatall warre,
By *Richyld* dar'd his title to aduance,
Daughter to *Clothar*, first so nam'd of *France*.

Hugh Capet, who from *Charles* of *Loraine* tooke
The Crowne of *France*, that he in peace might raigne,
As heire to *Lingard* to her title stooke,
Who was the daughter of King *Charlemaine*,

So

So holy *Lewes* poring on his booke,
Whom that *Hugh Capet* made his heire againe,
From *Ermingard* his Grandam, claimd the crown,
Duke *Charles* his daughter, wrongfully put down.

Nor thinke my Liege a fitter time then this,
You could haue found your title to aduance,
At the full height, when now the faction is,
'Twixt *Burgoyne*, and the house of *Orleance*,
Your purpose you not possibly can misse,
For my Lord so luckily doth chance,
That whilst these two in opposition stand,
You may haue time your Army there to land.

And if my fancy doe not ouerpresse,
My visuall sence, me thinkes in euery eye
I see such cheere, as of our good successe
In *France* hereafter seemes to Prophecie;
Thinke not my Soueraigne, my Alegiance lesse
Though he; my Lords nor doe you misaply
My words: thus long vpon this subiect spent,
Who humbly here submit to your assent.

THis speech of his, that powerful Engine preu'd
Then e'r our Fathers got, which rais'd vs hier,
The Clergies feare that quietly remou'd,
And into *France* transferd our Hostile fier,
Made the *English* through the world belou'd,
That durst to those so mighty things aspire,
And gaue so cleare a luster to our fame,
That neighboring nations trembled at our name.

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When through the house, this rumor scarsely ran
That warre with *France* propounded was againe,
In all th'assembly there was not a man,
But put the proiect on with might and maine,
So great applause it generally wan,
That else no busnesse they would entertaine,
As though their honour vtterly were lost,
If this desine should any way be crost.

So much mens minds now vpon *France* were set,
That euery one doth with himselfe forecast,
What might fall out this enterprise to let,
As what againe might giue it wings of hast,
And for they knew, the *French* did still abet
The *Scot* against vs, (which we vs'd to tast)
It question'd was if it were fit or no;
To conquer them, ere we to *France* should goe.

Ralph Neuill then warden of the Marches betwixt England and Scotland.

Which *Raulph* then Earle of *Westmerland* propos'd
Quoth he with *Scotland* let vs first begin,
By which we are vpon the North inclos'd,
And lockt with vs, one Continent within,
Then first let *Scotland* be by vs dispos'd,
And with more ease, yee spatious *France* may win,
Else of our selues, ere we our ships can cleere,
To land in *France*; they will invade vs here.

An old adage He that will France win: must with Scotland first beginne.

The Duke of Excester the Kings eame Vncle.

Not so braue *Neuill, Excester* replies,
For that of one tvvo labours were to make,
For *Scotland* wholly vpon *France* relies;
First Conquer *France*, and *Scotland* yee may take,

Tis

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Tis the *French* pay, the *Scot* to them that tyes,
That stope, asunder quickly ye shall shake.
The *French* and *Scots*; to *France* then first say I,
First, first, to *France* then all the commons cry,

The first breach with France.

And instantly an *Embassy* is sent,
To *Charles* of *France*, to will him to restore
Those Territories, of whose large extent.
The *English* Kings were owners of before;
Which if he did not, and incontinent,
The King would set those *English* on his shore,
That in despight of him, and all his might,
Should leave their liues there, or redeeme his right.

The Countries demanded by the King of England.

First *Normandy*, in his demaund he makes,
With *Aquitaine*, a Dutchy no lesse great,
Anion and *Mayne*, with *Gascoyne* which he takes,
Cleerely his owne, as many an English seat:
With these proud *France*, he first of all awakes,
For their deliuery, giuing power to treat;
For well he knew, if *Charles* should these restore,
No King of *France* was euer left so poore.

The King and Daulphine of France, deride the King of England.

The *King*, and *Daulphin*, to his proud demand,
That he might see they no such matter meant,
As a thing fitter for his youthfull hand;
A Tunne of *Paris* Tennis Balls him sent,
Better himselfe to make him vnderstand,
Deriding his ridiculous intent:
And that was all the answere he could get,
Which more the King doth to this Conquest whet.

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Henry the fift answered for the Tennis Balles.

That answering the Ambassadour, quoth he,
Thanks for my Bals, to *Charles* your Soueraign giue,
And thus Assure him, and his sonne from me,
I'le send him Bals, and Rackets if I liue,
That they such Racket shall in *Paris* see,
When ouer line with Bandies I shall driue,
As that before the set be fully done,
France may (perhaps) into the Hazzard runne.

The language of Tennis.

So little doth luxurious *France* fore-see
By her disdaine, vvnat shee vpon her drew:
In her most brauery seeming then to bee,
The punishment that shortly should ensue,
Which so incenst the *English* King, that he,
For full reuenge into that fury grew:
That those three horrors, Famine, Sword, and Fire,
Could not suffice to satisfie his ire.

In all mens mouthes novv was no word but war,
As though no thing had any other name;
And folke would aske of them ariu'd from farre,
What forces were preparing whence they came?
Gainst any bus'nesse 'twas a lawfull barre
To say for *France* they were; and 'tvvas a shame,
For any man to take in hand to doe
Ought, but something that did belong thereto.

Blades are reuinted of the best temper.

Old Armours are drest vp, and new are made;
Iacks are in vvorking, and strong shirts of Male,
He scovvers an * old Foxe, he a * bilbow blade,
Novv Shields and Targets onely are for sale;

Who

Who works for warre, now thriueth by his Trade,
The brown-Bill, and the Battle-Axe preuaile:
The curious Fletcher fits his well-strung Bowe,
And his barb'd Arrow which he sets to showe.

Tents and Pauillions in the fields are pitcht,
(E'r full wrought vp their Roomthynesse to try)
Windowes, and Towers, with Ensines are inricht,
With ruffling Banners, that doe braue the skie,
Wherewith the wearied Labourer bewitcht
To see them thus hang wauing in his eye:
His toylsome burthen from his back doth throw,
And bids them work that wil, to *France* hee'l go.

Rich Sadles for the Light-horse and the Bard,
For to be brau'st ther's not a man but plyes,
Plumes, Bandroules, and Caparizons prepar'd;
Whether of two, and men at Armes diuise,
The * Greaues, or * Guyses were the surer guard,
The * Vambrasse, or the Pouldron, they should prize,
And where a stand of Pikes plac't close, or large,
Which way to take aduantage in the Charge.

Armed at all poynts.

Armings for the thigh and legge.

Armings for the arme and shoulder.

One traynes his Horse, another trayles his Pike,
He with his Pole-Axe practiseth the fight,
The Bowe-man (which no Country hath the like)
With his sheafe Arrow, proueth by his might,
How many score off, he his Foe can strike,
Yet not to draw aboue his bosomes height:
The Trumpets sound the Charge and the Retreat,
The bellowing Drum, the March again doth beat,

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Cannons vpon their Carriage mounted are,
Whole Battery *France* must feele vpon her Walls,
The Engineer prouiding the Petar,
To breake the strong Percullice, and the Balls
Of Wild fire deuis'd to throw from farre,
To burne to ground their Pallaces and Halls:
Great Ordnance then but newly in vse. Some studying are, the Scale which they had got,
Thereby to take the Leuell of their Shot.

The man in yeares preacht to his youthfull Son,
Prest to this Warre, as they sate by the fire,
What deedes in *France* were by his Father done,
To this attempt to worke him to aspire,
And told him there, how hee an Ensigne vvonne,
Which many a yeare was hung vp in the Quire:
And in the Battell, where he made his way,
How many *French-men* he struck down that day.

The good old man with teares of ioy would tell,
In *Creffy* field, vvhat prizes *Edward* play'd,
As what at *Poyteers* the *Blacke Prince* befell,
How like a Lion hee about him layd:
In deedes of Armes, how *Audely* did excell,
For their olde sins, how they the *French-men* paid:
How brauely *Basset* did behaue him there:
How vvell *Oxford* charg'd the Van, *Warwick* the reare.

And Boy, quoth he, I haue heard thy Grandsire say
That once he did an English Archer see,
Who shooting at a French tweluescore away,
Quite through the body, stucke him to a Tree:

Vpon

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Vpon their strengths, a King his Crowne might lay:
Such were the men of that braue age quoth hee,
When with his Axe he at his foe did driue,
Murrian and scalpe down to the teeth could riue,

The scarlet Iudge might now set vp his Mule,
With neighing Steeds the Streets so pestred are,
For where he went in *Westminster* to rule,
On his Tribunall seate the man of vvarre,
The Lawyer to his chamber doth recule,
For hee hath now no busines at the barre:
But to make Wills and Testaments for those,
That were for *France*, their substance to dispose.

By this the Councell of the War had met,
And had at large of euery thing discust;
And the graue Clergie had with them beene set,
To warrant vvhat they vndertooke was iust,
And as for monies that to be no let,
They bad the King for that to them to trust:
The Church to pawn, would see her chalice laid,
E'r she would leaue one Pyoner vnpayd.

From *Milford* Hauen, to the mouth of *Tweed*, *Halfe the circumference of the Iland, from the Spanish to the German Ocean.*
Ships of all burthen to *Southampton* brought,
For there the King the Rendeuous decreed
To beare abroad his most victorious fraught:
The place from whence he with the greatest speed,
Might land in *France*, (of any that was thought)
And with successe vpon that lucky shore,
VVhere his great Grandsire landed had before. *Edward the third.*

But

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But for he found those vessels were too few,
That into *France* his Army should conuay:
He sent to *Belgia*, whose great store he knew,
Might now at need supply him euery way,
His bounty ample; as the vvindes that blew,
Such Barkes for *Portage* out of eu'ry bay
In *Holland*, *Zeland*, and in *Flanders*, brings;
As spred the wide* fleete with their canuase wings.

The Sea betwixt France and England so called.

But first seuen Ships from *Rochester* are sent,
A Catalogue of the Ships in at Stanzas.
The narrovv Seas, of all the *French* to sweepe;
All men of vvar with scripts of Mart that went,
And had command, the Coast of *France* to keepe:
The comming of a Nauie to preuent,
And view what strength was in the Bay of *Deepe*:
And if they found it like to come abroad,
To doe their best to fire it in the Road.

The names of the Kings 7. Ships of War

The *Bonauenture*, *George*, and the *Expence*,
Three as tall ships, as e'r did Cable tewe,
The *Henry Royall*, at her parting thence,
An Indian Bird so great, that she is able to carrie an Elephant,
Like the Huge *Ruck* from *Gillingham* that flevv:
The *Antilop*, the *Elephant*, *Defence*,
Bottoms as good as euer spred a clue:
All hauing charge, their voyage hauing bin,
Before *Southampton* to take Souldiers in.

Tvvelue Merchants ships, of mighty burthen all,
New of the stocks, that had beene rig'd for *Stoad*,
Riding in *Thames*, by *Lymehouse*, and *Blackwall*,
That ready were their Merchandize to load,

Straight-

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Straightly commanded by the Admirall,
At the same Port to settle their aboad.
And each of these a Pinnis at command:
To put her fraught conueniently to land.

Eight goodly Ships, so *Bristow* ready made,
Which to the King they bountifully lent,
With Spanish Wines which they for ballast lade,
In happy speed of his braue Voyage ment,
Hoping this Conquest should enlarge their Trade,
And there withall a rich and spacious Tent:
And as this Fleete the Seuerne Seas doth stem,
Fiue more from *Padstowe* came along with them.

The *Hare of Loo* a right good ship well knowne,
The yeare before that twice the straits had past,
Two wealthy Spanish Merchants did her owne,
Who then but lately had repair'd her wast;
For from her Decke a Pyrate shee had blowne,
After a long Fight, and him tooke at last:
And from *Mounts Bay* sixe more, that still in sight
Waited with her before the *Ile of Wight*.

From *Plymmouth* next came in the *Blazing Starr*,
And fiery *Dragon* to take in their fraught;
With other foure, especiall men of warre,
That in the Bay of *Portugall* had fought,
And though returning from a Voyage farre,
Stem'd that rough sea, whē at the high'st it wroght,
With these of *Dartmouth* seu'n good ships ther were
The golden Crescant in their tops that beare.

The Bay of Portugal one of the highest working Seas that is knowne.

So

So *Lyme*, three Ships into the Nauy sent,
Of which the *Sampson* scarce a mon'th before,
Had sprung a Planke, and her maine Mast had spent,
With extreme perill that shee got to shore;
With them fiue other out of *Waymouth* went,
Which by *Southampton*, were made vp a scone:
With those that rode (at pleasure) in the Bay,
And that at Anchor before *Portsmouth* lay.

Next these, *Newcastle* furnisheth the Fleet
With nine good Hoyes of necessary vse;
The Danish Pyrats, valiantly they beet,
Offring to Sacke them as they sayl'd from *Slace*:
Sixe Hulks from *Hul* at *Humbers* mouth them meet,
Which had them oft acompanied to * *Pruce*,
Fiue more from * *Yarmouth* falling them among,
That had for fishing beene prepared long.

A country lying vpon the east Sea, bordering vpon Poland.

The *Cow* of *Harwitch* neuer put to flight,
For Hides and Furres, late to *Muscouia* bound,
Of the same Port, another nam'd the *Spight*,
That in her comming lately, from the Sound,
After a two-dayes-still-continued fight,
Had made three Flemings run themselues ongrounde;
With three neat Flee-boats which with them do tak
Sixe ships of *Sandwich* vp the Fleet to make.

Famous for Herring fishing.

Nine ships for the Nobility were there,
Of able men, the enterprize to ayde,
Which to the King most liberally they lent,
At their owne charge, and bountifully payd,

Aydes to the King by the Nobility.

Nor-

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Northumberland, and *Westmerland* in sent,
Fourescore at Armes a peece, themselues and layd
At six score Archers each, as *Suffolke* showes,
Twenty tall men at Armes, with forty Bowes.

Warwicke, and *Stafford* leauied at no lesse,
Then Noble *Suffolke*, nor doe offer more,
Of men at Armes, and Archers which they presse,
Of their owne Tenants Arm'd wite their own store;
Their forwardnesse foreshewes their good successe,
In such a Warre, as had not beene before:
And other Barrons vnder Earles that were,
Yet dar'd with them an equall charge to beare.

Darcy, and *Camois*, zealous for the King,
Louell, *Fitzwater*, *Willoughby*, and *Rosse*,
Berkely, *Powis*, *Burrell*, fall together cling;
Seymor and *Saint-John* for the busines close,
Each twenty Horse, and forty foote doe bring,
More, to nine hundred mounting in the grosse
In those nine Ships, and fitly them bestow'd,
Which with the other fall into the Road.

From *Holland*, *Zeland*, and from *Flanders* won,
By weekely pay, threescore twelue Bottoms came,
From fifty vpward, to fiue hundred Tunne;
For eu'ry vse a Marriner could name,
Whose glittering Flags against the Radient Sunne,
Show'd as the Sea had all beene of a flame;
For Skiffes, Crayes, Scallops, & the like, why these
From eu'ry small Creeke, couer'd all the Seas.

The

The man whose way from *London* hap'd to lye,
By those he met might guesse the generall force,
Dayly encountred as he past by,
Now with a Troupe of Foote, and then of Horse,
To whom the people still themselues apply,
Bringing them victuals as in meere remorce:
And still the acclamation of the presse,
Saint *George* for *England*, to your good successe.

There might a man haue seene in euery streete,
The Father bidding farewell to his Sonne:
Small Children kneeling at their Fathers feete:
The Wife with her deare Husband ne'r had done,
Brother his Brother, with adieu to greet:
One Friend to take leaue of another runne:
The Mayden with her best belou'd to part,
Gaue him her hand, who tooke away her heart.

The nobler Youth the common ranke aboue,
On their coruetting Coursers mounted faire,
One ware his Mistris Garter, one her Gloue,
And he a locke of his deare Ladies haire;
And he her Collours, whom he most did loue,
There was not one but did some Fauour weare:
And each one tooke it, on his happy speed,
To make it famous by some Knightly deed.

The cloudes of dust, that from the wayes arose,
Which in their March the trampling troups do reare
When as the Sunne their thicknesse doth oppose,
In his descending, shining wonderous cleare,

To

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To the beholder far off standing showes,
Like some besieged towne, that were on fire,
As though fore-telling e'r they should returne,
That many a City yet secure must burne.

The well-rigd Navy salne into the Road,
For this short Cut with victuall fully stord.
The King impatient of their long aboad,
Commands his Army instantly aboard,
Casting to have each company bestow'd,
As then the time conuenience could afford;
The Ships appointed wherein they should goe,
And Boars prepar'd for wastage to and fro.

To be imbarqu'd when euery band comes down,
Each in their order as they mustred were,
Or by the diff-rence of their (*a*) Armings knowne,
Or by their Collours; for in Ensignes there,
Some wore the Armes of their most ancient towne,
Others againe their owne Diuises beare.
There was not any but that more or lesse,
Somthing had got, that somthing should expresse.

a A blason of the Ensignes of the seueral Shires in 14. Stanzas following.
b Expressing their freedome, as still retaining their ancient liberties, by surprizing the Conquerour like a mousing wood.
c An expression of King Harolds death slaine with an Arrow in the head, at the Battaile of Hastings, fighting against the Conquerour.

First, in the (*b*) *Kentish* Stremer was a Wood,
Out of whose top, an armc that held a sword,
As their right Embleme; and to make it good,
They aboue other onely had a word,
Which was; *Vncquer'd*, as that free'st had stood.
(*c*) *Sussex* the next that was to come Aboard
Boare a blacke Lyon Rampant sore that bled,
With a Field-Arrow darted through the head.

The

The men of (*d*) *Surry*, Checky Blew and gold,
Which for braue *Warren* their first Earle they wo
In many a Field, that honour'd was of old)
And *Hamshire* next, in the same collours bore,
Three Lyons Passant, th'Armes of *Benis* bold,
Who through the World, so famous was of yore;
A siluer (*e*) Tower, *Dorsets* Red Banner beares;
The *Cornishmen* two Wrestlers had for theirs.

The (*f*) *Deuonshire* Band, a Beacon set on fire,
Sommerset (*g*) a Virgine Bathing in a Spring,
Their Cities Armes the men of *Glostershire*,
In Gold, three Bloudy Cheuernells doe bring,
Wiltshire a Crowned * Piramed; As nigher
Then any other to match to the King;
Barkeshire, a * Stag, vnder an Oake that stood,
Oxford, a White Bull wading in a Flood.

The mustred men for (*i*) *Buckingham* are gone,
Vnder the Swan, the Armes of that old Towne;
The *Londoners*, and *Middlesex* as one,
Are by the Red Crosse, and the Dagger knowne;
The Men of (*k*) *Essex* ouermatcht by none,
Vnder Queene *Hellens* Image Marching downe;
(*l*) *Suffolke* a Sunne halfe risen from the brack,
(*m*) *Norfolke* a Triton on a Dolphins backe. Th

d The first famous Earle of that country.

e Expressing the pleasantnesse of the situation of that country, lying upon the French Sea.

f As lying the fittest to expell or forewarne Inuasion.

g Expressing the delicacy of the Lady, their chiefe City.

h The Armes of the ancient Family of Clare Earle of Gloster borne by the City. Stondge being the first wonder of England, standing in Wiltshire.

i An old Embleme of Berckshire or Barkshire.

* A Barke of the ancient Family of the Staffordes, Dukes of that place. & Queene Helen Mother of the Crosse, wife to Constantine, and daughter to King Coell, builder of Colchester in Essex. *l* Suffolke the most Easterly of the English shires. *m* For the braue prospect to the Germaine Ocean.

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The ſouldiers ſent from *Cambridge*(*a*)*ſhire*, a Bay
Vpon a Mountaine watred with a ſhower:
Hartford(*b*) two Harts that in a riuer play:
Bedford an Eagle pearcht vpon a Tower,
And (*c*) *Huntington* a people proud as they,
Nor giuing place to any for their power,
A youthful Hunter with a Chaplet Crown'd,
In a pyde Lyam leading foorth his Hound.

Northampton(*d*) with a Caſtle ſeated high,
Supported by two Lyons thither came,
The men of (*e*) *Rutland*, to them marching nie;
In their rich Enſigne beare an Ermine Ram,
And (*f*) *Leſterſhire* that on their ſtrength relye,
A Bull and Maſtiue fighting for the game,
Lincolne (*g*) a ſhip moſt neatly that was lim'd,
In all her ſailes with Flags and Pennons trim'd.

Stout (*h*) *Warwickſhire*, her ancient badg the Beare,
Worſter (*i*) a Peare-tree laden with the fruit,
A Golden fleece and (*k*) *Hereford* doth weare
Stafford (*l*) A Hermet in his homely ſute,
Shropſhire (*m*) a Falcon towring in the ayre,
And for the Shire whoſe ſurface ſeemes moſt brute,
Darby, an Eagle ſitting on a Roote,
A ſwathed infant holding in her foote.

a Hauing relation to that famous Vniuerſity their Shire townes.
b The Armes of the Towne ſomewhat alluding to the name.
c The Armes of the towne of Huntingdon, firſt ſo named of a place where Hunters met,
d The Armes of the towne.
e From the aboundance of wool in that tract.
f A ſport more vſed in that ſhire from ancient time, then in any other.
g For the length that it hath vpon the Germane Ocean.
h The Beare and ragged Staffe, the Ancient Armes of that Earledome.
i For the aboundance of fruite more there then in any other tract.
k The fineneſſe of the Wooll of Lenſter in that ſhire.
l Many Hermites liued there in the woods in time paſt, it being all forreſtrie.
m Expreſſing the loftineſſe of the mountaines in that Shire, on which many Hawkes were wont to ayry.

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Olde(n) *Nottingham*, an Archer clad in greene,
Vnder a Tree with his drawne bowe that stood,
Which in a checkquer'd Flagge farre off was seene
It was the picture of old *Robin Hood*,
And (o) *Lancashire* not as the least I weene,
Thorough three Crowns, three arrowes smeard with
Cheshire a Banner, very square & broad, (blood
Wherein a man vpon a Lyon rode.

A flaming Lance, the (p) *Yorkeshire* men for the
As those for *Durham* neere againe at hand,
A Myter crowned with a Diadem:
An armed man, the men of (q) *Cumberland*:
So (r) *Westmerland* link'd with it in one Stem,
A Ship that wrackt lay fierd vpon the sand:
Northumberland (s) with these com'n as a broth
Two Lyons fighting tearing one another.

Thus as themselues the *English* men had show'
Vnder the Ensigne of each seuerall Shiere,
The native *Welch* who no lesse honour ow'd,
To their owne King, nor yet lesse valiant were;
In one strong Reg'ment had themselues bestow'd,
And of the rest, resumed had the Reare:
To their owne Quarter marching as the rest,
As neatly Arm'd, and brauely as the best.

(a) Pi

n That famous out-Law liued much in that Country, and is yet by many places there Celebrated.

o Accounted ouer the best Archers of England.

p For their agillety with the Speare, & swiftnesse of their Nags.

q Being ready fit in Armes against the Scots

r Expressing the scite thereof lying ouer those dangerous Seas betweene England and Ireland.

s Their terrible conflicts (many times) with the Scots, expressed in the fight betweene the golden & red Lyon.

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(a) *Pembrooke*, a Boat wherein a Lady stood,
owing herselfe within a quiet Bay;
hose men of *South-wales* of the (b) mixed blood
lad of the *Welch* the leading of the way:
aermardin (c) in her collours beare a Rood,
Vhereon an old man lean'd himselfe to stay,
At a Starre poynting; which of great renowne,
Was skilfull *Merlin*, namer of that towne.

(d) *Glamorgan* men, a Castell great and hie,
rom which, out of the battlement aboue,
flame shot vp it selfe into the skie:
he men of (e) *Munmouth* (for the ancient loue
o that deare Country neighboring them so nie),
lext after them in Equipage that moue,
Three Crownes Imperiall which supported were
With three Arm'd Armes, in their proud Ensigne (beare.)
The men of (f) *Brecknock* brought a Warlik Tent,
pon whose top there sate a watchfull Cocke,
adnor, (g) a mountaine of an high ascent,
hereon a shepheard keeping of his Flocke,
s (g) *Cardigan* the next to them that went,
ame with a Meremayd sitting on a Rocke,
And (i) *Merioneth* beares (as these had done)
Three dancing goates against the rising Sunne.

a Milford Haven in Pembrokeshiere, one of the brauest harbours in the knowne world, therefore not vnaptly so expressed.
b Partly Dutch, partly English, partly Welch.
c Merlin, by whose birth and knowledge that towne is made famous.
d A watch Tower or pharus, hauing the scituation where Seuorn beginneth to widden, as when Pirats haue come in to giue warning to the other Maritine Countryes.
e For the glory it hath attained to be the Kings birth-place, and to expresse his principalities.
f The Armes of Brecknocke.
g Lying towards the midst of Wales and for abundance of Sheepe liuing on those high mountaines.
h Expressing the scituation of Sheere, lying on the Maritine part vpon the Irish Sea.
i For the abundance of Goates hauing on those inaccessible Mountaines.

Thoſe of (k) *Montgomery*, beare a prancing Steed
Denbeigh (l) a Nepture with his three-fork'd Mace
Flintſhire (m) a Workemayd in her Summer weed
with Sheafe and Sickle (with a warlike pace)
Thoſe of *Caernaruon* not the leaſt in ſpeed,
Though marching laſt (in the maine Armies face)
Three golden Eagles in their Enſigne brought,
Vnder which oft braue *Owen Guyneth* fought,

The Seas amazed at that fearefull ſight,
Of Armes and Enſignes that abroad were brought,
Of Streamers, Banners, Pennons, Enſignes pight,
Vpon each Pub, and Prowe; and at the fraught,
So full of terror, that it hardly might
Into a naturall courſe againe be brought,
As the Vaſte Nauie which at Anchor rides,
Proudly preſumes to ſhoulder out the Tides.

The Fleete then full and floating on the maine,
The numerous Maſts, with their braue topſails ſpre
When as the wind a little doth them ſtraine,
Seeme like a Forreſt bearing her proud head
Againſt ſome rough flaw, that foreruns a raine:
So doe they looke from euery lofty ſted,
Which with the ſurges, tumbled to and fro,
Seeme (euen) to bend, as trees are ſeene to doe.

From euery Ship when as the Ordnance rore,
Of their depart that all might vnderſtand,
When as the zealous people from the ſhore,
Againe with fires ſalute them from the Land,

(k) The ſhiere breeding the beſt Horſes of Wales.
(l) As opening it ſelfe to the great North er Deucalidonian Sea.
(m) Expreſſing the abundance of Corn and graſſe, in that little Tract.
A Simile of the Nauy.
The braue ſolemnity of the departing of the Fleet

For so was order left with them before,
To watch the Beacons with a carefull hand,
Which being once fierd, the people more or lesse,
Should all to Church, to pray for their successe.

They shape their course into the Mouth of *Seyne*, *The Navy Landing in the mouth of Seyne.*
That destin'd Flood those Nauies to receiue,
Before whose fraught, her *France* had prostrate laine
As now shee must this, that shall neuer leaue,
Vntill the Enfignes that it doth containe,
Into the ayre her heightned walls shall heaue;
Whose stubborne Turrets had refus'd to bow,
To that braue Nation that shall shake them now.

Long Boats with Sceuts are put to land before,
Vpon light Naggs the countrey to discry,
Whilst the braue Army setting is on shore,)
To vievv what strength the enemy had nie,
Pressing the bosome of large *France* so sore,
That her pale *Genius*, in affright doth flye
To all her Townes, and warnes them to awake,
And for her safety vp their Armes to take.

At *Paris*, *Roane*, and *Orleance*, she calls,
And at their gates with groanings doth complaine:
Then cries she out, O get vp to your walles:
The *English* Armies are return'd againe,
Which in two Battailes gaue those fatall falls,
At *Cressy*, and at *Poyteers*, where lay slaine,
Our conquered Fathers, which with very feare,
Quake in their graues to feele them landed here.

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The King of *France* now hauing vnderstood,
Of *Henryes* entrance, (but too well improu'd,)
He cleerely saw that deere must be the blood,
That it must cost, ere he could be remou'd,
He sends to make his other sea Townes good,
Neuer before, so much it him behou'd,
In euery one a Garison to lay,
Fearing fresh powers from *England* ev'ry day.

The braue encouragement of a courragious King.

To the high'st earth whilst awfull *Henry* gets,
From whence strong *Harflew* he might easiest see,
With sprightly words, & thus their courage whets,
In yonder walls be Mines of gold (quoth he)
He's a poore slaue that thinkes of any debts;
Harflew shall pay for all, it ours shall bee,
This ayre of *France* doth like me wonderous well,
Lets burne our ships, for here we meane to dwell.

A charitable Proclamation made by the King.

But through his Hoast, he first of all proclaim'd
In paine of death no *English* man should take,
From the Religious aged, or the maym'd,
Or women that could no resistance make;
To gaine his owne for that he only aym'd;
Nor would haue such to suffer for his sake:
Which in the French (when they the same did heare)
Bred of this braue King, a religious feare.

The Kings mayne Standard (for the ponderousnes thereof,) euer borne vpon a Carriage.

His army rang'd in order fitting war, (crown
Each with some greene thing doth his Murrian
With his mayne standard fixt vpon the Carre;
Comes the great King before th'intrenched towne
Whil

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Whilst from the walles the people gazing are,
In all their sights he sets an army downe,
Nor for their shot he careth not a pin.
But seekes where he his battery may begin.

The King makes his approches on three parts.

And into three, his Army doth diuide,
His strong approaches on three parts to make;
Himselfe on th'one, *Clarence* on th'other side,
To *Yorke*, and *Suffolke* he the third doth take,
The Mines the Duke of *Gloucester* doth guide,
Then caus'd his Ships the riuer vp to Stake,
That none with victual should the Town relieue,
Should the sword faile, with famin them to grieue.

The King summons Harflew.

From his pauillion where he sate in State,
Arm'd for the fiedge, and buckling on his Shield,
Braue *Henry* sends his Herauld to the Gate,
By trumpets sound to summon them to yeeld,
And to accept his mercy e'r too late,
Or else to say, ere he forsooke the field,
Harflew should be but a meere heape of Stones,
Her buildings buried with her owners bones.

France on this suddaine put into a fright,
With the sad newes of *Harflew* in distresse,
Whose inexpected, miserable plight,
Shee on the suddaine, knew not to redresse,
But vrg'd to doe, the vtmost that she might,
The peoples feares and clamours to suppresse,
Raiseth a power with all the speed she could,
Somwhat thereby to loose King *Henryes* hold.

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Charles de Albert, and Iohn Bowee-qualt.

The *Marshall* and the *Constable* of *France*,
Leading those Forces levied for the turne,
By which they thought their Titles to aduance,
And of their Countrey endlesse praise to earne,
But it with them farre otherwise doth chance,
For when they saw the villages to burne,
And high-towr'd *Harflew* round inuirt with fire,
They with their power to *Cawdebeck* retire.

A Simile of the French power.

Like as a Hinde when she her Calfe doeth see,
Lighted by chance into a Lyons pawes,
From which should shee aduenture it to free,
Shee must her selfe fill his deuouring Iawes,
And yet her young one, still his prey must bee,
(Shee so instructed is by Natures Lawes:)
With them to fares it, which must needs go down,
If they would fight; and yet must loose the Town.

A description of the siege of Harflewe, in the 19 following Stanzaes.

Now doe they mount their Ordnance for the day
Their scaling Ladders rearing to the walls,
Their battering Rams against the gates they lay,
Their brazen slings send in the wild-fire balls,
Baskets of twigs now carry stones and clay
And to th'assault, who furiously not falls;
The spade and Pick-Axe working are below,
Which then vnfelt, yet gaue the greatst blow.

Rampiers of earth the painfull pyoners raise,
With the walls equall, close vpon the Dike,
To passe by which the souldier that assayes,
On plankes thrust ouer, one him downe doth strike;
Him

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Him with a mall a second *English* payes,
A second *French* transpearc'd him with a pike
That from the height of the embattel'd Towers,
Their mixed blood ran down the wals in showers.

A *French-man* backe into the towne doth fall,
With a sheafe Arrow shot into the head,
An *English* man in scalling of the wall,
From the same place, is by a stone strucke dead,
Tumbling vpon them logs of wood, and all,
That any way for their defence might sted:
The hills at hand re-echoing with the din,
Of shouts without, and feareful shrikes within.

When all at once the *English* men assaile,
The *French* within all valiantly defend,
And in a first assault, if any faile,
They by a second striue it to amend:
Out of the towne come * quarries thicke as haile; *Crosbowe Arrowes.*
As thicke againe their Shafts the *English* send:
The bellowing Canon from both sides doth rore,
With such a noyse as makes the thunder poore.

Now vpon one side you shall heare a cry,
And all that Quarter clowded with a smother,
The like from that against it by and by;
As though the one were eccho to the other,
The King and *Clarence* so their turnes can ply:
And valiant *Gloster* showes himselfe their brother;
Whose Mynes to the besieg'd more mischiefe do,
Then with th'assaults aboue the other two.

An

An old man sitting by the fier side,
Decrepit with extreamity of Age,
Stilling his little Grand-childe when it cride,
Almost distracted with the Batteries rage: (chide
Sometimes doth speake it faire, sometimes doth
As thus he seekes its mourning to asswage,
By chance a bullet doth the chimney hit,
Which falling in doth kill both him and it.

Whilst the sad weeping Mother sits her downe,
To give the little new-borne babe the Pap,
A luckless quarry leueld at the Towne,
Kills the sweete baby sleeping in her lap,
That with the fright shee falls into a swoone,
From which awak'd, and mad with this mishap,
As vp a Rrampire shreeking she doth clim,
Comes a great shot, and strikes her lim from lim,

Whilst a sort runne confusedly to quench,
Some Pallace burning, or some fired Street,
Cal'd fro where they were fighting in the Trench:
They in their way with Balls of wild-fire met,
So plagued are the miserable *French*,
Not aboue head, but also vnder feete,
For the fierce *English* vowe the Towne to take,
Or of it soone a heape of stones to make.

Hot is the siege the *English* comming on;
As men so long to be kept out that scorne,
Careless of wounds as they were made of stone,
As with their teeth the walls they would haue torn:

Into

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Into a breach who quickly is not gone,
Is by the next behinde him ouer-borne:
So that they found a place that gaue them way,
They neuer car'd what danger therein lay.

From euery Quarter they their course might ply,
As't pleas'd the King them to th'assault to call:
Now on the *Duke* of *Yorke* the charge doth lye:
To *Kent* and *Cornewall* then the turne doth fall:
Then *Huntingdon* vp to the walles they cry:
Then *Suffolke*, and then *Excester*; which all,
In their meane Souldiers habits vs'd to goe,
Taking such part as them that own'd them loe.

The men of *Harflew* rough excursions make,
Vpon the *English* in their watchfull Tent,
Whose courages they to their cost awake,
With many a wound that often backe them sent,
So proud a Sally that durst vndertake,
And then the Chase pell mell amongst them went,
For on the way such ground of them they win,
That some *French* are shut out, some *English* in.

Nor idely sit our men at Armes the while,
Foure thousand Horse that euery day goe out,
And of the Field are Masters many a mile,
By putting the rebellious *French* to rout,
No peasants them with promises beguile:
Another busnesse they were come about;
For him they take, his ransome must redeeme,
Onely *French* Crownes, the *English* men esteeme.

Whilst

Whilſt *Engliſh Henry* laſtly meanes to trye;
By three vaſt Mines, the walls to ouerthrow,
The *French* men their approches that eſpy,
By Countermynes doe meete with them below,
And as oppoſed in the workes they lye:
Vp the Beſieged the beſiegers blow,
That ſtifled quite, with powder as with duſt,
Longer to walls they found it vaine to truſt.

Till *Gaucourt* then, and *Tuttiuile* that were
The townes commanders, (with much perill) find
The Reſolution that the *Engliſh* beare;
As how their owne to yeelding were enclinde,
Summon to parly, offring frankly there;
If that ayde came not by a day aſsignde,
To giue the town vp, might their liues ſtand freee:
As for their goods, at *Henryes* will to be.

And hauing wonne their conduct to the King,
Thoſe hardy chiefes on whom the charge had laine:
Thither thoſe well-fed Burgeſſes doe bring,
What they had offred ſtrongly to maintaine,
In ſuch a caſe, although a dangerous thing,
Yet they ſo long vpon their knees remaine:
That fiue days reſpight from his Grant they haue
Which was the moſt, they (for their liues) durſt craue.

The time prefixed comming to expire,
And their reliefe inglorioufly delay'd,
Nothing within their ſight but ſword, and fire;
And bloody Enſignes eu'ry where diſplay'd,

The

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The *Engliſh* ſtill within themſelues entire,
When all theſe things they ſeriouſly had way'd,
To *Henryes* mercy found that they muſt truſt,
For they perceiu'd their owne to be vniuſt.

The Ports are opened, weapons layd aſide,
And from the vvalles th'artillery diſplac'd,
The Armes of *England* are aduanc'd in pride:
The watch tower, with Saint *Georges* banner grac'd
Liue *Englands Henry*, all the people cry'd:
Into the ſtreets the vvomen run in haſt,
Bearing their little children, for whoſe ſake,
They hop'd the King would the more mercy take.

The gates thus widned vvith the breath of vvar;
Their ample entrance to the *Engliſh* gaue.
There was no doore that then had any bar,
For of their owne not any thing they haue:
When *Henry* comes on his Emperiall Carre:
To whom they kneele their liues alone to ſaue.
Strucken with wonder, when that face they ſaw,
Wherein ſuch mercy was vvith ſo much avve.

The King of England entreth Harflew in triumph.

And firſt themſelues the *Engliſh* to ſecure,
Doubting what danger might yet be within,
The ſtrongeſt Forts, and Citadell make ſure,
To ſhovve that they could keepe as vvell as winne,
And though the ſpoyles them wonderouſly allure.
To fall to pillage e'r they will beginne,
They ſhut each paſſage, by which any power,
Might be brought on to hinder, but an hower.

That

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That Conquering King which entring at the gate
Borne by the preſſe as in the ayre he ſwamme:
Vpon the ſuddaine layes aſide his ſtate,
And of a Lyon is become a Lambe:
He is not now what he was but of late:
But on his bare feete to the Church he came:
By his example, as did all the preſſe,
To giue God thanks, for his firſt good ſucceſſe.

And ſends his Herauld to King *Charles* to ſay,
That though he thus was ſetled on his ſhore,
Yet he his Armes was ready downe to lay,
His ancient right if ſo he would reſtore;
But if the ſame he wilfully denay,
To ſtop th'effuſion of their Subiects gore;
He frankly offreth in a ſingle fight,
With the yong *Daulphine* to decide his right.

King Henry offereth to decide his right by ſingle combat.

Eight dayes at *Harfleu* he doth ſtay to heare,
What anſwere back, his Herauld him would bring,
But when he found that he was ne'r the neere,
And that the *Daulphine* meaneth no ſuch thing,
As to fight ſingle; nor that any were
To deale for compoſition from the King:
He caſts for *Calice* to make foorth his way.
And take ſuch townes as in his iourney lay,

But firſt his buſ'neſſe he doth ſo contriue,
To curbe the Townes-men, ſhould they chance to
Of Armes, and office, he doth them deprine, (ſtir,
And to their roomes the Engliſh doth preferre;

Out

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Out of the ports all Vagrants he doth driue,
And therein sets his Vncle *Exceſter*:
This done, to march he bids the thundring Drums,
To scourge proud *France* when now her conqueror (comes,)
The King and *Daulphine* hauing vnderstood,
How on his way this haughty *Henry* was,
Ouer the *Soame*, which is a dangerous flood;
Pluckt down the bridges that might giue him passe,
And euery thing, if fit for humane food,
Caus'd to be forrag'd; (to a wonderous masse,)
And more then this, his iourneys to fore-slow,
He scarce one day vnskirmish'd with doth goe.

But on his march, in midst of all his foes,
He like a Lyon keeps them all at bay,
And when they seeme him strictly to inclose;
Yet through the thick'st he hewes him out a way:
Nor the proud *Daulphine* dare him to oppose;
Though off'ring oft his Army to fore-lay:
Nor all the power the enuious *French* can make,
Force him one foote, his path (but) to forsake.

And each day as his Army doth remoue,
Marching along vpon *Soams* Marshy side,
His men at Armes on their tall Horses proue,
To find some shallow, ouer where to ride,
But all in vaine against the Streame they stroue,
Till by the helpe of a laborious guide,
A Ford was found to set his Army ore
Which neuer had discouered bene before.

A foard found in the riuer of Soame.

The

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The newes diuulg'd that he had waded *Soame*,
And safe to shore his Caridges had brought,
Into the *Daulphines* bosome strooke so home,
And on the weakenesse of King *Charles* so wrought
That like the troubled Sea, when it doth Foame,
As in a rage, to beate the Rocks to nought;
So doe they storme, and curse on curse they heape,
Gainst those which should the passages haue kept.

A counsell held at Roan against the King of England.

And at that time, both resident in *Roan*,
Thither for this assembling all the Peeres,
Whose counsailes now must vnderprop their throne
Against the Foe; which not a man but feares;
Yet in a moment confident are growne,
When with fresh hopes, each one his fellow cheeres
That ere the *English* to their *Callis* got,
Some for this spoyle should pay a bloody shot,

Therefore they both in solemne Counsaile sate,
With *Berry*, and with *Britane* their Allies;
Now speake they of this course, and then of that,
As to insnare him how they might deuise;
Something they faine would do, but know not what
At length the Duke *Alanzon* vp doth rise,
And craning silence of the King and Lords,
Against the *English*, brake into these words,

A speech of the Duke Alanzon against the English.

HAd this vnbridled youth an Army led,
That any way were vvorthy of your feare,
Against our Nation that durst turne the head,
Such as the former *English* forces were,

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This care of yours, your Countrey then might sted,
To tell you then, who longer can forbeare,
That into question you our vallour bring,
To calla counsaile for so poore a thing.

A Route of tatter'd Rascals starued so,
As forc'd through extremity of need,
To rake for scraps on Dunghils as they goe,
And on the Berries of the Shrubs to feed,
Besides with fluxes are enfeebled so,
And other foule diseases that they breed,
That they disabled are their Armes to sway,
But in their march doe leaue them on the way.

And to our people but a handfull are,
Scarse thirty thousand, when to land they came,
Of which to *England* dayly some repaire,
Many from *Harflew* carried sicke and lame,
Fitter for Spittles, and the Surgions care,
Then with their swords on vs to winne them fame,
Vnshod, and without stockings are the best,
And those by Winter miserably oppresst.

To let them dye vpon their March abroad,
And foules vpon their Carkaises to feed,
The heapes of them vpon the common road,
A great infection likely were to breed,
For our owne safeties see them then bestow'd,
And doe for them this charitable deed,
Vnder our swords together let them fall,
And on that day they dye be buried all.

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This bold inuection forc'd against the Foe,
Although it most of the assembly seas'd,
Yet those which better did the *English* know,
Were but a little with his speeches pleas'd,
And that the Duke of *Berry* meant to show:
Which when the murmure somewhat was appeas'd,
After a while, their listning silence breakes,
And thus in answere of *Alanzon* speakes.

The Duke of Berrys answere to Alanzon.

MY Liedg, quoth he, & you my Lords & peeres,
Whom this great businesse chiefly doth con-cerne,
By my experience, now so many yeres,
To know the *English* I am not to learne,
Nor I more feeling haue of humane feares,
Then fitteth Manhood, or doe hope to earne
Suffrage from any; but by zeale am wonne,
To speake my mind here, as the Duke hath done.

Th'euents of War are various (as I know,)
And say, the losse vpon the *English* light,
Yet may a dying man giue such a blow,
As much may hinder his proud conquerours might,
It is enough our puissant power to showe,
To the weake *English*, now vpon their flight,
When want, and winter, strongly spurre them on,
You else but stay them, that would faine be gone.

I like our Forces their first course should hold,
To skirmish with them vpon euery stay,
But fight by no means with thē, though they would
Except they find them forraging for pray,

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So ſtill you haue them ſhut vp in a fould,
And ſtill to *Callis* keepe them in their way.
So *Fabius* wearied *Hanibal*, ſo wee,
May *Engliſh Henry*, if you pleaſed be.

And of the *Engliſh* rid your Countrey cleane,
If on their backs, but *Callis* walles they winne,
Whoſe Frontier Townes you eaſily may maintaine,
With a ſtrong Army ſtill to keepe them in,
Then let our Ships make good the mouth of *Seyne*,
And at your pleaſure *Harflew* you may winne,
Ere with ſupplyes againe they can inuade,
Spent in the Voyage lately hither made.

That day at *Poyteers*, in that bloody Field,
The ſudden turne in that great Battell then,
Shall euer teach me, whilſt I Armes can weeld,
Neuer to truſt to multitudes of men;
'Twas the firſt day that ere I wore a Shield,
Oh let me neuer ſee the like agen!
Where their Blacke *Edward* ſuch a Battell won,
As to behold it might amaze the Sunne.

There did I ſee our conquered Fathers fall,
Before the *Engliſh* on that fatall ground,
When as to ours their number was but ſmall,
And with braue Spirits *France* ne'r did more abound
Yet ofe that Battaile into minde I call,
Whereas of ours, one man ſeemd all one wound,
I inſtance this; yet humbly here ſubmit,
My ſelfe to fight, if you ſhall thinke it fit.

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The Marſhall and the Conſtable about,
To ſecond what this ſager Duke had ſayd:
Yong mens counſails oftimes proue the vtter ſubuerſion both of themſelues and others.
The youthfull Lords into a cry brake out,
Gainſt their opinions, ſo that ouer-ſway'd,
Some ſeeming of their Loyalties to doubt;
Alanzon as an Oracle obey'd,
And not a *French* then preſent, but doth ſweare,
To kill an *Engliſh*, if ynow there were.

A Herault poſted preſently away,
The King of *England* to the field to dare,
The French King ſendeth to dare the King of England to Battaile.
To bid him ceaſe his ſpoyle, nor to delay,
Gainſt the *French* power his forces but prepare:
For that King *Charles* determin'd to diſplay
His bloody Enſignes, and through *France* declare,
The day and place, that *Henry* ſhould ſet downe,
In which their Battails, ſhould diſpoſe the crown.

The newes to *Henry* by the Herault brought,
As one diſpaſsion'd ſoberly (quoth he)
Had your King pleas'd, we ſoner might haue fought
For now my ſouldiers much enfeebled bee:
The King of Englands modeſt anſwere.
Nor day, nor place, for Battaile ſhall be ſought,
By *Engliſh Henry*: but if he ſeeke me,
I to my vtmoſt will my ſelfe defend,
And to th' Almighties pleaſure leaue the end.

The brute of this intended Battaile ſpred,
The coldneſſe of each ſleeping courage warmes,
And in the *French* that daring boldneſſe bred:
Like caſting Bees that they ariſe in ſwarmes,

Think-

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Thinking the *English* downe ſo farre to tred,
As paſt that day ne'r more to riſe in Armes.
T'ext rpe the name, if poſsible it were,
At leaſt not after to be heard of there.

As when you ſee the enuious Crow eſpie,
Something that ſhe doth naturally deteſt,
With open throat how ſhe doth ſquall and cry,
And from the next Groue ſhe doth call the reſt,
And they for thoſe beyond them bawling flye,
Till their foule noyſe doe all the ayre infeſt:
Thus *French*, the *French* to this great Battaile call,
Vpon their ſwords to ſee the *Engliſh* fall.

A Simily of the riſing of the French.

And to the King when ſeriouſly one told,
With what an hoſt he ſhould encountred be,
Gam noting well, the King did him behold,
In the reporting; Merrily (quoth hee):
My Liedge I'le tell you if I may be bold,
We will diuide this Army into three,
One part we'll kill, the ſecond priſoners ſtay,
And for the third, we'll leaue to runne away.

Dauid Gam a great Captaine in thoſe Warres.

But for the Foe came hourely in ſo faſt,
Leſt they his Army ſhould diſordred take;
The King who wiſely doth the worſt forecaſt,
His ſpeedy march doth preſently forſake,
Into ſuch forme and his Battalion caſt;
That doe their worſt, they ſhould not eaſily ſhake;
For that his ſcouts which Forrag'd had the coaſt,
Bad him at hand expect a puiſſant Hoſt.

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The Duke of Yorke.

On which here long the *English* Vaward light,
Which *Yorke*, of men the braueſt, doth command,
When either of them in the others ſight,
He cauſ'd the Army inſtantly to ſtand,
As though preparing for a preſent fight,
And rideth foorth from his couragious Band,
To view the *French*, whoſe numbers ouer ſpread
The troubled countrey on whoſe earth they tread.

Now were both Armies got vpon that ground,
As on a ſtage, where they their ſtrengths muſt try,
Whence from the wydth of many a gaping wound,
Ther's many a ſoule into the ayre muſt fly,
Meane while the *Engliſh* that ſome eaſe had found,
By the aduantage of a Village nie,
There ſet them downe the Battell to abide,
When they the place had ſtrongly fortifide.

The French ſcorning the English being ſo few in reſpect of their mighty power.

Made drunk with pride the haughty *French* diſdain
Leſſe then their owne, a multitude to view,
Nor aske of God, the victory to gaine,
Vpon the *Engliſh*, wext ſo poore and few,
To ſtay their ſlaughter thinking it a paine,
And laſtly to that inſolence they grew,
Quoyts, Lots, and Dice for *Engliſhmen* to caſt,
And ſweare to pay the Battaile being paſt.

For knots of corde to eu'ry towne they ſend,
The Captiu'd *Engliſh* that they caught to bind,
For to perpetuall ſlau'ry they intend:
Thoſe that aliue they on the Field ſhould find.

So

So much as that they fear'd leſt they ſhould ſpend,
Too many *Engliſh*, wherefore they aſsignd,
Some to keepe faſt thoſe, faine that would be gon,
After the Fight, to try their Armes vpon.

One his bright ſharp-edg'd Semiter doth ſhowe,
Off'ring to lay a thouſand crownes (in pride)
That he two naked *Engliſh* at one blowe,
Bound backe to backe will at the waſts diuide,
Some bett his ſword will do't, ſome others no,
After the Battaile, and they'll haue it tride:
Another wafts his Blade about his head,
And ſhews them how their hãſtrings he wil ſhread

They part their priſoners, paſſing them for debt,
And in their Ranſome ratibly accord,
To a Prince of ours, a Page of theirs they ſet,
And a *French* Lacky to an *Engliſh* Lord,
As for our Gentry them to hyre they'll let,
And as good cheape as they can them afford,
Branded for ſlaues, that if they happ to ſtray,
Knowne by the marke, them any one might ſtay.

And caſt to make a Chariot for the King,
Painted with Antickes, and ridiculous toyes,
In which they meane to *Paris* him to bring,
To make ſport to their Madames, and their boyes,
And will haue Raſcalls, Rimes of him to ſing.
Made in his mock'ry; and in all theſe ioyes,
They bid the Bells to ring, and people cry,
Before the Battaile, *France* and Victory.

And to the *King* and *Daulphine* sent away.
(Who at that time residing were in *Roane*)
To be partakers of that glorious day:
Wherein the *English* should be ouerthrowne,
Lest that of them ensuing dayes should say;
That for their safety they forsooke their owne,
When *France* did that braue victory obtaine,
That shall her lasting'st Monument remaine.

The poore distressed *Englishmen* the whiles,
Not dar'd by doubt, and lesse appall'd by dread,
Of their Arm'd-pikes, some sharpning are the pyles,
The Archer grinding his barb'd Arrow head:
Their Bils & blades, some whetting are with Files,
And some their Armours strongly Reuited,
Some poynting stakes to sticke into the ground,
To guard the Bow-men, & their Horse to wound.

The ryot in the French Campe the night before the Battell.

The night fore-running this most dreadfull day,
The *French* that all to iollity incline;
Some fall to dancing, some againe to play:
And some are drinking to this great Designe:
But all in pleasure spent the night away,
The tents with lights, the fields with bon-fires shine
The common Souldiers freemens catches sing,
With shouts and laughter all the Camp doth ring.

The wearied *English* watchfull o're their Foes,
(The depth of night then drawing on so fast,
That faine a little would themselues repose,
With thankes to God, doe take that small repast,

Which

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Which that poore Village willingly beſtowes:
And hauing plac'd their Sentinels at laſt,
They fall to prayer, and in their Cabins bleſt,
T'refreſh their ſpirits, then tooke them to their (reſt.

Pondering in his thoughts his Fathers comming to the crowne by deposing of the rightfull King.

In his Pauillion Princely HENRY lay'd,
Whilſt all his Army round about him ſlept:
His reſtleſſe head vpon his Helmet ſtay'd,
For carefull thoughts his eyes long waking kept:
Great God (quoth he) withdraw not now thy ayde,
Nor let my Father HENRIES ſinnes be heapt
On my tranſgreſsions, vp the Summe to make,
For which thou may'ſt me vtterly forſake.

Henry the fift caused the body of King Richard to be taken up, where it was meanly buried at Langly, and to be layd in Weſtminſter by his first Wife, Queene Anne.

King *Richards* wrongs to mind, Lord do not call,
Nor how for him my Father did offend,
From vs alone derive not thou his fall,
Whoſe odious life cauſ'd his vntimely end,
That by our slaues be expiated all:
Let not that ſinne on me his Sonne deſcend,
When as his body I tranſlated haue,
And buried in an honourable graue.

Theſe things thus pondring, ſorrow-ceaſing ſleep,
From cares to reſcue his much troubled mind,
Vpon his Eye-lids ſtealingly doth creape,
And in ſoft ſlumbers euery ſenſe doth blind,
(As vndiſturbed euery one to keepe.)
When as that Angell to whom God aſsign'd,
The guiding of the *Engliſh*, gliding downe,
The ſilent campe doth with freſh courage crowne.

His

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His glittering wings he gloriously displayes,
Ouer the Hoſt as euery way it lyes,
With golden Dreames their trauell, and repayes,
This Heraulr from the Rector of the skies,
In Viſion warnes them not to vſe delayes,
But to the Battell cheerefully to riſe,
And be victorious, for that day at hand,
He would amongſt them for the *Engliſh* ſtand.

The dawne ſcarſe drew the curtaines of the Eaſt,
But the late wearied *Engliſhmen* awake,
And much refreſhed with a little reſt,
Themſelues ſoone ready for the Battaile make,
Not any one but feeleth in his breaſt,
That ſprightly fire which courage bids him take,
For ere the Sunne next riſing went to bed,
The *French* by them in triumph ſhould be led.

And from their Cabins ere the *French* aroſe,
(Drowned in the pleaſure of the paſſed night)
The *Engliſh* caſt their Battailes to diſpoſe,
Fit for the ground whereon they were to fight:
Foorth that braue King couragious *Henry* goes,
An hower before that it was fully light,
To ſee if there might any place be found,
To giue his Hoſt aduantage by the ground.

The great care of a wiſe and politike Captaine.

Where twas his hap a Quickſet hedge to view,
Well growne in heigh; and for his purpoſe thin,
Yet by the Ditch vpon whoſe banke it grew,
He found it to be difficult to winne,

Eſpec-

Especially if those of his were true,
Amongst the shrubs that he should set within,
By which he knew their stregth of horse must come
If they would euer charge his Vanguard home.

And of three hundred Archers maketh choice,
Some to be taken out of euery Band,
The strongest Bowmen, by the generall voyce,
Such as beside were valiant of their hand,
And to be so imployed, as would reioyce,
Appointing them behind the hedge to stand,
To shrowd themselues from sight, and to be mute,
Vntill a signall freely bad them shoote.

This Stratagem the euer-throw of the French.

The gamesome Larke now got vpon her Wing,
As twere the *English* early to awake,
And to wide heauen her cheerefull notes doth sing,
As she for them would intercession make,
Nor all the noyse that from below doth spring,
Her ayrie walke can force her to forsake,
Of some much noted, and of others lesse,
But yet of all presaging good successe.

The lazie *French* their leisure seeme to take,
And in their Cabins keepe themselues so long,
Till flocks of Rauens them with noyse awake,
Ouer the Army like a cloud that hong,
Which greater hast inforceth them to make,
When with their croaking all the Country rong,
Which boaded slaughter as the most doe say,
But by the *French* it turned was this way.

That

The French mis-interpret the flight of Rauens houering ouer their owne Campes.

That this diuining Foule well vnderstood,
Vpon that place much gore was to be spill'd,
And as those Birds doe much delight in blood,
With humane flesh would haue their gorges fill'd,
So waited they vpon their swords for food,
To feast vpon the *English* being kil'd,
Then little thinking that these came indeed,
On their owne mangled Carkases to feed.

When soone the *French* preparing for the Field,
Their Armed troupes are setting in array,
Whose wondrous numbers they can hardly weeld,
The place too little whereupon they lay,
They therefore to necessity must yeeld,
And into order put them as they may.
Whose motion sounded like to *Nilus* fall,
That the Vast ayre was deafned therewithall.

The Constable, and admirall of *France*,
With the grand Marshall, men of great command:
The Dukes of *Burbon*, and of *Orleance*,
Som for their place, some for their birth-right stand,
The *Daulphine* of *Auerney* (to aduance,
His worth and honour) of a puissant hand:
The Earle of *Ewe* in Warre that had bene bred,
These mighty men the mighty Vaward led.

The Marshal ing of the French Army containing three Standards.

The maine brought forward by the Duke of *Bar*,
Nieurs, and *Beamont*, men of speciall name,
Alanson thought, not equall'd in this Warre,
With them *Salines*, *Rous*, and *Grandpre* came,

Their

Their long experience, who had fetcht from farre,
Whom this expected Conquest doth enflame,
Consisting most of Crosbowes, and so great,
As *France* her selfe it well might seeme to threat.

The Duke of *Brabant* of high valour knowne,
The Earles of *Marle*, and *Facombridge* the Reare,
To *Arthur* Earle of *Richmount's* selfe alone,
They leaue the right wing to be guided there:
Lewes of *Barbon*, second yet to none,
Led on the left; with him that mighty Peere
The Earle of *Vandome*, who of all her men,
Large *France* entytled, her great Master then.

The Marshalling of the English Army containing fiue Stanzas.

The Duke of *Yorke* the *English* Vauward guides
Of our strong Archers, that consisted most;
Which with our horse was wing'd on both the sides,
T'affront so great and terrible an host;
There valiant *Fanhope*, and there *Beamont* rides,
With *Willoughby* which scowred had the Coast,
That morning early, and had seene at large,
How the Foe came, that then they were to charge.

Henry himselfe, on the mayne battell brings;
Nor can these Legions of the *French* affright,
This *Mars* of men, this King of earthly Kings:
Who seem'd to be much pleased with the sight,
As one ordayn'd t'accompish mighty things;
Who to the field came in such brauery dight:
As to the *English* boades successfull lucke,
Before one stroke, on either side was strucke.

In

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In Warlike State the Royall Standard borne,
The bravery of King Henryes owne Person. Before him as in splendrous Armes he road,
Whilst his coruetting Courser seem'd in scorne,
To touch the earth whereon he proudly trod;
Lillyes and Lyons quarterly adorne,
His shield, and his Caparison doe load:
Vpon his Helme a crowne with Diamonds deckt,
Which through the field, their Radient fires re-
(flect.

The Duke of *Gloceſter* neere to him agen,
T'assist his Brother in that dreadfull day,
Oxford, and *Suffolke* both true Marshall men,
Ready to keepe the battell in Array;
To *Exceſter* there was appointed then,
The Reare; on which their second succours lay;
Which were the youth, most of the Noblest blood
Vnder the Ensignes of their names that stood.

Then of the stakes he doth the care commend,
To certaine troupes that actiue were and strong,
Onely deuis'd the Archers to defend,
Pyrated with Iron and of fiue foote long,
To be remou'd still which way they should bend,
Wher the *French* horse shold thick'st vpō the throng
Which when the host to charge each other went,
Show'd his great wit that first did them inuent.

Both armies fit, and at the point to fight,
The fearfull message of the French to the King of England. The *French* assuring of themselues the day,
Send to the King of *England* (as in spight,)
To know what he would for his Ransome pay,

Who

Who with this answere doth their scorne requite:
I pray thee Herault wish the *French* to stay,
And e'r the day be past, I hope to see,
That for their Ransomes they shall send to mee.

The King's answer to the French.

The *French* which found how little *Henry* makes
Of their vaine boasts, as set therewith on fire,
Whilst each one to his Ensigne him betakes,
The Constable to raise his spleene the hyer,
Thus speaks: Braue frieds, now for your Grandsires saks,)
Your countrys honor, or what may inspire,
Your souls with courage, strain vp all your pow-
To make this day victoriously ours. er)

The Constables Oration to the French

Forward stout *French*, your vallours and aduance,
By taking vengeance for our Fathers slaine,
And strongly fixe the Diadem of *France*,
Which to this day vnsteady doth remaine:
Now with your swords their Traitors bosoms lance
And with their bloods wash out that ancient staine,
And make our earth drunke with the *English* gore,
Which hath of ours oft surfetted before,

Let not one line in *England* once to tell,
What of their King, or of the rest became:
Nor to the *English* what in *France* befell,
But what is bruted by the generall fame:
But now the Drums began so loud to yell,
As cut off further what he would declame:
And *Henry* seeing them on so fast to make,
Thus to his Souldiers comfortably spake.

Thinke

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The King of Englands Oration to the English.

THinke but vpon the iuſtneſſe of our cauſe,
And he's no man their number that will wey;
Thus our great Grandſire purchaſ'd his applauſe,
The more they are, the greater is our prey,
We'll hand in hand wade into dangers iawes,
And let report to *England* this conney
That it for me no ranſome e'r ſhall rayſe,
Either I'e Conquer, or here end my dayes,

It were no glory for vs to ſubdue
Them, then our number, were the *French* no more;
When in one battaile twice our Fathers ſlew,
Three times ſo many as themſelues before,
But to doe ſomething that were ſtrange and new,
Wherefore (I aske you) Came we to this ſhore;
Vpon theſe *French* our Fathers wan renowne,
And with their ſwords we'l hew yan forreſt down.

The meaneſt Souldier if in fight hee take,
The greateſt Prince in yonder Army knowne,
Without controule ſhall him his priſoner make,
And haue his ranſome freely as his owne:
Now, *Engliſh*, lyes our honour at the ſtake,
And now or neuer be our valour ſhowne:
God & our cauſe, Saint *George* for *England* ſtan
Now charge them *Engliſh*, tortune guide your (hand

The high valour of the King of England.

When hearing one wiſh all the valiant men,
At home in *England*, with them preſent were,
The King makes anſwere inſtantly againe,
I would not haue one man more then is here:

If we subdue, lesse should our praise be then:
If ouercome, lesse losse shall *England* beare:
And to our numbers we should giue that deed,
Which must from Gods own powerfull hand proceed.

The dreadful charge the drums & trumpets sound
With hearts exalted, though with humbled eyes,
When as the *English* kneeling on the ground,
Extend their hands vp to the glorious skies,
Then from the earth as though they did rebound:
Active as fire immediatly they rise: (sent,
And such a shrill shoute from their throats they
As made the *French* to stagger as they went.

Sir Thomas Erpingham gaue the signall to the English.

Wherwith they stopt, when *Erpingham* which led
The Army, saw, the shout had made them stand,
Wasting his warder thrice about his head,
He cast it vp with his auspitious hand,
Which was the signall through the *English* spread,
That they should charge: which as a dread comand,
Made them rush on, yet with a second rore,
Frighting the *French* worse then they did before.

But when they saw the enemy so slowe,
Which they expected faster to come on,
Some scattering shot they sent out as to showe,
That their approach they onely stood vpon,
Which with more fervour made their rage to glow,
So much disgrace that they had vnder-gone,
Which to amend with Ensignes let at large,
Vpon the *English* furiously they charge,

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A Simily of the French charging the Englisſh.

At the full Moone looke how th'vnweldy Tyde,
Shou'd by ſome Tempeſt that from Sea doth riſe,
At the full height, againſt the ragged ſide,
Of ſome rough Cliffe (of a Gigantick ſiſe)
Foming with rage impetuouſly doth ride,
The angry *French* (in no leſſe furious wiſe)
Of men at Armes vpon their ready Horſe,
Aſſayle the *Engliſh* to diſperſe their force.

The three hundred Archers layd in ambuſh diſorder the French men at Armes at the firſt encounter.

When as thoſe Archers there in ambuſh layd,
Hauing their broad ſide as they came along,
With their barb'd Arrows the *French* Horſes payd:
And in their flankes like cruell Hornets ſtong:
They kick and cry, of late that proudly nayde,
And from their ſeates their Armed riders flong,
They ranne together flying from the Dike,
And make their riders one another ſtrike.

And whilſt the front of the *French* vanguard make
Vpon the *Engliſh* thinking them to Route,
Their Horſes runne vpon the Armed ſtakes,
And being wounded turne themſelues about,
The bit into his teeth the Courſer takes,
And from his Ranke flyes with his Maſter out,
Who either hurts or is hurt of his owne,
If in the throng not both together throwne.

Tumbling on heapes, ſome of their Horſes caſt,
With their foure feete all vp into the ayre,
Vnder whoſe backs their Maſters breath their laſt,
Soe breake their rains, and thence their riders beare

Some

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Some with their feete sticke in the stirrups fast,
By their fierce Iades, and trayled here and there,
Entangled in their bridles, one backe drawes,
And pluckes the bit out of anothers iawes,

With showers of shafts yet still the *English* ply,
The *French* so fast vpon the poynt of flight,
With the mayne Battell yet stood *Henry* by,
Nor all this while had medled in the fight,
Vpon the Horses as in chase they fly,
Arrowes so thicke, in such abundance light,
That their broad buttocks men like buts might see,
Whereat for pastime bow-men shooting bee.

When soone *De Linnies* and *Sureres* hast,
To ayde their friends put to this shamefull foyle,
With two light wings of Horse which had beene
Still to supply where any should recoyle, (place,
But yet their forces they but vainely waste,
For being light into the generall spoyle,
Great losse *De Linnies* shortly doth sustaine,
Yet scapes himselfe; but braue *Sureres* slaine.

Two wings of French horse defeated.

The King who sees how wel his Vanguard sped,
Sends his command that instantly it stay,
Desiring *Yorke* so brauely that had led,
To hold his souldiours in their first array,
For it the Conflict very much might sted,
Somewhat to fall aside, and giue him way,
Till full vp to him he might bring his power,
And make the Conquest compleat in an hower.

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Which *Yorke* obayes, and vp King *Henry* comes,
When for his guidance he had got him roome,
The dreadful bellowing of whose straitbraced drumme
To the *French* sounded like the dreadfull doome,
And them with such stupidity benummes,
As though the earth had groaned from her wombe,
For the grand slaughter ne'r began till then,
Couering the earth with multitudes of men.

The English Vantward and maine Battaile charge the French both as one.

Vpon the *French* what *Englishman* not falls,
(By the strong Bow-men beaten from their steeds)
With Battle-axes, Halbers, Bils, and Maules.
Where, in the slaughter euery one exceeds,
Where euery man his fellow forward calls, (bleeds.
And showes him where some great borne *Frenchman*
Whilst Scalps about like broken pot-sherds fly,
And kill, kill, kill, the Conquering *English* cry.

Now wexed horror to the very height,
And scarse a man but wet-shod went in gore,
As two together are in deadly fight,
And to death wounded, as one tumbleth ore,
This *Frenchman* falling, with his very weight,
Doth kill another stricken downe before,
As he againe so falling, likewise feeles,
His last breath hastned by anothers heeles.

And whilst the *English* eagerly pursue,
The fearefull *French* before them still that fly,
The points of Bils and Halberts they imbrue
In their sicke bowels, beaten downe that lye.

No

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No man respects how, or what blood he drew,
Nor can heare those that for their mercy cry,
Eares are damn'd vp with howles & hellish sounds,
One fearefull noyse, a fearefuller confounds.

When the couragious Constable of *France*, *Charles de la Breth. Constable of France*
Th'vnlockly Vanguard valiantly that led,
Sawe the day turn'd by this disastrous chance,
And how the *French* before the *English* fled;
O stay (quoth he) your Enfignes yet aduance,
Once more vpon the enemy make head:
Neuer let *France* say, we were vanquisht so,
With our backs basely turn'd vpon our Foe.

Whom the *Chattillyon* hapned to accost, *The Admirall*
And seeing thus the Constable dismayd:
Shift Noble Lord (quoth he) the day is lost,
If the whole world vpon the match were layd,
I cannot thinke but that Blacke *Edwards* Ghost,
Assists the *English*, and our Horse hath frayde,
If not, some Deuils they haue with them then,
That fight against vs in the shapes of men.

Not I my Lord, the Constable replies:
By my best soule, the field I will not quit:
Whilst two braue Battailes are to bring supplies,
Neither of which one stroke haue strucken yet,
Nay (quoth *Dampier*) I doe not this aduise,
More then your selfe, that I doe feare a whit:
Spurre vp my Lord, then side to side with mee,
And that I feare not you shall quickly see.

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They ſtrucke their Rowels to the bleeding ſides,
Of their fierce Steeds into the ayre that ſprong:
And as their fury at that inſtant guides:
They thruſt themſelues into th' murth'ring throng,
Where ſuch bad fortune theſe braue Lords betides:
The Admirall ſlaine. The Admirall from off his Horſe was flong,
For the ſterne *Engliſh* downe before them beere,
All that withſtand, the Peaſant and the Peere.

Which when the Noble Conſtable with griefe,
Doth this great Lord vpon the ground behold.
In his account ſo abſolute a Chiefe, (condol'd.
Whoſe death through *France* he knew would bee
Like a braue Knight to yeeld his friend reliefe,
Doing as much as poſſibly hee could,
Both Horſe and man is borne into the mayne,
The Conſtable ſlaine. And from his friend not halfe a furlong ſlaine.

Now *Willoughby* vpon his well-Arm'd Horſe,
Into the midſt of this Battalion brought,
And valiant *Fanhope* no whit leſſe in force,
Himſelfe hath thither through the ſquadrons raught
Whereas the *Engliſh* without all remorce,
(Looking like men that deepely are diſtraught)
Smoking with ſweat, beſmear'd with duſt & blood
Cut into Cantles all that them withſtood.

Yet whilſt thus hotely they hold vp the Chaſe,
Vpon the *French*, and had ſo high a hand,
The Duke of *Burbon* to make good his place,
Inforc'd his troupes (with much adoe) to ſtand,

To

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To whom the Earle of *Suffolke* makes apace,
Bringing a freſh and yet vnfought-with band:
Of valiant Bill-men, *Oxford* with ſucceſſe,
Vp with his Troupes doth with the other preſſe.

When in comes *Orleance*; quite thruſt off before,
By thoſe rude crowdes that from the *Engliſh* ran,
Encouraging ſtout *Burbon* Troupes the more,
T'affront the Foe that inſtantly began:
Faine would the Duke (if poſsible) reſtore,
(Doing as much as could bee done by man)
Their Honour loſt, by this their laſt defeate,
And cauſed only by their baſe Retreat.

Their men at Armes their Lances cloſely locke,
One in another, and come vp ſo round,
That by the ſtrength and horrour of the ſhocke,
They forc't the *Engliſh* to forſake their ground,
Shrinking no more then they had bene a Rocke,
Though by the ſhafts receiuing many a wound,
As they would ſhow, that they were none of thoſe
That turn'd their backs ſo baſely to their Foes.

Panting for breath his Murrian in his hand,
Woodhouſe comes in as backe the *Engliſh* beare,
My Lords (quoth he) what now inforc't to ſtand,
When ſmiling Fortune offereth vs ſo faire,
The *French* ly yonder like to wreakes of ſand,
And you by this our glory but impaire:
Or now, or neuer, your firſt fight maintaine,
Chattillion and the Conſtable are ſlaine.

The courage of Woodhouſe remarkable.

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Hand ouer head pell mell vpon them ronne,
If you will prooue the Masters of the day.
Ferrers and *Greystocke* haue so brauely done,
That I enuy their glory, and dare say,
From all the *English* they the Gole haue wonne,
Either let's share, or they'll beare all away,
This spoke, his Axe about his head he flings,
And hasts away, as though his heeles had wings.

The Incitation of this youthfull Knight,
Besides amends for their retrayte to make,
Doth re-enforce their courage, with their might,
A second charge with speed to vndertake;
Neuer before were they so mad to fight,
When valiant *Fanhope* thus the Lords bespake,
Suffolke, and *Oxford* as braue Earles you be,
Once more beare vp with *Willoughby* and me.

Why now, me think's I heare braue *Fanhope* speak
Quoth noble *Oxford*, thou hast thy desire,
These words of thine shall yan battalion breake,
And for my selfe I neuer will retire,
Vntill our Teene vpon the *French* we wreake,
Or in this our last enterprise expire:
This spoke, their Gauntlets each doth other giue,
And to the charge as fast as they can driue.

That slaughter seem'd to haue but stayd for breath
To make the horrour to insue the more, (death,
With hands besmear'd with blood when meager
Looketh more grisly then he did before,

So

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So that each body seem'd but as a sheath,
To put their swords in to the Hilts in gore:
As though that instant were the end of all,
To fell the *French*, or by the *French* to fall.

A Simily of the appearance of the Battell.

Looke how you see a field of standing Corne,
When some strong wind in Summer haps to blow,
At the full height, and ready to be shorne,
Rising in waues, how it doth come and goe,
Forward and backward so the crowds are borne,
Or as the Edie turneth in the flow,
And aboue all the Bils and Axes play,
As doe the Attom's in the Sunny ray.

Now with mayne blowes their Armours ore vn-(brasd,
And as the *French* before the *English* fled,
With their brown Bils their recreat backs they bast
And from their shoulders their faint armes do shred,
One with a gleaue neere cut off by the waste,
Another runnes to ground with halfe a head:
Another stumbling falleth in his flight,
Wanting a legge, and on his face doth light.

The Duks who found their force thus ouerthrown,
And those few left them ready still to route,
Hauing great skill, and no lesse courage showne;
Yet of their safeties much began to doubt,
For hauing few about them of their owne,
And by the *English* so impal'd about,
Saw that to some one they themselues must yeeld,
Or else abide the fury of the field

They

The Duke of Barbon and Orleance taken prisoners.

They put themselues on those victorious Lords,
Who led the Vanguard with so good successe,
Bespeaking them with honourable wordes,
Themselues their prisoners freely and confesse,
Who by the strength of their commanding swords,
Could hardly saue them from the slaught'ring presse
By *Suffolkes* ayde till they away were sent,
Who with a Guard conuayd them to his Tent.

When as their Souldiers to eschew the sacke,
Gainst their owne Battell bearing in their flight,
By their owne *French* are strongly beaten backe:
Lest they their Ranks, should haue disord'red quight
So that those men at Armes goe all to wracke.
Twixt their own friends, & those with whom they fight
Wherein disorder and destruction seem'd,
To strine, which should the powerfulleſt be deem'd.

Calling of some Guisard the Daulphine of Aragon.

And whilst the *Daulphine* of *Auerney* cryes,
Stay men at Armes, let Fortune doe her worst,
And let that Villane from the field that flies,
By Babes yet to be borne, be euer curst:
All vnder Heauen that we can hope for, lyes
On this dayes battell, let me be the first,
That turn'd ye backe vpon your desperate Foes,
To saue our Honours, though our liues we lose.

To whom comes in the Earle of *Ewe*, which long
Had in the Battaile ranged here and there,
A thousand Bills, a thousand Bowes among,
And had seene many spectacles of feare,

And

And finding yet the *Daulphins* spirit so strong,
By that which he had chanc'd from him to heare,
Vpon the shoulder claps him, Prince quoth he,
Since I must fall, Oh let me fall with thee.

Scarse had he spoke, but th' *English* them inclose,
And like to Mastiues fiercely on them flew,
Who with like courage strongly them oppose,
When the Lord *Beamont*, who their Armings knew,
Their present perill to braue *Suffolke* shewes,
Quoth he, lo where *Dauernay* are and *Ewe*,
In this small time, who since the Field begun,
Haue done as much, as can by men be done.

Now slaughter ceaze me, if I doe not grieue,
Two so braue Spirits should be vntimely slaine,
Lies there no way (my Lord) them to releeue,
And for their Ransomes two such to retaine:
Quoth *Suffolke*, come, weele hazzard their repreeue,
And share our Fortunes, in they goe amaine,
And with such dãger through the presse they wade
As of their liues but small account they made.

Yet ere they through the clustred clouds could get
Off downe on those, there trod to death that lay,
The valiant *Daulphine* had discharg'd his debt,
Then whom no man had brauelier seru'd that day,
The Earle of *Ewe*, and wondrous hard beset:
Had left all hope of life to scape away:
Till Noble *Beamont* and braue *Suffolke* came,
And as their prisoner seas'd him by his name.

The Daulphin of Auernay slaine.
The Earle of Ewe taken prisoner.

Now

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Now the maine Battaile of the *French* came on,
The Vauward vanquisht, quite the field doth fly,
And other helpes beſides this, haue they none,
But that their hopes doth on their maine rely;
And therefore now it ſtandeth them vpon,
To fight it brauely, or elſe yeeld, or dye:
For the fierce *Engliſh* Charge ſo home and ſore,
As in their hands *Ioues* thunderbolts they bore.

The Duke of Yorke ſlaine.

The Duke of *Yorke*, who ſince their fight begun,
Still in the top of all his troopes was ſeene,
And things well-neere beyond beleefe had done,
Which of his fortune, made him ouerweene,
Himſelfe ſo farre into the maine doth runne,
So that the *French* which quickly got betweene
Him and his ſuccours, that great Chieftaine ſlue,
Who brauely fought whilſt any breath he drew.

The King knowes of the Duke of Yorke death.

The newes ſoone brought to this couragious King
Oreſpred his face with a diſtempred Fire,
Though making little ſhew of any thing,
Yet to the full his eyes expreſt his Ire,
More then before the *Frenchmen* menacing,
And hee was heard thus ſoftly to reſpire:

The Kings reſolution.

Well, of thy blood reuenged will I bee,
Or ere one houre be paſt Ile follow thee.

When as the frolike Caualry of *France*,
That in the Head of the maine Battaile came
Perceiu'd the King of *England* to aduance,
To charge in perſon; it doth them inflame,

Each

ach one well hoping it might be his chance,
o sease vpon him, which was all their ayme,
Then with the brauest of the *English* met,
Themselues that there before the King had set,

When th'Earle of *Cornewall* with vnusuall force,
ncounters *Grandpre* (next that came to hands)
strength his equall, blow for blow they scorce,
Veelding their Axes as they had bene wands,
ill the Earle tumbles *Grandpre* from his Horse,
uer whom strait the Count *Salines* stands,
And lendeth *Cornewall* such a blow withall,
Ouer the crupper that he makes him fall.

The bloody souffle betweene the French and English, as the ioyning of the two maine Battailes, vnfiue Sanzaes.

Cornewall recouers, for his Armes were good,
nd to *Salines* maketh vp againe,
Vho chang'd such boystrous buffets, that the blood
oth through the ioints of their strong Armor strain
ill Count *Salines* sunke downe where he stood,
lamount who sees the Count *Salines* slaine,
Straight copes with *Cornewal* beaten out of breath
Till *Kent* comes in, and rescues him from death.

Kent vpon *Blamount* furiously doth fly,
ho at the Earle with no lesse courage strucke,
nd one the other with such knocks they ply,
hat eithers Axe in th'others Helmets stucke,
hilst they are wrastling, crossing thigh with thigh
eir Axes pikes, which soonest out should plucke:
They fal to ground like in their Casks to smother,
With their clutcht Gantlets cuffing one another.

Coura-

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Called Cluet of Brabant.

Couragious *Cluet* grieued at the sight,
Of his friend *Blamounts* vnexpected fall,
Makes in to lend him all the ayde he might;
Whose cōming seem'd the stout Lord *Scales* to call,
Betwixt whom then began a mortall fight,
When instantly fell in Sir *Phillip Hall*,
Gainst him goes *Roussy*, in then *Louell* ran,
Whom next Count *Morveyle* chuseth as his man.

Their Curates are vnreuited with blowes,
With Horrid wounds their breasts and faces slasht;
There drops a cheeke, and there falls off a nose,
And in ones face his fellowes braines are dasht;
Yet still the better with the *English* goes.
The earth of *France* with her owne blood is washt;
They fall so fast, she scarce affords them roome,
That one mans trunke becomes anothers tombe.

The Earle of Suffolke chargeth the Earle of Huntington with breach of promise.

When *Suffolke* chargeth *Huntingdon* with sloth,
Ouer himselfe too wary to haue bin,
And had neglected his fast plighted troth,
Vpon the Field, the Battaile to begin,
That where the one was, there they would be both;
When the stout Earle of *Huntingdon*, to win,
Trust with his friends; doth this himselfe inlarge,
To this great Earle who dares him thus to charge.

My Lord (quoth he) it is not that I feare,
More then your selfe, that so I haue not gone;
But that I haue beene forced to bee neare,
The King, whose person I attend vpon,

And

And that I doubt not but to make appeare,
Now, if occasion shall but call me on;
Looke round about my Lord, if you can see,
Some braue aduenture worthy you and me.

A desperate attempt by the Earle of Huntingdon.

See yan proud Banner of the Duke of *Barres*,
Me think'st it wafts vs, and I heare it say,
Wher's that couragious *English*man that dares,
Aduenture, but to carry me away,
This were a thing now worthy of our warres;
I'st true, quoth *Suffolke*, by this blessed day,
On, and weele haue it, say'st thou so indeed,
Quoth *Huntingdon*, then Fortune be our speed,

And through the rancks then rushing in their pride
They make a Lane, about them so they lay,
Foote goes with foote, and side is ioynde to side,
They strike downe all that stand within their way,
And to direct them, haue no other guide,
But as they see the multitude to sway;
And as they passe, the *French* as to defie,
Saint *George* for *England* and the King they cry,

One braue exploite begetteth another

By their examples, each braue *English* blood,
Vpon the *Frenchmen* for their *Enlignes* runne,
Thicke there as trees within a well-growne wood;
Where great Atchieuements instantly were done,
'Gainst them roughly whilst that Nation stood,
But ô what man his destinie can shunne,
That Noble *Suffolke* there is ouerthrowne,
When he much valour sundry wayes had showne.

The Earle of Suffolk slaine

Which

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Which the proud *English* further doth prouoke,
Who to destruction bodily were bent,
That the maine battaile instantly they broke,
Vpon the *French* so furiously they went,
The English kill the French with their owne Weapons. And not an *English* but doth scorne a stroake,
If to the ground it not a *Frenchman* sent, (threw,
Who weak with wounds, their weapons frō them
With which the *English* fearefully them slew.

Alanson backe vpon the Rearewarde borne,
By those vnarm'd that from the *English* fled,
All further hopes them vtterly forlorne,
His Noble heart in his full bosome bled,
VVhat fate, quoth he, our ouerthrow hath sworne,
Must *France* a prisoner be to *England* led,
VVell, if she be so, yet I le let her see,
Shee beares my carkasse with her, and not me.

And puts his Horse vpon his full Careere,
When with the courage of a valiant Knight,
(As one that knew not, or forgot to feare,)
He tow'rds King *Henry* maketh in the fight,
And all before him as he downe doth beare,
Vpon the Duke of *Gloceſter* doth light:
Which on the youthfull Chiualry doth bring,
Scarse two piks length that came before the Kin

The Duke of Gloceſter ouerthrowne by the Duke of Alanson. Their Staues both strongly rencetted with steel
At the first stroke each other they astound,
That as they staggering from each other reele;
The Duke of *Gloceſter* falleth to the ground;

VVhe

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Whence *Alanson* round about doth wheele,
Thinking to lend him his laſt deadly wound,
In comes the King, his brothers life to ſaue,
And to this braue Duke a freſh on-ſet gaue.

When as themſelues like thunderbolts they ſhot,
One at the other, and the lightning brake
Out of their Helmets, and againe was not,
E're of their ſtroake the eare a ſound could take,
Betwixt them two, the conflict grew ſo hot,
Which thoſe about them ſo amaz'd doth make,
That they ſtood ſtill as wondring at the ſight,
And quite forgot that they themſelues muſt fight.

Vpon the King *Alanſon* preſt ſo ſore,
That with a ſtroke (as he was wondrous ſtrong)
He cleft the Crowne which on his Helme he wore,
And tore his Plume that to his heeles it hong:
Then with a ſecond bruſ'd his Helme before,
That it his forehead pitifully wrung:
As ſome that ſaw it certainely had thought,
The King therewith had to the ground bin brought.

The King of England in danger to be ſlaine by the Duke of Alanſon.

But *Henry* ſoone *Alanſons* Ire to quit,
(As now his valour lay vpon the Racke)
Vpon the face the Duke ſo ſtrongly hit,
As in his Saddle layd him on his backe,
And once perceiuing that he had him ſplit,
Follow'd his blowes redoubling thwack on thwack
Till he had loſt his ſtirrups, and his head
Hung where his Horſe was like thereon to tread.

Alanſon beaten downe by the King of England.

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The King kil leth two Gentlemen that aduenture to defend the Duke.

When soone two other seconding their Lord,
His kind companions in this glorious prize,
Hoping againe the Duke to haue restor'd
If to his feet his Armes would let him rise:
On the Kings Helme their height of fury scor'd;
Who like a Dragon fiercely on them flies,
And on his body slew them both, whilst he,
Recouering was their ayde againe to be.

The King thus made the master of the fight:
The Duke calls to him as he there doth lye,
Henry I'le pay my ransowe, doe me right:
I am the Duke *Alanzon*, It is I,
The King to saue him putting all his might,
Yet the rude souldiers with their shout and cry,
Quite drownd his voyce, his Helmet being shut,
And that braue Duke into small pieces cut.

The Duke Alanzon slaine.

Report once spred, through the distracted Host,
Of their prime Hope, the Duke *Alanzon* slaine,
That flower of *France*, on whom they trusted most,
They found their valour was but then in vaine,
Like men their hearts that vtterly had lost,
Who slowly fled before, now runne amaine,
Nor could a man be found, but that dispaires,
Seeing the Fate both of themselues and theirs.

The Duke Neuers taken prisoner.

The Duke *Neuers*, now in this sad retreat,
By *Dauid Gam* and *Morrisby* pursude,
(Who throughly chaf'd, neere melted into sweat,
And with *French* blood their Pollaxes imbrud)

The

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They seaze vpon him following the defeat,
Amongst the faint and fearefull multitude,
When a contention fell betweene them twaine.
To whom the Duke should rightfully pertaine,

Morrisby and Gam at contention for the Duke of Nemers.

I must confesse thou hadst him first in chase,
Quoth *Morrisby*; but lefts him in the throng,
Then put I on, quoth *Gam* hast thou the face,
Insulting Knight to offer me this wrong;
Quoth *Morrisby*, who shall decide the case,
Let him confesse to whom it doth belong,
Let him (quoth *Gam*) but if't be not to mee,
For any right you haue, he may go free,

Morrisby a braue yong Knight.

With that couragious *Morrisby* grew hot,
Were not sayd he his ransome worth a pin,
Now by these Armes I were, thou gett'st him not,
Or if thou dost thou shalt him hardly win:

David Gam oft mentioned in this Poem

Gam whose *Welch* blood could hardly brooke this blot,
To bend his Axe vpon him doth begin,
He his at him, till the Lord *Beamont* came,
Their rash attempt, and wisely thus doth blame.

Are not the *French* twice trebl'd to our power,
And fighting still, nay, doubtfull yet the day:
Thinke you not these vs fast enough deuoure:
But that your braues the Army must dismay:
Ought but good befall vs in this houre:
Pis be you sure your liues for it must pay:
Then first the end of this dayes Battaile see,
And then decide whose prisoner he shall be,

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The Duke of Exceſter commeth in with the Reare.

Now *Exceſter* with his vntaynted Reare,
Came on, which long had labour'd to come in,
And with the Kings mayne battell vp doth beare,
Who ſtill kept off, till the laſt houre had bin:
He cryes and clamours eu'ry way doth heare:
But yet he knew not which the day ſhould win:
Nor askes of any what were fit to doe,
But where the *French* were thick'ſt he falleth to.

The Earle of *Vandom* certainely that thought,
The *Engliſh* fury ſome what had beene ſtayd:
Weary with ſlaughter as men ouer-wrought,
Nor had beene ſpur'd on by a ſecond ayd:
For his owne ſafety, then more fiercely fought,
Hoping the tempeſt had bin ſomewhat layd:
And he thereby (though ſuff'ring the defeate)
Might keepe his reareward whole in his retreate.

On whom the Duke of *Exceſter* then fell,
Reare with the Reare now for their valours vy,
Ours finde the *French* their liues will dearely ſell,
And th'Engliſh meane as dearely them to buy:
The *Engliſh* follow, ſhould they run through hell,
And through the ſame the *French* muſt, if they fly,
When too't they goe, deciding it with blowes,
With th'one ſide now, then with th'other't goes.

But the ſterne *Engliſh* with ſuch lucke and might
(As though the fates had ſworn to take their part)
Vpon the *French* preuailing in the Fight,
With doubled hands, and with re-doubled heart,
Th

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The more in perill ſtill the more in plight,
Gainſt them whom fortune miſerably thwarts:
Diſabled quite before the foe to ſtand,
But fall like graſſe before the Mowers hand.

That this *French* Earle is beaten on the field, *The Earle Vandome ſlaine.*
His fighting ſouldiers round about him ſlaine,
And when himſelfe a Priſoner he would yeeld,
And beg'd for life, it was but all in vaine:
Their Bils the *Engliſh* doe ſo eaſily weeld,
To kill the *French* as though it were no paine:
For this to them was their auſpicious day,
The more the *Engliſh* fight, the more they may.

When now the Marſhall *Boucequalt*, which long
Had through the Battell waded euery way,
Oft hazzarded the murthered troupes among,
Encouraging them to abide the day:
Finding the Army which he thought ſo ſtrong,
Before the *Engliſh* faintly to diſmay,
Brings on the wings which of the reſt remain'd,
With which the battaile ſtoutly he maintain'd.

Till old Sir *Thomas Erpingham* at laſt, *Sir Thomas Erpingham getteth in with his three hundred Archers.*
With thoſe three hundred Archers commeth in,
Which layd in ambuſh not three houres yet paſt,
Had the Defeat of the *French* Army bin,
With theſe that noble ſouldier maketh haſt,
Leſt other from him ſhould the honour win:
Who as before now ſtretch their wel-waxt ſtrings,
At the *French* Horſe then comming in the wings.

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The ſoyle with ſlaughter euery where they load,
Whilſt the *French* ſtoutely to the *Engliſh* ſtood,
The drops from eithers emptied veynes that flow'd,
Where it was lately firme had made a flood,
But Heau'n that day to the braue *Engliſh* ow'd;
The Sunne that roſe in water, ſet in blood:
Nothing but horror to be look'd for there,
And the ſtought Marſhall vainely doth but feare.

The Marſhal of France ſlaine.

His Horſe ſore wounded whilſt he went aſide,
To take another ſtill that doth attend,
A ſhaft that ſome too-lucky hand doth guide,
Piercing his Gorget brought him to his end,
Which when the proud Lord *Faikonbridge* eſpide,
Thinking from thence to beare away his friend,
Strucke frō his Horſe, with many a mortal wound,
Is by the *Engliſh* nayled to the grownd.

The *Marſhals* death ſo much doeth them affright,
That downe their weapons inſtantly they lay,
And better yet to fit them for their flight,
Their weightier Armes they wholly caſt away,
Their hearts ſo heauy, makes their heeles ſo light,
That there was no intreating them to ſtay,
Ore hedge and ditch diſtractedly they take,
And happieſt he the greateſt haſt could make,

Dun & Vadamount.

When *Vadamount* now in the conflict meet,
With valiant *Brabant*, whoſe high valour ſhowne,
That day did many a blunted courage whet,
Ere long before that from the field had flowne,

Quoth

Quoth *Vadamount*, see how wee are beset,
To death like to be troden by our owne,
My Lord of *Brabant*, what is to be done?
See how the *French* before the *English* runne.

The Duke of Brabant a most courageous Prince

Why let them runne, and neuer turne the Head,
Quoth the braue Duke, vntill their hatefull breath,
Forsake their bodies, and so farre haue fled,
That *France* be not disparag'd by their death,
Who trusts to Cowards ne'r is better sped,
Be he accurst, with such that holdeth faith,
Slaughter consume the Recreants as they fly,
Branded with shame, so basely may they dye.

A bitter exclamation of the Duke of Brabant against the French.

Ignoble *French*, your fainting cowardize craues
The dreadfull curse of your owne mother earth,
Hardning her breast, not to allow you graues,
Bee she so much ashamed of your birth;
May he be curst that one of you but saues,
And be in *France* hereafter such a dearth,
Of courage, that men from their wits it feare,
A Drum or Trumpet when they hap to heare.

From *Burgundy* brought I the force I had,
To fight for them, that ten for one did fly,
It splits my breast, O that I could be mad;
To vexe these Slaues who would not dare to dye:
In all this Army is there not a Lad,
Th'ignoble *French* for cowards that dare cry:
If scarse one found, then let me be that one,
The *English* Army that oppos'd alone.

Anthony Duke of Brabant sonne to the Duke of Burgundy.

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This sayd he puts his Horse vpon his speed,
And in like lightning on the *English* flew:
Where many a Mothers sonne he made to bleed,
Whilst him with much astonishment they view:
Where hauing acted many a Knight-like deed,
Him and his Horse they all too peeces hewe:
Yet he that day more lasting glory wan,
Except *Alanzon* then did any man.

The valiant Duke of Brabant slaine.

When as report to great King *Henry* came,
Of a vast route which from the Battaile fled,
(Amongst the *French* men of most speciall name)
But the stoute *English* fiercely followed;
Had for their safety, (much though to their shame)
Got in their flight into so strong a sted,
So fortifi'd by nature (as 'twas thought)
They might not thence, but with much blood be brought.

Many of the French in their flight get into an old Fort.

An aged Rāpire, with huge Ruines heapt, (saile
Which seru'd for Shot, gainst those that should as-
Whose narrow entrance they with crosbowes kept
Whose sharpned quarres came in showr's like haile:
Quoth the braue King first let the field be swept,
And with the rest we well enough shall deale;
Which though some heard & so shut vp their eare,
Yet relish't not with many souldiers there.

The Kings slight answere

Some that themselues by Ransomes would inrich
(To make their pray of Pesants yet despise)
Felt as they thought their bloody palmes to itch,
To be in action for their wealthy prize,

Others

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Others whom onely glory doth bewitch,
Rather then life would to this enterprize:
Most men seem'd willing, yet not any one,
Would put himselfe this great exployt vpon.

Which *Woodhouse* hearing merrily thus spake, *Woodhouse seereth at the attempt.*
(One that right wel knew, both his worth and wit)
A dangerous thing it is to vndertake,
A Fort, where Souldiers be defending it,
Perhaps they sleepe, and if they should awake,
With stones, or with their shafts they may vs hitt,
And in our Conquest whilst so well we fare,
It were meere folly, but I see none dare.

Which *Gam* or'hearing (being neere at hand,) *Braues passe between Gam and Woodhouse.*
Not dare quoth he, and angerly doth frowne,
I tell thee *Woodhouse*, some in presence stand,
Dare propp the Sunne if it were falling downe,
Dare graspe the bolt from Thunder in his hand,
And through a Canon leape into a Towne,
If tell thee, a resolued man may doe,
Things that thy thoughts yet neuer mounted to.

I know that resolution may doe much,
Woodhouse replyes, but who could act my thought,
With his proud Head the pole might easily tuch,
And *Gam* quoth he, though brauely thou hast fought
Yet not the Fame thou hast attain'd to, such,
But that behind as great is to be bought,
And yonder tis, then *Gam* come vp with mee,
Where soone the King our Courages shall see.

Agreed

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Agreed quoth *Gam*, and vp their troups they cast,
Hand ouer head, and on the *French* they ranne,
And to the fight couragiously they fall,
When on both sides the slaughter soone began;
Fortune a while indifferent is to all,
These what they may, and those doe what they can.
Woodhouse and *Gam*, vpon each other vye,
By Armes their manhood desperatly to try.

To clime the Fort, the Light-arm'd *English* striue,
And some by Trees there growing to ascend;
The *French* with flints let at the *English* driue,
Themselues with shields the *Englishmen* defend,
And faine the fort down with their hands would riue
Thus either side their vtmost power extend,
Till valiant *Gam* sore wounded, drawne aside,
By his owne souldiers, shortly after dy'de.

Certaine Gam slayne.

Then take they vp the bodyes of the slayne,
Which for their Targets ours before them beare,
And with a fresh assault came on againe,
Scarse in the Field yet such a fight as there,
Cros-bowes, and Long-bowes, at it are amaine,
Vntill the *French* their massacre that feare,
Of the fierce *English*, a cessation craue,
Offring to yeeld, so they their liues would saue.

For this seruice done by Woodhouse. there was an addition of honour giuen him which was a hand holding a club: with the word, Frappe Fort, which is borne by the Family of the Woodhouse of Norfolke to this day.

Lewis of *Burbon* in the furious heat,
Of this great Battaile, hauing made some stay
Who with the left Wing suffered a defeate,
In the beginning of this lucklesse day,

Find

Finding the *English* forcing their retreat,
And that much hope vpon his valour lay,
Fearing leſt he might vndergoe ſome ſhame,
That were vnworthy of the *Burbon* name.

Hath gathered vp ſome ſcattered troops of horſe,
That in the Field ſtood doubtfull what to doe,
Though with much toyle, which he doth reinforce,
With ſome ſmall power that he doth adde thereto,
Proclaiming ſtill the *Engliſh* had the worſe,
And now at laſt, with him if they would goe,
He dares aſſure them Victory, if not,
The greareſt fame that euer Souldiers got.

And being wiſe, ſo *Burbon* to beguile,
The *French*, (preparing inſtantly to fly)
Procures a Souldier by a ſecret wile,
To come in ſwiftly and to craue ſupply,
That if with courage they would fight a while,
It certaine was the *Engliſh* all ſhould dye,
For that the King had offered them to yeeld,
Finding his troupes to leaue him on the field,

A deuiſe of Burbons to giue incouragement to the French.

When *Arthur* Earle of *Richmount* comming in,
With the right wing that long ſtaid out of ſight,
Hauing too lately with the *Engliſh* bin,
But finding *Burbon* bent againe to fight,
His former credit hoping yet to winne,
Which at that inſtant eaſily he might)
Comes cloſe vp with him, and puts on as faſt,
Brauely reſolu'd to fight it to the laſt.

And

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And both encourag'd by the newes was braught,
Of the arriuing of the *Daulphines* power;
Whose speedy Van, their Reare had almost raught,
(From *Agin Court* discouered from a Tower)
Which with the *Norman* Gallantry was fraught,
And on the suddaine comming like a shower;
Would bring a deluge on the *English* Hoast,
Whilst yet they stood their victory to boast.

A Simily of the French.

And on they come, as doth a rowling tide,
Forc'd by a wind, that shoues it foorth so fast,
Till it choke vp some channell, side to side,
And the crab'd banks doth downe before it cast,
Hoping the *English* would them not abide,
Or would be so amazed at their hast,
That should they faile to route them at their wil,
Yet of their blood, the fields should drinke their fil

When as the *English* whose o'r-wearied Armes,
Were with long slaughter lately waxed sore,
These inexpected, and so fierce Alarmes,
To their first strength doe instantly restore,
And like a Stoue their stiff ned sinewes warmes,
To act as bravely as they did before;
And the proud *French* as stoutly to oppose,
Scorning to yeeld one foote despight or blowes,

The fight is fearefull, for stout *Burbon* brings,
His fresher forces on with such a shocke,
That they were like to cut the Archers strings,
E're they their Arrowes handsomely could nock.

Th

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The *French* like Engins that were made with springs:
Themselues so fast into the *English* locke,
That th'one was like the other downe to beare,
In wanting roomth to strike, they stood so neare.

Till staggering long they from each other reel'd,
Glad that themselues they so could disingage:
And falling backe vpon the spacious field,
(For this last Sceane, that is the bloody Stage)
Where they their weapons liberally could weeld,
They with such madnesse execute their rage,
As though the former fury of the day,
To this encounter had bene but a play.

Slaughter is now defected to the full,
Here from their backs their batter'd Armors fall,
Here a cleft shoulder, there a clouen scull,
There hang his eyes out beaten with a mall,
Vntill the edges of their Bills grow dull,
Vpon each other they so spend their gall,
Wilde shoutes and clamors all the ayre doe fill,
The *French* cry *Vne*, and the *English* kill.

The Duke of *Barre* in this vast spoyle by chance,
With the Lord *Saint-Iohn* on the field doth meete,
Tow'rds whom that braue Duke doth himselfe ad-
Who with the like encoũter him doth greet, (uãce
This *English* Barron, and this Peere of *France*,
Grapling together, falling from their feet, (crusht,
With the rude crowds had both to death beene
In for their safety, had their friends not rusht.

Both

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Both againe raiſ'd, and both their ſouldiers ſhift,
To ſaue their liues if any way they could:
But as the *French* the Duke away would liſt,
Vpon his Armes the *Engliſh* taking hold,
(Men of that ſort, that thought vpon their thrift)
Knowing his Ranſome dearely would be ſould:
Dragge him away in ſpight of their defence,
Which to their quarter would haue borne him thence.

Lewis of Burbon taken priſonn. by a meane ſouldier.

Meane while braue *Burbon* from his ſtirring horſe
Gall'd with an Arrow to the earth is throwne,
By a meane ſouldier ſeaſed on by force,
Hoping to haue him certainely his owne,
Which this Lord holdeth better ſo then worſe:
Since the *French* fortune to that ebbe is growne,
And he perceiues the ſouldier doth him deeme,
To be a perſon of no meane eſteeme.

Berkely and *Burnell*, two braue *Engliſh* Lords,
Fleſht with *French* blood & in their Valours pride,
Aboue their Arm'd heads brandiſhing their ſwords,
As they tryumphing through the Army ride,
Finding what prizes fortune her affords,
To euery ſouldier, and more wiſtly eyde,
This gallant priſoner, by this Arming ſee,
Of the great *Burbon* family to be.

And from the Souldier they his priſoner take,
Of which the *French* Lord ſeemeth wondrous faine,
Thereby his ſafety more ſecure to make,
Which when the ſouldier finds his hopes in vaine,

So

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So rich a booty forced to forsake,
To put himselfe and prisoner out of paine,
He on the suddaine stabs him, and doth sweare,
Would th'aue his Ransome, they should take it there.

Lewis of Burbon stabd by a Souldier that tooke him prisoner.

When *Rosse* and *Morley* making in amaine,
Bring the Lord *Darcy* vp with them along,
Whose Horse had lately vnder him beene slaine,
And they on foote found fighting in the throng,
Those Lords his friends remounting him againe,
Being a man that valiant was and strong:
They altogether with a generall hand,
Charge on the *French* that they could find to stand.

And yet but vainely as the *French* suppos'd,
For th'Earle of *Richmount* forth such earth had feûd,
That on two sides with quick-set was inclos'd,
And the way to it by a rising ground,
By which a while the *English* were oppos'd,
At euery Charge which else came vp so round,
As that except the passage put them by,
The *French* as wel might leaue their Armes and fly.

Vpon both parts it furiously is fought,
And with such quickn sse riseth to that height,
That horror needs no further to be sought:
If onely that might satisfie the sight,
Who would haue fame full deerely here it bought,
For it was sold by measure and by weight,
And at one rate the price still certaine stood,
An ounce of honour cost a pound of blood,

When

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The Lords Dampier and Sauesses taken prisoners.

When so it hapt that *Dampier* in the Van,
Meetes with stoute *Darcy*, but whilst he him prest,
Ouer and ouer commeth Horse and man,
Of whom the other soone himselfe possest;
When as *Sauesses* vpon *Darcy* ran,
To ayde *Dampier*, but as he him adrest;
A Halbert taking hold vpon his Greaues,
Him from his Saddle violently heaues,

VVhen soone fiue hundred *Englishmen* at Armes,
That to the *French* had giuen many a Chafe,
And when they couered all the field with swarmes;
Yet oft that day had brauely bid them base;
Now at the last by raising fresh alarmes;
And comming vp with an vnusuall pace,
Made them to know that they must run or yeeld,
Neuer till now the *English* had the Field.

Arthur Earle of Richmount taken prisoner.

Where *Arthur* Earle of *Richmount* beaten downe,
Is left (suppos'd of euery one for dead)
But afterwards awaking from his swoone,
By some that found him, was recouered:

The Count du Marle slaine.

So Count *Du Marle* was likewise ouerthrowne,
As he was turning meaning to haue fled,
VVho fights the cold blade in his bosme feeles,
VVho flyes, still heares it whisking at his heeles.

Till all disrank'd, like sicely sheepe they runne,
By threats nor prayers, to be constrain'd to stay,
For that their hearts were so extreamely done,
That fainting oft they fall vpon the way.

Or

Or when they might a present perill shunne,
They rush vpon it by their much dismay;
That from the *English* should they safely flye,
Of their owne very feare, yet they should dye.

Some they take prisoners, other some they kill,
As they affect those vpon whom they fall:
For they as Victors may doe what they will:
For who this Conquerour to account dare call,
In gore the *English* seeme their soules to swill,
And the deiected *French* must suffer all;
Flight, cords, and slaughter, are the onely three,
To which themselues subiected they doe see.

A shooleſſe Souldier there a man might meete, *The misery of the French.*
Leading his Mounsier by the Armes fast bound;
Another, his had shackled by the feete;
Who like a Cripple shuffled on the ground;
Another three or foure before him beete,
Like harmefull Cattell driuen to a pound,
They must abide it, so the Victor will,
Who at his pleasure may, or saue, or kill.

That braue *French* Gallant when the fight began,
Whose leafe of Lackies ambled by his side,
Himselfe a Lacky now most basely ran,
Whilst a rag'd souldier on his Horse doth ride,
That Rascall is no lesse then at his man,
Who was but lately to his Luggadge tide;
And the *French* Lord now courtsies to that slaue,
Who the last day his Almes was like to craue.

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The French forced to beare the wounded Englisſh on their backs.

And thoſe few *Engliſh* wounded in the fight,
The force the *French* to bring with them away,
Who when they were depreſſed with the weight,
Yet dar'd not once their burden downe to lay,
Theſe in the morne, whoſe hopes wer at their height,
Are fallne thus lowe ere the departing day;
With picks of Halberts prickt in ſtead of goads,
Like tyred Horſes labouring with their Loads.

But as the *Engliſh* from the field returne,
Some of thoſe *French* who when the fight began,
Forſooke their friends, and hoping yet to earne,
Pardon, for that ſo cowardly they ran,
Aſſay the *Engliſh* Carridges to burne.
Which to defend them ſcarcely had a man;
For that their keepers to the field were got,
To picke ſuch ſpoyles, as chance ſhould them allot.

A crew of raſcal French vſde the King of Englands Tents.

The Captaines of this Raſcall cowardly Route,
Were *Iſambret* of *Agincourt* at hand,
Riflant of *Clunaſſe* a Dorpe there about,
And for the chiefe in this their baſe command,
Was *Robinet* of *Burniule*; throughout,
The country knowne, all orders to withſtand,
Theſe with fiue hundred Peaſants they had rai[ſed]
The *Engliſh* Tents vpon an inſtant ſeal'd.

For ſetting on thoſe with the Luggadge left,
A few poore Sutlers with the Campe that went,
They baſely fell to pillage and to theft,
And hauing rifled euery Booth and Tent,

Som

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ome of the sillyest they of life bereft,
he feare of which, some of the other sent,
Into the Army, with their suddaine cryes,
Which put the King in feare of fresh supplies.

For that his Souldiers tyred in the fight,
heir prisoners more in number then they were,
He thought it for a thing of too much weight,
oppose fresh forces, and to guard them there;
he *Daulphines* Powers, yet standing in their sight,
nd *Burbons* Forces of the field not cleere,
These yearning cryes, that from the caridge came
His blood yet hot, more highly doth inflame.

The French prisoners more in number then the English Souldiers.

And in his rage he instantly commands,
hat euery English should his prisoner kill,
xcept some few in some great Captaines hands,
Whose Ransomes might his emptied Cofers fill,
lls one whose loose, or who is now in bonds,
oth must one way, it is the Cõquerours wil, (free
Those who late thought, smal ransoms them might
Saw onely death their Ransoms now must be.

The English kill their prisoners.

Accursed *French*, and could it not suffize,
hat ye but now bath'd in your native gore;
ut yè must now infortunately rise,
o draw more plagues vpon ye then before,
nd gainst your selfe more mischiefe to deuise,
hen th' *English* could haue, and set wide the doore,
To vtter ruine, and to make an end, (spend.
Of that your selues, which others would not

Expostulation.

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Their vtmoſt rage the *Engliſh* now hath breath'd,
And their proud hearts gan ſomewhat to relent,
Their bloody ſwords they quietly had ſheath'd,
And their ſtrong bowes already were vnbent,
To eaſefull reſt their bodies they bequeath'd,
Nor farther harme at all to you they ment,
And to that paynes muſt ye then needſly put,
To draw their kniues once more your throats to cut.

The French cauſe of their owne maſſachre.

That French who lately by the Engliſh ſtood,
And freely ask'd what ranſome he ſhould pay,
Who ſomewhat coold, and in a calmer moode,
Agreed with him both of the ſumme and day,
Now findes his fleſh muſt be the preſent foode,
For wolues and rauens, for the ſame that ſtay,
And ſees his blood on th'others ſword to flow,
E're his quicke ſenſe could apprehend the blow.

A diſcription of the Maſſacre in the foure following Stanzaes.

Whilſt one is asking what the buſ'neſſe is,
Hearing (in *French*) his country-man to cry:
He who detaines him priſoner, anſweres this:
Mounſier, the King commands that you muſt die;
This is plaine *Engliſh*, whilſt he's killing his:
He ſees another on a *French* man flye,
And with a Poleax paſheth out his braines,
Whilſt he's demanding what the garboile meanes.

That tender heart whoſe chance it was to haue,
Some one, that day who did much valour ſhowe,
Who might perhaps haue had him for his Slaue:
But equall Lots had fate pleas'd to beſtow:

He

Hee who his prisoner willingly would saue,
Lastly constrain'd to giue the deadly blowe,
That sends him downe to euerlasting sleepe:
Turning his face, full bitterly doth weepe.

Ten thousand *French* that inwardly were well,
Saue some light hurts that any man might heale,
Euen at an instant, in a minute fell, deale,)
And their owne friends their death to them to
Yet of so many, very few could tell,
Nor could the *English* perfectly reueale,
The desperate cause of this disastrous hap.
But euen as Thunder kil'd them with a clap.

How happy were those in the very height,
Of this great Battaile, that had brauely dyde,
When as their boyling bosomes in the fight,
Felt not the sharpe steele thorow them to slide;
But these now in a miserable plight,
Must in cold blood this massacre abide,
Caus'd by those Villanes (curst aliue and dead,)
That from the field the passed morning fled.

When as the King to Crowne his glorious day,
Now bids his souldiers after all this toyle,
(No forces found that more might them dismay)
Of the dead *French* to take the gen'rall spoyle,
Whose heapes had well neere stopt vp eu'ry way,
For eu'n as Clods they cou'red all the soyle,
Commanding none should any one controule,
Catch that catch might, but each man to his dole.

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They fall to groping busily for gold,
Of which about them one slain *French* had store,
They find as much as well their hands can hold,
Who had but siluer, him they counted poore,
Scarfes, Chaines, and Bracelets, were not to be told,
So rich as these no souldiers were before;
Who got a Ring, would scarcely put it on,
Except therein there were some Radiant stone.

Out of rich sutes the Noblest *French* they strip,
And leaue their bodies naked on the ground,
And each one fills his Knapsack, or his Scrip,
With some rare thing that on the Field is found:
About his busines dot'h he nimbly Skip,
That had vpon him many a cruell wound: (slaine,
And where they found a *French* not out-right
They him a prisoner constantly retaine.

Who scarse a Shirt had but the day before,
Nor a whole Stocking to keepe out the cold,
Hath a whole Wardrop (at command in store),
In the *French* fashion flanting it in gold,
And in the Tauerne, in his Cups doth rore,
Chocking his Crowns, and growes thereby so bold
That proudly he a Captaines name assumes,
In his gilt Gorget with his tossing Plumes.

Wag-

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Wagons and Carts are laden till they crackt,
With Armes and Tents there taken in the field;
For want of carriage on whose tops are packt,
Ensignes, Coat-Armours, Targets, Speares, & Shields
Nor need they convoy, fearing to be sackt;
For all the country to King *Henry* yeelds,
And the poore peasant helpes along to beare,
What late the goods of his proud Landlords were.

A Horse well furnisht for a present Warre:
For a *French* Crowne might any where be bought,
But if so be that he had any scarre,
Though ne'r so small, he valew'd was at naught;
With spoyles so fated the proud *English* are;
Amongst the slaine, that who for pillage sought,
Except some rich Caparison he found,
For a steele Saddle would not stoope to ground.

And many a hundred beaten downe that were,
Whose wounds were mortal, others wondrous deep
When as our *English* ouer-past t' ey heare:
And no man left a Watch on them to keepe,
Into the Bushes, and the Ditches neare,
Vpon their weake hands and their knees doe creepe;
But for their hurts tooke a re, and were vndrest,
They were found dead and buried with the rest.

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Thus when the King ſaw that the coaſt was clear'd,
And of the *French* who were not ſlaine were fled,
Nor in the field not any then appear'd,
That had the power againe to make a head:
This Conqaerour exceedingly is cheer'd,
Thanking his God that he ſo well had ſped,
And ſo towr'ds *Callice* brauely marching on,
Leaueth ſad *France* her loſſes to bemoane.

FINIS.

The Battaile of Agin-Court.

THE

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THE MISERIES OF QVEENE MARGARITE.

I Sing a woman, and a powerfull Queene,
Henry the Sixt, the King of *Englands* Wife,
The beautious *Margarite*, whose
misgouern'd spleene
So many sorrowes brought vpon her life;
As vpon womans neuer yet were seene,
In the beginning of that fatall strife,
(Th'vnlucky season) when the *Yorkists* saught,
To bring the Line of *Lancaster* to naught.

The family of Yorke fought vnder hand to promoue their title about that time.

It was the time of those great stirres in *France*,
Their ancient Right that th'*English* had regain'd,
By the proud *French* attributing to chance,
What by meere Manhood stoutly ours obtain'd,
Their late-falne Ensignes labour'd to aduance,
The Streets with blood of either Nation stain'd:
These striue to hold, those to cast off the yoake,
Whilst forts, & towns flew vp to heauen in smoke

After the second conquest of France by Henry the fift.

The

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The Christian Princes seeke to make a peace between England and France.

The neighboring Princes greatly pittying then,
The Christian blood in that long quarrell shed,
Which had deuour'd such multitudes of men,
That the full earth could scarsely keepe her dead;
Yet for each *English* of her Natiues ten:
In zeale to peace these neighbouring Princes led:
At *Tours* in *Tourayne* set them downe a Dyet,
(Could it be done) these clamorous feuds to quiet.

From th'Emperour there Ambassadours ariue,
The Kings of *Denmarke*, *Hungary*, and *Spayne*,
And that each thing they aptly might contriue,
And both the Kings there largely might complaine,
The Duke of *Orleance* for the *French* doth striue,
To shew his grieuance; *William Poole* againe,
The Earle of *Suffolke* doth for *England* stand,
Who steer'd the state then with a powerful hand

A peace concluded for 18 moneths.

For eighteene moneths they ratifie a peace,
Twixt these proud Realms, which *Suffolk* doth pur-
With al his powers, with hope still to encrease, (sue
The same expir'd, that it should soone renew,
For by his meanes if so the wars might cease,
He had a plot of which they neuer knew,
To his intent, if all things went aright,
Heele make the dull world to admire his might,

Poole in this time of peace laboureth to conclude a Marriage betwixt the Lady Margarite and the King his Master.

For hauing seene faire *Margarite* in *France*,
(that time's brightst beauty) being then but yong,
Her piercing eyes with many a subtill glance,
His mighty heart so forcibly had stung,

As

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As made him thinke if that he could aduance,
This mortall wonder, onely that among,
His rising Fortunes should the greatest proue,
If to his Queene, he could aduance his loue.

Poole taken with the exceeding beauty of the Princesse.

Her eyes at all points Arm'd with those deceits,
That to her sexe are naturall euery way,
Which with more Art, she as inticing baits,
For this great Lord doth with aduantage lay,
As he againe that on her bosome waits,
Had found that there, which could he come to sway
He would put faire as euer man did yet,
Vpon the height of Fortunes wheele to sit.

Loue and Ambition spurre him in such sort,
As that (alone) t'accomplish his desire,
To fall with *Phaeton* he would thinke it sport,
Though he should set the Vniuerse on fire,
Nor recks he what the world of him report,
He must scorne that, who will dare to aspier,
For through the aire his wings him way shal make
Though in his fall the frame of heauen he shake.

He had only the title of these Kingdomes without any liuelyhood.

Reyner descended from the Royall stem
Of *France*, the Duke of *Anion*, stiled King
Of *Naples*, *Cicil*, and *Ierusalem*,
Although in them he had not any thing,
But the poore title of a Diadem;
Seing by *Suffolke* greater hopes to spring;
Puts on his Daughter that great Lord to please,
Of *Englands* Counsailes who kept all the keyes.

Margarite Duk Reyners Daughter.

But

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But strange encounters strongly him oppose,
In his first entrance to this great Designe,
Those men were mighty that against him rose,
And came vpon him with a Countermine,
That he must now play cunningly, or lose:
Cunning they were against him that combine,
Plot aboue plot, doth straine aloft to tower.
The conflict great, twixt pollicy and power.

A motion of a marriage before by an Ambassadour with the Earl of Arminaks onely daughter.

For *Humfrey* Duke of *Gloster*, stil'd the good,
Englands Protector sought a match to make,
With a faire Princesse, of as Royall blood,
The Daughter of the Earle of *Arminake*,
And his crown'd Nephew: but stout *Suffolke* stood,
Still for his Mistresse, nor will her forsake,
But make her *Henryes* Queene in spight of all:
Or sh: shall rise, or *Suffolke* sweares to fall.

The high praises of the Princesse Margarites beauty.

By the *French* faction when shevp is cryde;
Of all Angellique excellence the Prime,
Who was so dull that her not Deifide,
To be the onely Master-piece of time:
The prayse of her extended is so wide,
As that thereon a man to heauen might clime:
All tongues and eares inchanted with delite,
When they doe talke, or heare of *Margarite*.

Pooles followers placed about the King to work his owne ends.

(plac'd,
And those whom *Poole* about his Prince had
And for his purpose taught the tricks of Court,
To this great King, and many a time had grac'd,
To make his eares more apt for their report,

Having

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Hauing the time most diligently trac'd,
And saw these things succesiuely to sort:
Strike in a hand, and vp together beare,
To make faire *Margarite* Musicke in his eare.

Aniou a Dutchy, *Mayne* a Countrey great,
Of which the *English* long had beene possest,
And *Mauns* a city of no small receite,
To which the Duke pretended interest:
For the conclusion, when they came to treate,
And things by *Poole* were to the vtmost prest,
Are to Duke *Reyner* rendred vp to hold,
To buy a *Hellen*, thus a *Troy* was sold.

The prouinces of France giuen to Duke Reyner for his Daughter.

When of an Earle, a Marquesse *Poole* is made,
Then of a Marquesse is a Duke created,
For he at ease in Fortunes lap was layd,
To glorious actions wholly consecrated:
Hard was the thing that he could not perswade,
In the Kings fauour he was so instated;
Without his *Suffolke* who could not subsist,
So that he ruled all things as he list.

Poole created first from an Earle, Marquesse, and after Duke of Suffolke.

This with a strong astonishment doth strike,
Th'amazed world which knew not what to say,
What liuing man but did the act mislike,
If him it did not vtterly dismay,
That what with blood was bought at push of pike,
Got in an age, giu'n in an houre away:
Some largely speake, and some againe are dumbe,
Wondring what would of this strage worke become

The people exceedingly repine for the giuing away of the Prouinces.

As

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As when some dreadfull Comet doth appeare,
Athwart the heauē that throws his threatning light,
The peacefull people that at quiet were,
Stand with wild gazes wond'ring at the sight,
A Simily. Some War, some Plagues, some famin greatly feare,
Some falls of Kingdomes, or of men of might:
The grieued people thus their iudgements spend,
Of these strange Actions what should be the end.

Suffolke Procurator for the King. When *Suffolke* Procurator for the King,
Is ship'd for *France*, t'espouse the beautious Bride,
And fitted to the full of euery thing:
Followed with *Englands* Gallantry and pride,
The marriage solemnized in the city of Towers. (As fresh as is the brauery of the Spring)
Comming to *Towers*, there sumptuously affide:
This one, whose like no age had seene before,
Whose eyes out-shone the Iewels that she wore:

Her reuerent Parents ready in the place,
As ouerioy'd this happy day to see,
The great concourse to honour the Solemnization. The King and Queene the Nuptials there to grace;
On them three Dukes as their attendants be,
Seuen Earles, twelue Barrons in their equipace,
And twenty Bishops, whilst that onely she,
Like to the Rosy morning towards the rise,
Cheeres all the Church, as it doth cheere the skies.

Tryumphall Arches the glad Towne doth raise,
And Tilts and Turneys are perform'd at Court,
Conceited Masks, rich Banquets, witty playes,
Besides amongst them many a pretty sport,

Poets

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Poets write *Prothalamions* in their praise,
Vntill mens eares were cloyd with the report,
Of either sexe, and who doth not delight,
To weare the Dayse for Queene *Margarite*.

Margaret in French signifieth a Dayse

The Tryumphs ended, he to *England* goes
With this rich Gem allotted him to keepe,
Still entertained with most sumptuous showes,
In passing thorough *Normandy* to *Dipe*,
Where like the Sea the concourse dayly flowes,
For her departure whilst sad *France* doth weepe:
And that the ships their crooked Anchors waide,
By which to *England* she must be conuayd.

The Queene bravely entertained in passing through Normandy.

And being fitted both for Winde and Tide,
Out of the Harbour flyes this goodly Fleet, (plyd,
And for faire *Portsmouth* their straight course they
Where the King stayd his louely Bride to meete;
Yonder she comes when as the people cryd,
Busie with Rushes strewing euery streete,
The braincleese Vulgar little vnderstand,
The Horrid plagues that ready were to Land.

The King stayeth for the Queens landing at Portsmouth.

Which but too soone all-seeing heauen foretold,
For shee was scarsely safely put a Shore,
But that the skies (ô wondrous to behold)
Orespred with lightning hideously doth rore,
The furious winds with one another scold,
Neuer such Tempests had beene seene before,
With sudden floods whose villages were drown'd
Steeples with earthquaks tumbled to the ground.

Great and fearefull Tempests at the comming in of the Queene.

When

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VVHē to their purpose thīgs to pass were brought,
And these two braue ābitious spirits were met
The Queene and Duke now frame their working
Into their hāds the Soueraignty to get: (thought
For soon they found the King could not be wrought,
Vp to their ends, nature so low had set,
His humble heart; that what they would obtaine,
Tis they must do't, by collour of his Raigne.

And for they found the grieued commons grutch,
At this which *Suffolke* desperately had done,
Who for the Queene had parted with so much,
Thereby yet nothing to the Realme had wonne,
And those that spur'd the people on, were such,
As to oppose them openly begunne;
Therefore by them some great ones down must go,
Which if they mist of, they themselues must so.

The Duke of Yorke discharged of his Regency in France, and the Duke of Sommerset in his place.

Yorke then which had the Regency in *France*,
They force the King, ignobly to displace,
Thereto the Duke of *Summerset* t'aduance,
Their friend, and one of the *Lancastrian* Race;
For they betwixt them turnd the wheele of *Chance*;
Tis they cry vp, tis they that doe abase,
He's the first man they purpos'd to remoue,
The onely *Minion* of the peoples loue.

This opened wide the publike way whereby,
Ruine rusht in vpon the troubled Land,
Vnder whose weight it hapned long to lye,
Quite ouerthrowne with their il-guiding hand;

For

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or their Ambition looking ouer-hie,
ould in no measure aptly vnderstand,
Vpon their heads the danger that they drew,
Whose force too soone, they, and their faction knew)
For whilst this braue Prince was imploid abroad,
h'affaires of *France* his minde vp wholly tooke,
ut being thus disburthen'd of that load,
Which gaue him leave into himselfe to looke,
he course he ranne in, euidently show'd,
is late Allegeance that he off had shooke,
And vnder hand his Title set on foote,
To plucke their *Red-Rose* quite vp by the roote.

Thus hauing made a Regent of their owne,
whom they meane great matters to effect,
or by degrees, they will ascend the throane,
nd but their owne all ayde they else neglect,
s with a tempest he to ground is blowne,
n whom their rage doth any way reflect;
Which good Duke *Humfrey* first of all must taste
Whose timelesse death intemperately they haste.

A Character of the Duke of Gloocester.

This *Henryes* Vncle, and his next of blood,
Was both *Protector* of the Realme, and King,
Whose meekenesse had instiled him the Good,
f most especiall trust in euery thing;
ne to his Country constantly that stood,
s Time should say, I foorth a man will bring,
So plaine and honest, as on him Ile rest,
The age he liu'd in, as the onely best.

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This graue *Protector* who both Realms had sway'd
Whilst the Kings nonage his sound counsels crau'd
In his great wisedome when he throughly way'd,
How this *French* Lady here her selfe behau'd,
To make her Game againe, how *Suffolke* play'd,
The Realmes from ruine, hoping to haue sau'd,
Lost his deare life within a little space.
Which ouerthrew the whole *Lancastrian* race.

This Prince, who still dar'd stoutly to oppose,
Those whom he sawe, all but their owne to hate,
Then found the league o' his inueterate foes,
To come vpon him with the power of Fate,
And things to that extremitie still rose,
The certaine signe of the declining State,
As that their Faction euery day grew strong,
Perceiu'd his vertues like to suffer wrong.

The greatest persons of the Queenes Faction.

Fierce *Margarits* malice propt with mighty me
Her darling *Suffolke*, who her forward drew,
Proud *Sommerset* of *France* the Regent then,
And *Buckingham* his power too well that knew,
The Cardinall *Bewfort*, and with him agen,
Yorks great Arch-Prelate, to make vp the crue,
By accusations doing all their best,
From the good Duke all Gouernment to wrest.

A Consultation had by the action of the Queene about the making away of the Duke.

Who then compell the peacefull King to call,
A Parliament their grieuances to heare,
Against the Duke that to inforce his fall, (bear
They might haue something that might Colour

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But then they doubt his answere, and withall,
The murmuring people they farre more doe feare,
As their owne liues, who lou'd him, therefore they,
Must call to make him secretly away;

A Parliament at Saint Edmunds-Bury.

And therefore with the Parliament proceed,
Saint-Edmunds-bury the appointed place,
Whereas they ment to doe the fatall deed,
Which with much quickneſſe ſhould decide the caſe,
The cruell manner ſoone they had decreed,
And to the Act they haſten them apace,
On this good Prince their purpoſe to effect,
Then, when the people nothing ſhould ſuſpect.

The Duke of Gloſter arreſted by the high Marſhall of England.

No ſooner was this great aſſembly met,
But the high Marſhall doth the Duke arreſt,
And on his perſon ſuch a guard they ſet,
That they of him were certainely poſſeſt,
His ſeruants were from their attendance lett,
And either ſent to priſon or ſuppreſt;

The Duke murthered.

So that their Lord left in this piteous plight,
Lay'd in his bed, was ſtrangled in the night.

Then giue they out, that of meere griefe he dyde,
To couer what they cruelly had done,
But this blacke deede, when once the day diſcride,
The frantique people to his Lodging runne,
Some rayle, ſome curſe, yea little children chide,

The people mutiny.

Which forc'd that faction the faire ſtreets to ſhun,
Some wiſh proud *Suffolke* ſunke into the ground,
Some bid a plague the cruell Queene confound.

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Thus their Ambition would not let them see,
How by his death they hastened their decay,
Nor let them know that this was only he,
Who kept the *Yorkists* cruel more at bay,
The death of the Duk was the vtter ouerthrow of the house of Lancaster. But of this man they must the murtherers be,
Vpon whose life their safety onely lay,
But his deare blood, them nothing could suffice,
When now began Queene *Margarites* Miseries.

The affaires of England fall to ruine vpon the death of the Duke. In either Kingdome all things went to wracke,
Which they had thought they could haue made to thriue
His noble Counsells when they came to lacke,
Which could them with facility contriue,
Nor could they stay them in their going backe,
One mischiefe still another doth reuiue;
As heauen had sent an host of horrors out:
Which all at once incompast them about.

The Irish rebell. Out flie the *Irish*, and with sword and fire,
Vnmercied hauocke of the *English* made,
They discontented here at home conspire,
To stirre the *Scot* the borders to inuade:
The faithlesse *French* then hauing their desire,
To see vs thus in Seas of troubles wade,
The French stir vp in Spaine. In euery place outragiously rebell,
As out of *France* the *English* to expell.

The sturdy *Normans* with high pride inflamd,
Shake off the yoke of their subiection quite.
Nor will with patience heare the *English* nam'd,
Except of those that speake of them in spight,

But

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But as their foes them publikely proclaim'd,
And their Alyes to open Armes excite;
In euery place thus *Englands* right goes downe,
Nor will they leaue the *English* men a Towne.

The Normans reuolt.

New-castle, Constance, Maleon, and *Saint-lo*,
With *Castel-Gaillard, Argenton*, and *Roane*,
Pontau-de-mer with Forts and Cities moe,
Then which that Country stronger holds had none,
Set ope their gates and bad the *English* goe,
For that the *French* should then possesse their owne,
And to the Armies vp the Forts they yeeld,
And turne the *English* out into the Field.

Townes in Normandy yeelded to the enemy. There had been a former contract betweene the King and the Earle of Armainacks only Daughter, but being by the Duke of Suffolke annulled, caused the Earle euer after to be a vowed enemy to the English

And that great Earle of *Arminacke* againe,
A puissant peere, and mighty in estate,
Vpon iust cause, who tooke in high disdaine,
To haue his Daughter so repudiate,
(His countreys bordering vpon *Aquitane*,)
Pursues the *English* nation with such hate,
As that he entred with his Armed powers,
And from that Dutchy, draue all that was ours,

The commons charge the Duke of Sommerset with the losse of Normandy

Th'inraged commons ready are to rise,
Vpon the Regent, to his charge and layd,
That from his slacknesse and base cowardize,
These Townes were lost, by his neglect of ayde,
Then follow *Suffolke* with confused cryes,
With *Maine*, and *Anion*, and doe him vpbrayd,
And vow his life shall for their losses pay,
Or at the stake their goods and liues to lay.

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Articles of Treason put into the Parliament against the Dukes of Somerset and Suffolke.

In th'open Session and Articulate,
Seuen seuerall Treasons vrg'd against them both,
As most pernitious members of the State,
Which was confirmed by the commons oath,
So that the King who saw the peoples hate,
(In his owne selfe though he were very loath)
To both the houses lastly doth assent,
To set on *Suffolke* fiue yeares banishment.

The Duke of Suffolke banished fiue yeares.

His Soueraigne Lady *Suffolke* thus must leaue,
And she her seruant to her sorle so deare,
Yet must they both conceale what they conceiue,
Which they would not if any hope there were,
Yet of all comfort they cannot bereaue,
Her, but his hope her pensiue heart doth cheere,
That he in *France* shall haue his most resort,
And liue securely in her Fathers Court.

His mighty minde nor can this doome molest,
But kicks the earth in a disdainefull scorne,
If any thing do corrosiue his brest
It was, that he was in base *England* borne,
He curst the King and Kingdome, but he blest,
The Queene, but if in any thing forlorne,
Twas that he should her happy presence misse,
The endlesse Summe of all his earthly blisse.

The extreame hate the people had to the Duke.

His Sentence, scarse in Parliament had past,
But that the rascall multitude arise,
Plucke downe his houses, lay his Lordships wast,
And search how they his person may surprize,

That

That he from *England* instantly must hast,
Couer'd by night, or by some strange disguise,
And to some small Port secretly retyre,
And there some poore Boate for his passage hire,

From *Harwich* Hauen, and embarqu'd for *France*,
As he for *Callice* his straight course doth steere,
(O here behold a most disastrous chance,)
A man of Warre the Seas that scoured there,
One at his actions that still look't asceance,
And to this Duke did deadly hatred beare,
After a long chase tooke this little Crave,
Which he suppos'd him safely should conuay.

This ship was (as our hystories report) called the Nicholas of the tower, a ship that belonged to the Duke of Exceſter, of whom one Water was the Captaine.

And from the fisher taking him by force,
He vnder Hatches straightly him bestow'd,
And towards his country steering on his course,
He runnes his vessell into *Douer* roade,
Where raying on him without all remorse,
Him from the ship to all the people show'd,
And when no more they could the Duke deride,
They cut his head off on the Cock-boat-side.

Vffolke thus dead and *Somerset* disgrac'd,
His title *Yorke* more freely might preferre,
The Commons loue, when cunningly to taste,
(Lest ouerweening he perhaps might erre,)
He first subbornes a villane that imbrac'd,
The Nobler name of March-borne *Mortimer*,
Which in the title of the house of *Yorke*,
Might set the monstrous multitude a worke,

The subtill policie of the Duke of Yorke.

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His name was *Cade*, his natiue country *Kent*,
Who, though of birth, and in estate but poore,
Yet for his courage he was eminent,
(Which the wise Duke well vnderstood before,)
He had a minde was of a large extent,
The signe whereof on his bould brow he bore,
Sterne of behauiour, and of body strong,
Witty, well spoken, cautilous, though yong.

The character of Iacke Cade.

But for the Duke his title must deriue,
Out of the blood which beare that honored name,
Therefore must cast and cunningly contriue,
To see how people relished the same,
And if he found it fortuned to thriue,
Then at the marke he had a further ayme,
To show himselfe his title good to make,
And raise him friends and power, his part to take.

Deriuing his title from Phillip the onely Daughter and heire of Lyonel Duke of Clarence the third sonne of Ed the 3. wed ded to Edmund Mortimer Earle of March.

All opposition likewise to preuent,
The crafty Duke his meaning doth conceale,
And *Cade* doth rise t'informe the gouernment,
And base abuses of the Publique Weale,
To which he knew the commons would consent,
Which otherwise his Treason might reueale:
Which rightly tooke, for by this colleur hee,
Drew twenty thousand on his part to be.

From *Sussex*, *Surry*, and from *Kent* that rose,
Whom hope of spoyle doth to this Act perswade,
Which still increase his Army as it goes,
And on Blacke Heath his Rendauous he made,

Where

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Where in short time it to that vastnesse growes,
As it at once the Kingdome would invade,
And he himselfe the Conquest could assure,
Of any power King *Henry* could procure.

And did in fight that generall force defeate,
Sent by the King that Rebell to pursue,
When vnder collour of a fram'd retreat,
He made as though he from the Army flew,
The slaughter of the souldiers must be great,
When he those *Staffords* miserably slew,
Captaines sele& and chosen by the Queene,
To lead the powers that should haue wreakt her teene.)

The Staffords slaine by the Rebels.

When for a Siege he to the city came,
Assaults the Bridge with his emboldned power,
And after oft repulsed takes the same,
Makes himselfe Master of the towne and Tower,
Doing such things as might the Deuill shame,
Destroyes Records, and Virgines doth deflower,
Robs, ransacks, spoyles, and after all this stirre,
Lastly beheaded the Lord Treasurer,

Iacke Cade takes London

These things by *Yorke* being plotted vnderhand,
Wise as he was, as one that had not knowne,
Ought of these Treasons, hasts to *Ireland*,
To tame those* *Kerne*, rebellious that were growne,
He knew it was not in the barren Sand,
That he this subtill poysonous seed had sowne,
Which came it on (as very well it might)
It would make way for his pretended right.

The Vulgar.

Whilst

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Whilst these rebellions are in *England* broachd,
As though the Fates should enuiously conspire,
Our vtter Ruine; which too fast approacht,
About our eares, was *Aquitaine* a fire,
Their Conquest so vpon our Townes incroach't,
That *Charles* the *French* King then had his desire.
To see these troubles tyre vs here within,
That he the whilst in *France* from vs might winne.

The Valiant Talbot slaine.

To add to *Margarites* miseries againe,
Talbot in *France* so bravely that had done;
Who many a yeere had awd proud *Aquitaine*,
And many a Fort, and famous Battaile wonne,
At *Shatiloon* (O endlesse griefe) was slaine,
With the Lord *Lyle* his ouer-valiant Sonne,
When all the Townes that he had got before,
Yeelded, nor would for *England* be no more,

Yorke in the nike from *Ireland* comming in,
Finding the Kingdome cumbred in this wise,
Thinks with himselfe twere time he did begin,
But by no meanes he gainst the King must rise,
O such a thought in any man were sinne,
But that he would proud *Summerset* surprise,
Yet wãting strẽgth gainst the whole state to stand,
He beares his businesse with a moderate hand.

Richard Neuill the Father, and Richard Neuill the Sonne.

And first to mighty *Salsbury* doth sue,
And his sonne *Warwicke*, and doth them intreate,
With equall eyes they would be pleas'd to view,
His rightfull Title: these two *Neuils* great,

In

n power, and with the people, whom he knew,
Deadly the Duke of *Somerset* to hate,
By his large offers he doth winne at last,
In his iust quarrell to cleaue to him fast.

Thus his Ambition hauing strongly back't,
With these two fatall firebrands of Warre;
To his desires, there very little lackt,
He and the Earles all three so popular,
To aduance himselfe he no occasion slackt,
For nought he sees him from his ends to barre,
Tis no small tempest that he needs to feare,
Whom two such Collumnes vp betwixt the beare.

And by their strengths encourag'd doth not sticke
The others actions boldly to o'relooke,
And for the season that the King was sicke,
Vpon himselfe the Regency he tooke,
For now his hopes vpon him came so thicke,
His entrance doores from off the hinges shooke,
Free with a noyde the Realme seem'd to direct,
Who's he but bow'd, if this great Prince but beckt

And in the Queenes great chamber doth arest, *The Duke of Sommerset areſted.*
Great *Somerset*, and sendeth him to ward,
And all his followers suddenly suppresst,
Such was the number of his powerfull guard, (tests
With the proud Queene, this Prince as proud con-
Nor for her frowne one friend of hers he spar'd,
Lucks on his side, while such stand by to bett,
Heel'e throw at all that any one dares set,

The

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THe Queen who saw, which way the factiō went
And that these wrongs must still reflect on her
The Duke of *Yorke* to her destruction bent,
Thought with her selfe it was still time to stirre,
And if his plots she euer would preuent,
Must with the wisest of her friends conferre,
Their busie braynes, and must together beate,
To lessen him, like else to grow too great.

His pride a while yet patiently endure,
The Kings recouery only to attend,
Of which themselues they hardly could assure,
The King recouired of a dangerous sickness. Who once they thought had hastned to his end,
But when they found his Physicke to procure,
His former health, then doth the Queene extend,
Her vtmost strength, to let the world to know,
Queene *Margarite* yet must not be mastred so,

With smiles and kisses when she woes the King
That of his place the Duke he would discharge,
Which being done, the next especiall thing,
The Queene prouailing against the Duke of Yorke. She doth the Duke of *Summerset* inlarge,
And him of *Callice* giues the gouerning,
Whither his friends she caus'd him to imbardge,
Doubting the loue and safeguard of the Towne,
Thus doth the Queen turne all things vpside down.

Which so incenst the angry Duke to ire,
With those two Earles vpon his part that take,
Kindling in all that fierce reuengefull fire,
Which the deare blood of *Summerset* must slake,

That

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hat into *Wales* they instantly retire:
nd in the Marches vp an Army make,
And there by Oath were to each other tyde,
By dint of sword the quarrell to deeide.

The Duke of Yorke raiseth an army in the Marches of Wales.

And whilst these Lords be busied in the West,
f March-men mustring a rebelling Band,
Henry againe his Southerne people prest:
nd settles there their forces to withstand:
hen Bowes and Bills were only in request:
ch rage and madnesse doth possesse the Land,
Set vpon spoyle, on either part they were,
Whilst the Weale-publique they in pieces teare.

On either part when for this Warre prepard,
pon their March they at *Saint Albans* met,
Where drums and Ensignes one the other dar'd,
Whilst they in order their Battalions set,
nd with his fellow euery souldier char'd,
rauely resolu'd to death to pay his debts:
When if that euer horrour did appeare,
On th' *English* earth, it certainely was there,

The first Battaile at Saint Albans.

That day the Queenes-lou'd *Somerset* was slaine
here tooke the stout *Northumberland* his end:
ere *Staffords* bloud the panement did distaine:
here *Clifford* fell, King *Henryes* constant friend,
he Earle of *Warwicke* who brought on the Mayne:
ll downe before him to pale Death doth send,
Antwessell, *Bapthorpt*, *Zouch*, and *Curwen*, all,
King *Henryes* friends before the *Yorkists* fall,

Humfrey Earle of Stafford, eldest sonne to the Duke of Buckingham.

Whilst

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Whilst this distressed miserable King,
Amazed with such fury of the fight,
And perill still his person menacing:
His liuing friends inforc't to take their flight,
He as a needlesse and neglected thing,
In a poore Cottage hides him out of sight:
The King crept into a poore Cottage
Who found by *Yorke* was as a prisoner led,
Though with milde words the Duke him cõforted.

And of his person being thus possest
They in his name a Parliament procure,
For with his Regall power they will inuest
Themselues, supposing to make all things sure,
That if their violent actions should be prest,
In after time they better might endure,
The censuring, the worst, and so present,
To show them done by Act of Parliament.

The lawlesse vsurpation of the Yorkists.
And cause the King to take into his hands,
What to the Crowne did anciently pertaine,
Besides all Honors, Offices, and Lands,
Granted since the beginning of his Raigne;
And not a Fee, though ne'r so little stands;
And are call'd in, and let who will complaine,
And all his friends from counsaile are remou'd,
None must sit there, but those of them belou'd.

The silly King a cipher set aside,
What was in him, that in great *Yorke* was not,
Amongst themselues all places they diuide,
Salsbury made Chancellor.
And to be Chancellor *Salsbury* hath got,

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Hee is the man must take the Law to guide,
And *Callice* falls to warlike *Warwickes* lot,
And not a man at these must looke awry,
They make an Act their acts to iustifie.

Warwicke Captaine of Callice.

This done the Duke had more to doe then this,
Something it seem'd more secretly to lurke,
In which such power (though from appearance) is,
As yet once more would fret the Duke of *Yorke*,
And let him know, he of his ends might misse;
For now the Queene doth set her wits to worke.
To play the Game that must renowne her skill,
And shew the Law that rested in her will.

And from the roote of *Summerset* late slaine,
Another stem to stand for her arose,
Henry for *Edmond*, of his Fathers straine,
(One of whose life she knew she could dispose)
Of a strong iudgement, and a working braine,
Great *Buckingham* and *Exceter* are those,
She meanes to worke by, and by these restore,
Her to that height from whence she fell before.

Henry Beufort Duke of Summerset, after the decease of his father Edmond.

These were the men to whom shee trusted most,
To whom that faction much despight had done,
For at *Saint Albans Summerset* had lost,
His loued Sire, and *Buckingham* his Sonne:
And *Exceter* pursude from Coast to Coast;
From them enforc'd to Sanct'ary to runne:
Fetcht thence by them, and to cold *Pumfret* sent,
And in a dungeon miserably pent.

The Duke of Exceter taken out of the Sanctuary at Westminster.

Equall

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Equall in enuie, as in pride and power,
With eu'ry ayde to their disingnement fraught,
Taking their turnes at eu'ry fitting houre;
They on the Kings much easinesse so wrought,
As that they seem'd him wholly to deuoure,
Vntill to passe their purposes they brought,
Lifting vp still his spirit that was so poore,
Once more to doe as he had done before.

The Duke of Yorke, the Earles of Salsbury and Warwicke put out of office.

For which at *Greenewich* he a Councell held,
Where with th'opinion of those friends supplide,
Those three which late with glorious titles weld,
Are from their seu'rall places put aside;
Yet more to seeke their safety are compeld,
At this prodigious turning of the tide:
For now the wind was strangely come about,
And brings them in who lately were shut out.

The Queene had plotted to haue the Duke murthered at Couentry.

The cruell Queene and cunningly had cast,
At *Couentry* to cause them to appeare,
With shew to pardon all that had beene past,
If they (but then) would their Allegiance sweare;
Which had they done, that day had beene their last,
For she had plotted to destroy them there:
Of which forewarnd, immediatly they fled,
Which then their safety only promised.

Yet whilst one wrong, thus from another rose,
Twixt them at last a meeting was ordain'd,
All former strife and quarrels to compose,
Which but too long betwixt them had remain'd,

Which

Which to the world though handſomely it ſhowes,
Yet in plaine truth, all was but meerely fain'd,
To outward ſeeming, yet are perfect friends,
But diueliſh folke, haue ſtill their diueliſh ends.

And in proceſsion ſolemnly they goe,
In generall ioy one ſmiling on the other,
A *Yorkiſt* and *Lancaſtrian* make vp two,
Enuie and mallice, brother, like to brother,
In mind farre ſundred, although coupled ſo,
Bloody reuenge, and in their breſts they ſmother;
Ill's the proceſsion (and fore runs much loſſe,)
Wherein men ſay, the Deuill beares the Croſſe.

A ſolemne proceſſion in Paules by both the factions.

Theſe Rites of peace religiouſly perform'd,
To all mens thinking the enraged Queene,
At *Warwicks* greatneſſe inwardly yet ſtorm'd,
(Which euery day ſtill more and more was ſeene,)
Againſt the King, who *Calice* ſo had Arm'd,
As it his owne inheritance had beene,
Which towne ſhe ſaw that if he ſtill ſhould hold;
That ſhe by him muſt hourely be controul'd.

The Queene inwardly grudging at Warwickes greatneſſe.

For which his murther ſhee purſu'd ſo faſt,
As that ſhe ſoone and ſecretly had layd,
Such ro aſſault him, as the ſtreets he paſt,
As if his braue name had not brought him ayd,
He of her vengeance had beene ſure to taſt,
The Tragique Scæne ſo furiouſly was playd,
That he from *London* was inforc't to fly,
Like a rough ſea her malice grew ſo hye.

Warwick in perill to haue bin ſlaine. paſſing the ſtreets.

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And towards the Duke his speedy iourny takes,
Who then at *Middleham* made his most abode,
Which *Salsbury* his habitation makes,
Whereas their time together they bestow'd,
Whose courages the Earle of *Warwicke* wakes,
When he to them his saddaine danger show'd,
With a pale visage, and doth there disclose,
Her brands set on him both in wounds & blowes.

This wrong in counsell when they had discust,
And way'd the danger wherein still they were,
Continuall Treasons shrouded in their trust,
Nor other hopes else likely to appeare,
They find that this might make a war seeme iust,
And giue their cause vp to the world so cleare,
To rise in Armes when they resolue at last,
To raise them force, and wisely thus forecast,

To muster vp their Tenants and their friends,
Not as a War vpon the land to bring,
Nor to aduance their owne sinister ends,
Nor wrong a Subiect in the smallest thing,
Onely to guard them (as their case then stands)
Till they had show'd their grieuance to the King,
And giue their power to *Salsbury* to guide,
That with the King the businesse should decide.

With this distinction *Salsbury* is sent,
Warwicke to *Callice* (with what haste he may,)
By his much speed a mischiefe to preuent,
Fearing the Towne might else be giuen away,

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he Duke of *Yorke* by generall consent,
: *Middleham* Castell they allot to stay;
To raise a second power (if need should be)
To reinforce them, or to set them free.

The Queene who heard by such as were her own)
ith that false Earle how those of *Cheshire* sided,
in short time how powerfull he was growne,
inks with her selfe the shire might be diuided,
that her loue to some of them were knowne,
hich eas'ly might be, were her pleasure guided,
By some such person, of whose valour they,
Had an opinion, which she thus doth lay.

Causing the King to giue a large command,
o *Iames* Lord *Awdley*, powerfull in those parts,
o Raise him force those Rebels to withstand;
ch to their Soueraigne as had loyall hearts,
d to make Captaines ouer eu'ry band,
en of the best blood, as of best desarts,
Which he so laboured, till that he had brought,
That th'halfe of one house gainst the other fought

So that two men arising from one bed,
lling to talke, from one another flye:
is weares a white Rose, and that weares a Red;
d this a *Yorke*, that *Lancaster* doth cry:
e wishe to see that *Awdley* well had sped:
: prayes againe to prosper *Salsbury*:
And for their farewel when their leaues they take
They their sharpe swords at one another shake.

The men of Cheshire diuided in the quarrell.

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This fire in euery family thus set,
Out go the Brown bills, with the well strung bowes
The Battaile at Blore-heath. Till at *Blore-heath* these boystrous souldiers met,
For there it chanc'd the Armies then to close,
This must not liue if that hee stroue to let;
Neuer such friends yet ere became such foes,
With down-right strokes they at each other lay,
No word for *Cheshire* was, but kill and slay,

A great slaughter of Cheshire men The Sonne (as some report) the Father slue,
In opposition as they stoutly stood,
The Nephew seene the Vnckle to pursue,
Bathing his sword in his owne naturall blood,
The Brother in his brothers gore in brue
His guilty hands, and at this deadly food:
Kinsman kills Kinsman, and together fall,
As hellish fury had possest them all.

The Lord Audly slayne. There noble *Tutchet* the Lord *Audley* dyde,
(Whose Father wan him such renowne in *France*)
And many a *Cheshire* Gentleman beside,
Fell at this field by warres vncertaine chance:
These miseries Queene *Margarite* must abide,
Whilst the proud *Yorkists* doe themselues aduance:
And poore King *Henry* on a pallet lay,
And scarcely ask'd which side had got the day.

Thus valiant *Audley* at this Battaile slaine,
And all those friends to the *Lancastrians* lost:
Cheshire by her such domage to sustaine:
So much deere blood had this late Conflict cost:

Wher

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Wherfore the grieued Queene with might & main
Labours for life to raise a second Host:
Nor time therein she meaneth to foreslow,
Either shee'll get all, or will all forgoe.

And whilst their friends them forces gathering were,
The neighbouring Realmes of this great bus'nesse
The Duke & those, that to his part adhere, (ring,
Proclaimed Traytors; pardon promising,
To those at *Blore* that Armes did lately beare:
So they would yet cleane to their lawfull King.
Which driue in many to their part againe,
To make their full, they *Yorkists* in their wane.

Yorke who perceiu'd the puissant Host prepar'd,
With his deare *Nouils*, Counsels what to doe,
For it behou'd him to make good his guard,
With both their strengths and all too little too,
And in the Marches he no labour spar'd
To winne his friends along with him to goe:
With expedition which he could not get,
On the Kings side the Commons were so set.

And being to meete so absolute a power,
Yet wanting much his party good to make;
And *Hewets* proclamations euery houre:
His Souldiers win their Generall to forsake,
Besides the storme which rais'd this sudden shower:
Them all in sunder likely was to shake:
He saw his safety to consist in flight,
Thus e'r he wist, o'rmastred in his might,

All on the spurre for life away they post,
Edward Earl of March, eldest sonne to the Duke th' Earls of Salsbury and Warwicke.
Their homes too hot nor there they might abide:
The three braue Earls soon reacht the western coast
Frō whēce to *Callice* their straight course they plide
The Duke to *Wales* being there befriended most:
Yet for more safety, he to *Irland* hyde:
So others ship themselues from eu'ry bay,
And happiest he that soon'st could get away,

A Simily.
As when a Route of raue'nous wolues are met,
T'assayle some Heard th' desart pasturing neare,
The watchfull Clownes which euer them are set,
Oft taught before their Tirannye to feare.
With dogges, with staues, and shouts together get,
Nor neuer leaue till they their Cattell cleare:
So the Kings power the *Yorkists* still pursue,
Which like those wolues before those Heards men (flew.

A Parliament at Coventry.
They gone the King at *Coventry* begun,
A Parliament, by good aduice, wherein, (soone
The Duke of *Yorke*, with th' Earle of *March* his
With *Salsbury* and *Warwicke* who had bin
Conspirators, much mischiefe and had done,
And by whose helpe he hapt so much to win:
He there attaints of Treason, and bestowes,
All that was theirs, vpon his friends, their foes.

When now those Earles in *Callice* still that kept
The charge whereof proud *Warwicke* on him tooke
In their intended busʼnesse neuer slept:
Nor yet their former enterprise forsooke,

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In t' *Henryes* Counsailes who had those that crept,
And did each day his actions ouerlooke,
From whom as their aduertisements still are,
So they their strengths accordingly prepare.

And in meane time the Kingdome to embroyle,
That with lesse noise their frieds might raise an host,
They plague the seas with Piracy and spoyle:
And rob the Hauens all along the Coast:
They ne'r take pitty of their Natiue soyle:
For that they knew this would auayle them most,
That whilst the State was busied there about,
Armes might be rais'd within, by those without.

And slaughtring many that were set to ward,
Th'especiall Ports; th'vnweldy Anchors wayde,
Of the Kings ships, whose traught as prize they
And them to *Callice* carefully conuayd, (sharde
With their stolne Fleet, and his great Nauy darde,
As late by land, so now by Sea they sway'd:
All in Combustion, and their bloody rage,
Nor Sea, nor Land, can possibly asswage.

Then haue they Forces rais'd for them in *Kent*,
Their next and most conuenient place to land,
(Where should the aduerse power their hopes preuent
In *Doner* Road yet were their ships at hand)
And by their Posts still too and fro that went,
They certainly were let to vnderstand,
That *Kent* was surely theirs, and onely stayd,
To rise in Armes the *Yorkists* power to ayde,

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When *Falconbridge*, who secon[illegible] rother was
To *Salsbury*, they send away before,
To see no ships should out of *Sandwich* passe,
To hinder them from comming to the shore,
There of Munition tooke a wondrous Masse,
Heapt in that Towne, that with abundant store,
He Armed many at their comming in,
Which on their side would scarcely else haue bin.

The men of Kent rise with the Yorkists.

That they no sooner setled were on land,
But that in Armes th'rebellious *Kentish* rose,
And the Lord *Cobham* with a mighty band,
With their *Calicians* presently doth close,
That now they sway'd all with a powerfull hand,
And in small time so great their Armie growes,
From *Sussex*, *Surry*, and those parts about,
That of her safety, *London* well might doubt,

But yet at last the Earles shee in doth let,
To whom the Clergy comming day by day,
From further sheers them greater forces get,
Whē towards *Northampton* making forth their way
Where the sad King his Army downe had set,
And for their comming onely made his stay,
With all the force his friends could him afford,
And for a fight with all things fitly stor'd

Who in his march the Earle doth oft molest,
(By their Vauntcurrers hearing how he came)
In many a straight, and often him distrest,
By stakes and trenches that his Horse might lame,

But

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But the ſtout *Yorkiſts* ſtill vpon them preſt :
And ſtill ſo fearefull was great *Warwicks* name,
That being once cryde on, put them oft to flight
On the Kings Army till at length they light.

The name of Warwicke fearefull to his enemies.

When th'Earle of *March* the in the pride of blood
His Virgin valour on that day beſtowes,
And furious *Warwicke* like a raging flood,
Beares downe before him all that dare oppoſe,
Old *Salsbury* ſo to his tackling ſtood,
And *Fauconbridge* ſo layes amongſt his foes,
That euen like leaues, the poore *Lancaſtrians* fall,
And the proud *Yorkiſts* beare away the Ball.

There *Humphrey* Duke of *Buckingham* expir'd,
King *Henrys* comfort and his cauſes friend,
There *Shrewsbury* (euen of his foes admir'd,
For his high courage) his laſt breath doth ſpend,
Braue *Beamont* there, and *Egremount* lay tyr'd
To death, there *Lucy* had his luckleſſe end,
And many a noble Gentleman that day,
Weltring in gore, on the wild Champion lay,

A great part of the Nobility ſlaine at Northampton

The wretched King, as Fortunes onely ſonne,
His ſouldiers ſlaine, and he of all forſaken,
Left in his Tent ; of men the moſt forlorne ;
The ſecond time) a priſoner there is taken ;
The wofull Queene out of the Battaile borne,
In a deepe ſwound ; and when ſhe doth awaken,
Nothing about her heares, but howles, and cryes,
Was euer Queenes like *Margarites* miſeries?

Yorke

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YOrke comming in from *Ireland* in the end,
And to his hands thus finds the Battaile wonne,
By the high Prowesse of his faithfull friend,
Great *Warwicke*, and that valiant *March* his son,
His present hopes the former so transcend,
That the proud Duke immediatly begun,
By his bold Actions to expresse his thought,
Through so much blood, which he so long had (sought.

The Kings Command'ment daring to deny,
His Soueraigne Lord being call'd to waite vpon,
And on his Fortune beares himselfe so hie,
That he in State presumes t'ascend his Throane;
From the Kings lodgings puts his seruants by,
And placeth in them such as were his owne:
So infinitely insolent he growes,
As he the Crowne at pleasure would dispose.

The Duke of Yorkes insolence.

When he procures a Parliament with speed,
In which himselfe Protector he doth make,
And only Heire apparent to succeed,
Th. King; when death him from the world doth take
And what had bene at *Couentry* decreed,
He there Annuls, from him and his to shake
The seruile yoke of all subiection quite,
Downe goes the red Rose, and vp goes the white.

And he with Fortune that this while doth sport,
Seeing the Southerne to him still were sure;
Thinks to the North, if he should but resort,
He to his part the Northerne should procure,
Seeking

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Seeking all wayes his greatneſſe to ſupport;
Nor would an equall willingly endure:
Downe into *Yorkſhire* doth to *Sandall* ride,
Whoſe lofty ſcyte well ſuted with his pride.

The Queene impatient of the Dukes pride.

The vexed Queene whoſe very ſoule forgot,
That ſuch a thing as patience it had knowne,
And but ſhee found her friends forſooke her not,
As madde as euer *Hecuba* had growne,
Whilſt both her wrongs, and her reuenge were hot,
Her mighty mind ſo downe could not be throwne,
But that once more the bloody ſet ſheele play,
With *Yorke*, ere ſo he beare the Crowne away.

And downe to *Sandall* doth the Duke purſue,
With all the power her friends could her prouide,
Led by thoſe Lords that euer had beene true,
And had ſtood faſt vpon King *Henryes* ſide,
With that moſt valiant and ſelected crue,
This brau'ſt of Queenes, ſo well her buſineſſe plide,
That comming ſoone to *Sandals* lofty ſight,
Into the Field ſhe dares him foorth to fight.

And for this Conflict there came on with her,
Her hope Prince *Henry*, her deare only Sonne,
Stout *Somerſet*, and noble *Exceſter*,
Dukes that for *Margarite* mighty things had done,
Deuon and *Wilt*, Earles vſing to conferre, (ſhun,
With this wiſe Queene, when danger ſhe would
Vndaunted *Clifford*, *Roſſe* in warr vp brought,
Barrons as braue as ere in battaile fought.

When

The Dukes hast the cause of his ruine.

When this stout Duke who in his Castle stood,
With *Salsbury* (who beat them all at *Blore,*)
Both which were flesht abundantly with blood,
In those three Battailes they had wonne before,
Thought in their pride, it would be euer Flood,
Nor gainst Queen *Margarite* that they needed more
For they led Fortune chain'd with them about,
That of their conquest none but fooles could (doubt.

And for the Field soone Marshalling their force,
All poore delayes they scornefully defie,
Nor will the Duke stay for those troupes of Horse,
With which his Sonne him promist to supply,
In spight of Fate they'll giue their foe the worse,
On their owne valour they so much rely,
And with fiue thousand marshald well they come,
Meaning to charge the Queenes maine Battaile (home,

But in her Host she hauing those that were,
Expert in all the Stratagems of Warre,
To fight with him doe cause her to forbeare,
Till from his Castle she had got him farre,
Whilst in an ambush shee had placed there,
Wiltshire and *Clifford* with their strengths to barre,
Him from his home, in offring to retire,
Or wound his backe euen as they would desire,

When too't they fell vpon an easie plaine,
At the hill foote, where furiously they fought,
Vpon both sides where there were many slaine:
But for the Queene, foure to his one had brought:

The

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The Duke of *Yorke* for all his pride was faine.
Backe to recoyle were hee was finely caught,
For *Wilt* and *Clifford* that in Ambush were,
The Van thus rowted, ouerthrew the Reare.

Where *Yorke* himselfe, who proudly but of late,
With no lesse hope then of a kingdome fed,
Vpon this field before his Castle gate,
Mangled with wounds, on his owne earth lay dead,
Vpon whose body *Clifford* downe him sate,
Stabbing the corpes, and cutting off his head,
Crown'd it with paper, (and to wreake his teene)
Presents it so to his victorious Queene,

His Bastard Vnckles both couragious Knights,
Sir *Iohn* and Sir *Hugh Mortimer* so sped,
Hall, *Hastings*, *Neuill*, who in sundry Fights,
Had show'd their valour, on the field found dead:
And *Salsbury* amongst these Tragicke sights,
Who at *Blore-heath* so much deere blood had shed, *The Earle of Salsbury beheaded.*
Taken aliue, to *Pomfret* sent with speed,
And for their bloods, himselfe there made to bleed

Some climbe vp Rocks, through hedges other run
Their foes so roughly execute their rage,
Where th'Earle of *Rutland* the Dukes yongest son, *The end of young Rutland.*
Then in his childhood and of tender age,
Comming in hope to see the Battaile wonne,
Clifford whose wrath no rigour could asswage.
Takes, and whilst there he doth for mercy kneele,
In his soft bosome sheathes his sharpned steele.

Edward

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Edward of *March*, the Duke his Father slaine,
Succeeding him, whilst things thus badly sort,
Gathering an Army, but yet all in vaine,
To ayde his Father, for he came too short,
Hearing that *Penbrooke* with a Warlike trayne,
Was comming tow'rds him, touch'd with the report,
His valiant Marchers for the field prepares,
To meet the Earle, if to approach he dares.

Iasper by birth halfe Brother to the King,
On bright Queene *Katherine* got by *Owen Tether*,
Whom *Henrys* loue did to this Earledome bring,
And as from *Wales* descended sent him thither,
And of *South-wales* gaue him the gouerning,
Where in short time he got an Host together,
Cleauing to *Henry* who did him preferre,
As an Alye to th'House of *Lancaster*.

The Battaile at Mortimers Crosse.

Vpon their March when as they lastly met,
Neere to the Crosse that *Mortimer* is nam'd,
Where they in order their Battalions set,
The Duke and Earle with equall rage enflam'd,
With angry eyes they one the other threat,
Their deadly Arrowes at each other aym'd:
And there a fierce and deadly fight begin,
A bloodier Battell yet there had not bin.

The Earle of *Ormond*, an Associate then,
With this young *Tudor*, for the King that stood,
Came in the Vanguard with his *Irish* men,
With Darts, and Skaines; those of the Brittish blood

With

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With Shaftes and Gleanes them seconding againe,
And as they fall, still make their places good,
That it amaz'd the marchers to behold,
Men so ill arm'd vpon their Bowes so bold.

Now th'*Welch* and *Irish* so their weapons weeld,
As though themselues they conquerors meant to cal
Then are the Marchers masters of the field,
With their browne Bills the *Welchmen* so they mall,
Now th'one, now th'other likely were to yeeld,
These like to fly, then those were like to fall,
Vntill at length (as fortune pleas'd to guide)
The Conquest turn'd vpon the *Yorkists* side.

Three Suns were seene that instant to appeare, *Three sunnes seene at one time.*
Which soone againe shut vp themselues in one,
Ready to buckle as the Armies were,
Which this braue Duke tooke to himselfe alone,
His drooping hopes which somwhat seemd to cheere
By his mishaps, neere lately ouerthrowne.
So that thereby encouraging his men,
Once more he sets the white Rose vp agen.

Penbrooke, and *Ormond*, saue themselues by flight,
Foure thousand souldiers of both Armies dead,
But the great losse on the *Lancastrians* light,
So ill the friends of poore King *Henry* sped;
Where *Owen Tudor* taken in the flight,
This young Earles father by Queene *Katherines* bed *Owen Tudors end.*
At *Hereford* not farre away from thence,
Where others with him dyde for their offence.

This

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THis while the Queen, the gole at *Sandal* gain
Leades on tow'rds *London* her victorious Hos
Whose blades she showes, with blood of *Yorkists*
Nor of her Cóqueſt can she leaue to boaſt, (ſtain'
But to her ſide, whilſt lucky fortune lean'd,
Come, what can come, ſhe means to cleare the coa
Of thoſe ſhe knew in *Yorks* reuenge would riſe,
Found ſhe not meanes, their Forces to ſurpriſe.

And at *Saint Albans* finding on her way,
Iohn Duke of *Norfolke*, and her diueliſh foe:
Fierce *Warwicke* who there with an Army lay,
Which two, deceaſed *Yorke* when he ſhould goe
King Henry left before to the keeping of the Duke of Norfolke, and the Earle of Warwicke.
To *Sandall*, left them as his onely kay,
To keepe King *Henry* (which they not foreſlow)
Leſt by the Queene & hers he might be wrongd
T'annull their late paſt Parliament for nought.

For which to Counſell, calling vp her Lords,
Well to conſider what was to be done,
Who cheere her vp with comfortable words,
And would in no wiſe ſhe her way ſhould ſhunne:
For they would make her entrãce with their ſwor
Here what was loſt, might here againe be wunne,
Aſſuring her, their minds them ſtrongly gaue,
That of this Field the glory ſhe ſhould haue.

And ſoone their Army ordering for the ground,
Whereof a view they en'ry way doe take:
When for Aſſault they bid their Trumpets ſound,
And ſo their entry ou the Towne they make:

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t comming to the market place they found,
ſhower of ſhafts, as from a cloud it brake,
Which backe againe made them ſo faſt to beare,
As that their Van, was like to route their Reare,

But thus repulſ'd, another way they proone,
ow in vpon their enemy to get,
hich makes their foes, that they their force remoue
o ſtop that paſſage wherein they were ſet,
at whilſt, they ſhafts into each other ſhoue,
r a long while it was an euen bet,
Death being thus dealt, and both ſo deepely in,
Whether proud *Warwicke*, or the Queene ſhould (winne

But by the Queene conſtrained to recoyle,
ir ground from them they abſolutely wonne,
hen they the *Yorkiſts* miſerably ſpoyle,
nd in with them on their mayne Battaile runne:
hich being greatly ſtraitned by the ſoyle,
ey could not doe what elſe they might haue done:
hrough thick & thin, o'r hedge & ditch that take, *The Queene getteth the day at Saint Albans.*
And happieſt, he the greateſt haſt could make. (ſtay,

Whilſt *Warwicke* cryes, ye Southerne cowards
nd once more turne your faces to your foes,
is feare, not danger doth yee thus diſmay:
proue the former fortune of your Bowes,
inke but vpon the late-wonne glorious day,
ot in this place; the fame whereof you loſe,
By your baſe flight; but he his breath might ſpare
He might as well haue call'd vpon the Ayre.

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The Yorkists Army discomfited at this second Battell at Saint Albans

Scatter'd like sheep by wolues that had bin scar'd
So runne the *Yorkists*; which, when *Norfolke* saw,
He calls to *Warwicke* scarcely then prepar'd,
Himselfe out of this danger to withdraw:
My Lord (quoth he) you see that all is mard:
Fortune hath sworne to keepe vs in her awe:
Our liues are gone if longer here wee stay,
Looſe not your selfe, though we haue loſt the da

And for they found the Foe came on so fast;
The King by them to this loſt battell brought,
And vnder guard in his pauillion plac't, (though
Th'are forc'd to leaue (which late they little
For ther were those which made the make such hast,

King Henry of no account

They could not stay to haue their Soueraign sough
But since the Battell had such ill succeſſe,
That loſt, they thought their loſſe of him the leſſe.

The foe thus fled, they quickly found the King,
From whom a speedy messenger is sent,
His Wife and Sonne, away to him to bring,

The King meets with the Queene and her Sonne.

Who with their Lords arriuing at his Tent,
Where after many a fall, and many a spring,
Of teares of ioy vpon each other spent,
With strict embraces they each other straine,
No one had need a gladneſſe there to faine.

Like as you see when Partriges are flowne,

And Simily

(In Falconers termes which we the Couy call)
By the sharpe Hawke, and into thickets throwne,
There drops downe one, there doth another fall,

Yo

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Yet when they heare the questing Spaniels gone,
They in the euening get together all,
With pretty iugging and each other greet.
Glad as it were they once againe should meete.

But the fierce Queene, her full reuenge to take,
Of those she thought the *Yorkists* well that meant.
The stout Lord *Bonvile* for King *Henrys* sake,
And *Thomas Kerrill*, a braue Knight of *Kent*,
Who the Kings Guard stroue euer long to make,
All threatning perill thereby to preuent,
And for their safety had his Soueraigne word,
That cruell woman putteth to the sword.

The cruelty of the Queen

This wel might warne great *Warwick* not to trust
Too much to Fortune, which so soone reuealles,
Her whorish lightnesse, like an Auerse gust,
And on the suddaine makes him strike his Sayles,
Which when he most beleeued her to be iust,
His forward hopes then most of all she fayles
All his accounts, and teach him thus to summe,
"None ouercomes, but may be ouercome,

Some thinke that *Warwicke* had not lost the day,
But that the King into the Field he brought,
For with the worse, that side still went away,
Which had King *Henry* with thē when they fought
Vpon his birth so sad a curse they lay,
As that he neuer prospered in ought,
The Queene wan two, amongst the losse of many,
Her husband absent, present, neuer any,

King Henry most infortunate.

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But whilst her selfe with further hopes shee fed,
The Queene still watchfull, wisely vnderstands,
That *Warwicke* late, who at Saint *Albans* fled
(Whereas his heeles seru'd better then his hands)
Had met the Duke of *Yorke*, and made a head,
Of many fresh, and yet vnfought-with bands,
At *Chipping-norton* for more forces stay'd,
From whence towards *London* they their march had layd.

The Londoners deny the Queene victuaile for her Army.

And for shee saw the *Southerne* to adhere,
Still to the *Yorkists*, who againe relyde,
Much on their ayde, as *London* she doth feare,
A small reliefe which lately her denyde,
She can (at all conceiue) no comfort there,
With any succours, nor to be supply'd,
But to the North her speedy course directs,
From whence fresh aydes she euery day expects.

The Duke of Yorke entreth London with applause of the people.

Not foure dayes march yet fully on her way,
But *Yorke* to *London* with his Army comes,
And neere the walles his Ensignes doth display,
Deafing the city with his clamorous Drummes,
His Title so the multitude doth sway,
That for his souldiers they prouide him Summes,
And those prouisiõs they Queene *Margarite* owd
Taken from hers, they on the Duke bestow'de.

The Gates set open to receiue him in,
They with applause his gracious entrance greet,
His presence so the Peoples hearts doth vvinne,
That they come flocking in from euery street,

Knee-

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Kneeling before him, as he Crownd had bin,
And as he rode along they kist his feete, (gone,
Whilst good King *Henry* towards the North is
The poore *Lancastrians* damn'd by euery one.

Whither (at once) doe presently repaire,
The spirituall Lords, & Temporal, who would haue,
Him take the Crowne, who farre more ready are,
To giue, then he their suffrages to craue:
The Commons take him so into their care,
Vpon his name that dotingly they raue,
And being ask'd who should their Soueraigne be,
They cry King *Edward* and no man but hee.

Thus to his height this puissant Prince they heaue,
The seate Imperiall; where then sitting downe,
Their fealty they force him to receaue,
Which on his head might firmely fixe his Crowne,
And in his hand the Regall Scepter leaue:
Edward the fourth proclaim'd in eu'ry Towne,
With all the pompe that they could thinke vpon,
They then adorne his Coronation.

Edward made King by the suffrage of the Commons.

(eare,

THis newes too quickly in Queene *Margarites*
What by the Lords at *London* had beene done,
Euen at the point to fall into despaire,
Ready she was on her owne death to runne;
With her faire fingers rents her golden haire,
Cursing that houre when first she saw the Sunne.
With rage she faints; reuiuing and doth call,
Vpon high heauen for vengeance on them all,

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To ayde her right yet ſtill excites her friends,
By her faire ſpeech inchanted (as by charmes)
Scarce any man on any Lord depends,
That followes her, that riſeth not in Armes:
The ſpacious North ſuch plenteous ſuccour ſends,
That to her ſide the ſouldiers come in ſwarmes:
Thus day by day ſhe addeth more and more,
To that full Army, which ſhe had before.

Not long it was but *Edward* vnderſtood,
Of this great power prepared in the North,
When he to make his Coronation good,
Calls to his ayde his friends of greateſt worth,
With whom, then riſing like a raging flood:
This forward King breakes violently foorth,
That with the helpe of Tributary flowes,
Extends his breadth ſtill onward as he goes.

King Edward marches from London to meete his enemies in the North.

Nor *Henryes* Army needed to be ſought,
For euery man could tell him where it lay,
In twelue dayes march which *Edward* eas'ly rought
Without reſiſtance keeping on his way,
Neere fifty thouſand in his Hoſt he brought,
Whoſe brandiſh'd Enſignes ſeem'd to braue the day:
And vnder *Pomfret* his proud Tents he pight,
Prouiding hourely for a deadly fight.

Of *Henryes* Hoſt, when they who had command,
On whom the Queene impoſed had the care,
Great *Somerſet*, and ſtout *Northumberland*,
And *Clifford*, whom no danger yet could dare:

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The walles of Yorke first hauing throughly man'd,
There plac'd the King, when quickly they prepare,
To range their Battell which consisted then,
Of threescore thousand valiant Northerne men.

From Edwards Host the Lord Fitzwater went,
And valiant Nevill, Warwickes Bastard brother,
At Ferry-bridge the passage to preuent,
From comming ouer Eyre, to keepe the other;
Gainst whom the aduerse, the Lord Clifford sent,
Who taking night his enterprise to smother;
The dawne yet dusky, passing through a Ford,
Puts them, and all their souldiers to the sword.

The Lord Fitzwater and Bastard Nevill slaine.

At the shrill noyse, when Warwicke comming in,
And finds his Brother and Fitzwater dead,
Euen as a man distracted that had bin:
Out of his face the liuely colour fled,
Doth cruell Clifford thus (quoth he) begin,
For eu'ry drop of blood that he hath shed,
This day I'le make an enemy to bleed,
Or neuer more in Battaile let me speed.

Warwicke vowes to reuenge his brothers death.

And to the King returning in this mood,
My Liege (quoth he) all mercy now defie,
Delay no longer to reuenge their blood;
Whose mangled bodies breathlesse yonder lye:
And let the man that meanes King Edwards good,
Stand fast to Warwicke, who no more shall flie:
Resolu'd to winne, or bid the world adue,
Which spoke, the Earle his sprightly courser flue.

Warwickes desperate resolution.

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This resolution so extremely wrought,
Vpon King *Edward* that he gaue command,
No quarter kept at Towton. That on his side who willingly not fought,
Should haue his leaue, to quit him out of hand;
That euery one should kill the man he cought,
To keepe no Quarter, and who meant to stand,
In his iust cause, rewarded he would see,
This day hee'll rise, or this day ruin'd be.

Towton field. When neere to *Towton* on the spacious playne,
These puissant Armies on Palme-Sunday met,
Wher down right slaughter angry neaue doth raine
With clouds of rage the Element is let:
The windes breath fury, and the earth againe,
With the hot gore of her owne Natiues wet,
Sends vp a smoke, which makes the mall so mad,
Of neither part that mercy could be had.

One horrid sight another doth appall:
One fearefull cry another doth confound,
Murthers so thicke vpon each other fall,
That in one shreeke anothers shreeke is drowned,
Whilst blood for blood incessantly doth call,
From the wide mouth of many a gaping wound,
Slaughter so soone growes big, that comm to birth,
The monstrous burthen ouer-loads the earth,

This bloody Tempest ten long houres doth last,
Whilst neither side could to it selfe assure
The victory; but as their lot was cast,
With wounds and death they stoutly it indure,
Vntill

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Vntill the valiant *Yorkists* at the last,
Although in number neere ten thousand fewer:
In their long fight their forces manage so,
That they before them lay their conquer'd foe.

Couragious *Clifford* first here fell to ground,
Into the throat with a blunt Arrow strucke:
Here *Westmerland* receiu'd his deadly wound:
Here dy'd the stout *Northumberland* that stuck
Still to his Soueraigne; *Wells*, and *Dacres* found,
That they had lighted on King *Henrys* luck:
Trowlugh & *Hornt*, two braue commanders dead
Whilst *Somerset* and *Exceter* were fled.

A miserable defeat of the Queenes friends.

Thirty two thousand in this battaile slaine,
Lady in strayts lye heap'd vp like a wall:
The rest lye scatter'd round about the playne,
And *Cocke* a Riuer, though but very small,
Fill'd with those flying, doth so deepely staine,
The Riuer *Wharfe*, into which this *Cocke* doth fall,
As that the fountaine which this flood doth feed,
Besides their blood, had seem'd for them to bleed.

The greatest slaughter in all that ciuill Warre.

King *Henrys* hopes thus vtterly forlorne,
By the late losse of this vnlucky day:
He feeles the Crown (euen) from his temples torn,
On his sword point, which *Edward* beares away:
And since his fall the angry Fates had worne,
He findes no comfort longer here to stay:
But leauing *Yorke*, he post to *Barwicke* goes,
With's Queene & Son, true partners in his woes.

The

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The King and Queen forced to forsake the Land.

The King for *Scotland*, and for *France* the Queene,
Diuided hence, since them thus Fortune thwarts,
Before this time there seldome had beene seene,
Two to be seuer'd with so heauy hearts,
The Prince their son then standing them betweene,
Th ir song is sorrow, and they bearet their parts:
He to the King of *Scots*, to get supplies,
She to the *French* King, and her Father flies.

Which well might shew a Princes slippery state,
For when she hither at the first came in,
England and *France* did her congratulate,
Then in two battailes she had Conqueror bin,
Seeming to tread vpon the *Yorkists* hate,
As from that day she had beene borne to winne:
Now to fayle backe with miseries farre more,
Then were her Triumphs landing here before.

This cruell blow to the *Lancastrians* lent,
At fatall *Towton* that Palme-Sunday fight,
Where so much blood they prodigally spent,
To *France* and *Scotland* as inforc'd their flight,
Lifts vp the *Yorkists* to their large extent,
And *Edward* now to see his Crowne set right,
Proud in his spoyles to *London* doth repaire,
And re-annoynted mounts th' Imperiall Chaire.

Where he a speedy Parliament doth passe,
T'annull those Lawes which had beene made before
Gainst his succession, and dissolue the Masse,
Of Treasons heapt on his, them to restore:

Where

Whereby King *Henry* so much lesned was,
Is after that he should subsist no more,
Little then thinking *Lancaster* againe,
Now but an exile ouer him should raigne.

Where he attaints as Traitors to his Crowne, *The Earle of Oxford and his Sonne attainted.*
ohn Earle of *Oxford* and h s valiant sonne,
Aubray De Vere, with whom likewise went downe
Mountgomery, *Terrill*, *Tudenham* who were done,
To death; so Heau'n on *Henry* seemes to frowne,
And *Summerset* King *Edwards* wrath to shunne,
Himselfe submitting is receiu'd to grace,
Such is Queene *Margarites* miserable case.

Henry in *Scotland*, the sad Queene the while,
s left to *France*, to *Lewis* there to sue,
o lend her succour; scorning her exile,
n spight of Fate she will the warre renew, *Queene Margarit a woma of an vndaunted spirit.*
he will tempt Fortune till againe she smile,
n such a pitch her mighty spirit still flew;
That should the world oppose her, yet that strength,
She hopes shall worke vp her desires at length.

And with fiue thousand valiant Volunteers,
f native *French*, put vnder her command,
Vith Armes well fitted she towards *Scotland* steeres
Vith which before she possibly could land,
he wrath of Heauen vpon this Queene appeares, *The Queene in euery enterprise most vnfortunate.*
nd with fierce Tempests strine her to withstand,
The winds make warre against her with her Foe,
Which ioin'd together worke her ouerthrowe.

Her

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Her Forces thus infortunately loſt,
Which ſhe in *Scotland* hop'd to haue encreaſt,
And in this tempeſt ſhe her ſelfe ſo toſt,
As neuer Lady; yet ſhe here not ceaſt,
But ſince ſhe found her enterpriſe thus croſt,
She to the *Scottiſh* her faire courſe adreſt,
Nor would deſiſt till ſhe had raiſ'd agen,
Ten thouſand valiant well-appointed men.

And in vpon *Northumberland* doth breake,
Rowzing the Sluggiſh villages from ſleepe,
Bringing in *Henry* though a helpe but weake,
But leaues her Son in *Barwicke* safer to keepe;
Queene Margarite raiſeth a new Army. Her ratling Drums ſo rough a language ſpeakes,
The ruffling *Scots*, and all the Country ſweepe;
Which rumour run ſo faſt with through the ayre
That *Edward* thought it ſhooke his very Chaire.

And *Somerſet* receiu'd to grace before,
Some that had ſubmitted themſelues to King Edward reuolt at king Henrys comming. With Sir *Raulph Percy* from that fatall day,
At *Towton*; found each minute more and more,
How ſad a fate on the *Lancaſtrians* lay,
Yet hoping now King *Henry* to reſtore,
What they ſuppoſ'd had new found out the way,
Reuolt from *Edward*, and in *Henrys* name,
Call in their friends, to ayde him as he came.

This noyſe of Warre ariſing from the North,
In *Edwards* eares re-ecchoing bidds him ſtirre
And rumour tells him if he made not foorth,
Queene *Margarite* com'n he muſt reſigne to her
For

or they were Captaines of especiall worth,
n whom she did this mighty charge conferre,
For that her Ensignes she at large displai'd,
And as she came, so still came in her ayd,

For which his much lou'd *Mountacute* he sends,
lith *Englands* valiant Infantry his Pheres:
o whose wise guidance, he this Warre commends,
is souldiers expert pickt in sundry sheeres,
is vtmost strength King *Edward* now extends,
hich he must doe, or drag'd downe by the eares,
From his late-gotten, scarsely-setled Throne,
And on his shoulders she remount thereon.

And *Mountacute* had scarsely march'd away,
t he himselfe sets forward with an Host,
d a strong Nauy likewise doth purnay,
scoure the Seas and keepe the *Brittish* coast,
aring from *France* fresh succours euery day,
ayd Queene *Margarit* which perplext him most.
For he perceiu'd his Crowne sate not so sure,
But might be shak'd should she her Powers pro-
(cure,

Kin Edward prouideth to resist Queene Margarites comming in.

Now is the North fild with refulgent Armes,
wards are *English*, *Scots* Queene *Margarit* brings,
e Norths cold bosoe, this great concourse warms
ir Quarrell is the right of two great Kings,
hich oft before haue wrought each others harms,
l from that Roote, new horrour dayly springs,
nd though much blood they both had spet before
et not so much, but that there must be more.

At

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The Conflict at Hegly-Moore.

At *Hegly-heath* their skirmishes begin,
Where two bold Barrons *Hungerford* and *Rosse*,
With Sir *Ralph Percy*, he who had lately bin,
Leagu'd with King *Edward*, but then gotten losse,
(Striues by all meanes to expiate that sinne)
To the *Lancastrian* faction cleaues so close,
That when those Barrons from that conflict fly,
In *Henrys* right, he brauely dares to dye.

Which leades along as Tragicall an Act,
As since the Warres had euer yet beene playd,
For *Mountacute* b'ing fortunately backt,
By braue King *Edwards* comming to his ayde:
As of their force King *Henry* little lackt,
The plaine call'd *Liuells* where the sceane was layd
Not farre from *Exham* neere to *Dowills* flood,
That day discolloured with *Lancastrians* blood.

The Battaile of Exham.

There struck they battell, Bowmen Bowmen plid
Northerne to Southerne, slaughter ceaseth all;
Long the Fight lasted e'r that either side,
Could tell to which the Victory would fall:
But to the *Yorkists* fortune is so tide,
That she must come when they shall please to call,
And in his Cradle *Henry* had the curse,
That where he was, that side had still the worse.

This luckless day by the *Lancastrians* lost,
Was *Summerset* surprized in his flight,
And in pursuing of this scattered Host,
On *Mullins*, *Rosse*, and *Hungerford* they light,

Whi

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Which this dayes worke e'r long full dearely coſt: *Queene Margarites party goes ſtill to wracke.*
And with theſe Lords were taken many a Knight,
Nor from their hands could *Henry* hardly ſhift,
Had not his guide beene as his Horſe was ſwift.

Still muſt Queene *Margarites* miſeries endure,
This Maſſe of ſorrow markt out to ſuſtaine:
For all the aydes this time ſhe ſhould procure,
Are either taken, put to flight, or ſlaine;
Of nothing elſe ſhe can her ſelfe aſſure,
That ſhe will leaue her loſſes to complaine:
For ſince ſhe ſees that ſtill her friends goe downe,
She will curſe Fortune if ſhe doe not frowne.

Henry to flye to *Scotland* backe is faine, *King Henry and the Queene part.*
To get to *France*, the wofull Queene is glad,
There with her Sonne inforced to remaine,
Till other aydes might thence againe be had;
O them that hard neceſsities conſtraine,
To ſet them downe that it doth make me ſad,
Neuer ſo thicke came miſeries I weene,
Vpon a poore King, and a woefull Queene.

This done King *Edward*, his ſtrong Army ſends
To take thoſe Caſtles which not long before,
Had beene deliuered to King *Henrys* friends,
Which he by ſieges makes them to reſtore,
And on the borders watchfully attends,
To *Henryes* ayde that there ſhould come no more,
But ô behold as one ordain'd to ill,
The Fate that followes hapleſſe *Henry* ſtill,

For

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King Henry: comming disguised into England, is discouered and taken prisoner.

For out of some deepe melancholly fit,
Or otherwise, as falne into despaire,
Or that he was not right y in his wit,
Being safe in *Scotland*, and still succour'd there;
Vpon the suddaine he abandons it,
And into *England* Idly entering, where
He is surprizd, and (in his enemies power)
Is by King *Edward* shut vp in the Tower.

King Henry was borne the greatest of Christian Kings.

This hap had *Henry*, who when he was borne,
Of Christian Kings the greatest then aliue,
Now he the Crowne full forty yeeres had worne,
Doth all his Regall Soueraignety surriue;
Of all men liuing and the most forlorne,
So strange a thing can destiny contriue:
So many sundry miseries as he,
No King before, had euer liu'd to see.

To heare all this Queene *Margarite* must endure,
Yet sadly to her fathers Court conuo'de,
And now King *Edward* held himselfe secure,
When things fell out so fitly to his minde,
But when of rest he did himselfe assure,
Vpon a suddaine rose so rough a wind,
In his strong hand, which shooke his Scepter more
Then all the stormes that ere had blowne before.

The pollicie of King Edward.

For then in minde to league himselfe with *Franc*
Which he perceiu'd would be the surest way,
His questiond Tytle highly to aduance:
And at his need should serue him for a kay,

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To open him their policies; vvhose chance,
Was then in casting, and the next to play,
For *Margarite* still the *French* King *Lewis* prest,
For second aydes, nor would she let him rest.

Wherefore he sends a marriage to entreat,
With beautious *Bona* (with whose rich report,
Fame was oppresst with, and a taske too great)
The *French* Queenes sister, and with her in Court,
Warwicke the man chose foorth to worke the feat,
Who is sent thither in such sumptuous sort,
And in short time so well his businesse plyes,
That she was like to proue an *English* prize.

Warwick sent into France to intreat for a marriage betwixt King Edward and Bona the French Queens sister.

In the meane while this youthful King by chance
Comming to *Grafton* where the Dutchesse lay,
Then stil'd of *Bedford*; his eye haps to glance,
On her bright Daughter the faire Widdow *Gray*,
Whose beauties did his senses so intrance,
And stole his heart so suddainly away, (woe,
That must he lose his Crowne, comeweale, come
She must be his, though all the world say no.

The Dutchesse of Bedford after John her husbands decease was wedded to Sir Richard Woodvile Knight, whose daughter this Lady was.

Her lookes like *Lethe* make him to forget,
Vpon what businesse he had *Warwicke* sent,
Vpon this Lady he his loue so set,
That should his Crowne from off his head be rent,
Or his rebellious people rise, to let,
His choyse of his, they should it not preuent,
For those pure eyes his bosome that had pierc'd,
Had writ a law there, not to be reuers'd,

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Her husband slain at Saint Albons on the Kings part.

What leſſe amends this Lady can I make,
For her deere husband in my quarrell ſlaine;
Then lawfull marri'ge, which for iuſtice ſake,
I muſt performe (quoth hee) leſt ſhe complaine,
For a iuſt Prince, ſo me the world ſhall take:
Soothing himſelfe vp in this amorous vaine,
With his affections in this ſort doth play,
Till he a Queene made the faire Lady *Gray*.

This Act of *Edwards* com'n to *Warwicks* eare,
And that the ſequell ſhow'd it to be true,
In his ſterne eyes, it eas'ly might appeare,
His heart too great for his ſtrait boſome grew,
He his Commiſsion doth in piece-meale torne,
Breakes the broad Seale, and on the ground it threw
And prayes bleſt heau'n may curſe him if that he
For this diſgrace reuenged would not be,

Warwicke reproſing the wrong done him by King Edward in the three following Stanzas.

Haue I (quoth hee) ſo lifted thee aloft,
That to thy greatneſſe I the ſcorne am growne,
Haue I for thee aduentur'd beene ſo oft:
In this long Warre, as to the world is knowne,
And now by thee thus baſely am I ſcoft,
By this diſgrace vpon me thou haſt throwne:
If theſe thy wrongs vnpuniſh'd ſlightly paſſe,
Hold *Warwicke* baſe, and falne from what he was

Know t'was the *Nevills* for thy Title ſtood,
Elſe long e'r this, layd lower then the ground,
And in thy cauſe my Father ſhed his blood,
None of our houſe, for thee, but beares a wound,

And

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nd now at laſt to recompence this good,
Onely for me this Guerdon haſt thou found;
Frō thy proud head, this hād ſhal pluck thy crown,
Or if thou ſtand, then needes muſt *Warwick* down.

Yet he to *England* peaceably repaires,
nd with a ſmooth browe ſmothers his intent,
nd to the King relates the *French* affaires,
s what in Court had paſt there ſince he went:
is ſpleene he for a fitter ſeaſon ſpares,
ll he the ſame more liberally might vent:
alme wes his countenance, and his language faire.
But in his breſt a deepe revenge he bare.

Warwicke deeply diſſembles his diſcontents.

(heares,
Meane while Queene *Margarit* (a poore exile)
low things in *England* (in her abſence) went,
a naſfe burſt heart, which but a little cheeres:
r from her head ſhe felt the Crowne was rent,
t though fare off a little glimple appeares,
ceming hope, and though it faintly lent,
It might haue ſaid, had not the Fates ſaid no,
Theſe ſtormes at home, might her ſome profit
(blow.

he heares how *Warwicke* cunningly had wrought,
orge Duke of (*a*) *Clarence* from his brothers ſide,
d that braue Youth at *Callice* hauing caught,
s eldeſt daughter had to him affide,

(*a*) George ſecond brother to King Edward, and by him created Duke of Clarence.

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How to rebell, the (b) Northerne men were brought
And who by *Warwicke* poynted was their guide,
As on the (c) *Welch* he had a mighty hand,
By *Edward* rais'd those rebels to withstand,

Of new (d) Rebellions at *Northampton* rais'd,
And to despight the King, what they had done,
How they at *Grafton* the Earle (e) *Riuers* seas'd,
And Sir Iohn *Woodvile* his most hopefull Sonne,
Who with their heads could hardly be appeas'd,
And of the same by puissant *Warwicke* wonne:
Who hauing taken (f) *Edward* in his Tent,
His King his prisoner into *Yorkeshire* sent.

Then heares againe how *Edward* had escapt,
And by his friends a greater power had got,
How he the men of (g) *Lincolneshire* intrapt,
Who neere to *Stamford* pay'd a bloody shot,
And when the Earle his course for *Callice* shapt,
When *England* lastly grew for him to hot,
(h) *Vaucleere* who there his Deputy he put,
The Ports against his late grand Captaine shut.

b Warwicke by his Agents had stirred vp this rebellion in the North, he himselfe being at Calliee, that it might seeme not to be done by him, they had to their Captaines, Henry Fitz-Hugh Henry Neuil and Sir Iohn Coniers.

c The Earle of Penbroke and his brother Richard Herbert ouerthrowne at Banbury field.

d These Rebels had to their Captain one whom they termed Robin of Ridsdale.

e The Earle Riuers was Father to the Lady Gray, then Queene of England.

f The Earle taketh the King prisoner at Wolney in Warwickeshire, entring vpon his campe suddainely the night. g They had to their Captaine Robert Wells, sonne to the Lord Welles, This called Lovescote field. h The Lord Vaucleere a Gascoyne borne.

Lastly,

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Laſtly, ſhee heares that he at (*i*) *Deepe* ariues,
And lately com'n to (*k*) *Amboyes* to the Court,
Whereas King *Lewis* to his vtmoſt ſtriues,
To entertaine him in moſt Princely ſort:
When the wiſe Queene her buſineſſe ſo contriues,
That ſhe comes thither, ſmall what though her port,
Yet brings along the ſweet yong Prince her ſonne,
To proue what good with *Warwick* might be done

i A knowne Port Towne of Normandy
k A Towne where the French King lay.

Wen both in (*l*) Court, and preſence of the King,
Their due reſpect to both of them that gaue,
He will'd them in ſo pertinent a thing,
That they the like ſhould of each other haue:
The teares began from both their eyes to ſpring,
That each from other Pitty ſeem'd to craue,
In gracefull manner when the grieued Queene,
Thus to that great Earle, gently breaths her ſpleene.

l Queene Margarite and the Earle of Warwicke meete in the Court of France.

Warwicke, ſaith ſhee, how mercileſſe a Foe,
Haſt thou beene ſtill to my poore child and mee,
That villaine *Yorke* which haſt aduanced ſo,
Which neuer could haue riſen but for thee;
That Valour thou on *Edward* didſt beſtow,
O hadſt thou ſhow'd for him, thou here doſt ſee,
Our Damaske Roſes had adorn'd thy Creſt,
And with their wreathes thy ragged Staues bene dreſt.

The Queenes ſpeech to the Earle in the foure following Stanzaes.

First at Saint *Albans*, at *Northampton* then,
And fatall *Towton* that moſt fearefull fight,
How many, nay, what multitudes of men,
By thee fierce *Warwicke* ſlaine and put to flight;

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O if thy Sword that euer ſtoood for ten,
Had but beene drawne for *Henry* and his right,
He ſhould haue built thee Trophyes euery where,
Wrought with our Crowne, ſupported by thy (Beare,

What glory had it wonne the *Neuils* name,
To haue vpheld the right ſucceeding race,
Of that fift *Henry*, hee that was of ſame,
The onely Mineon; whom thou now doſt trace,
But *Salsbury* the firſt againſt vs came,
Then *Falconbridge*, and *Mountacute*, ô baſe,
To aduance a Traytor to his ſoueraigne thus,
But to our Crovvne your name is ominous,

Barron Faulconbridge was brother to Richard Neuill Earle of Salsbury, and Richard Earl of Warwicke, & Iohn Marqueſſe Mountacute were Sonnes to the ſayd Earle.

How many a braue Peere, thy too neere Allies,
(Whoſe loſſe the Babe that's yet vnborne ſhall rue,)
Haue made themſelues a willing Sacrifice,
In our iuſt quarrell who it rightly knevv,
Whoſe blood gainſt *Yorke* and his adherents cryes,
(Whom many a ſad curſe euer ſhall purſue:)
O *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, expiat this gilt,
By ſhedding theirs for whom our blood was ſpilt

When in like language, this great Earle againe
Regreets the Queene, and vvoes her to forbeare,
Of former greeſe one thought to entertaine;
Warwickes reply in the two following Stanzaes.
Things are not now, quoth he, as once they were,
To talke of theſe paſt helpe, it is in vaine,
What though it eaſe your heart, & pleaſe your eare,
This is not it, no, it muſt be our Swords, (word
Muſt right our vvrongs (deare Lady) not our
Madam,

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Madam (quoth he) by this my vexed heart,
On *Edwards* head, which oft hath wish'd the Crown
Let but Queene *Margarit* cleave to *VVarwicks* part,
This hand that heav'd him vp shall hew him downe,
And if from *Henry Richard Neuill* start,
Vpon my house let Heauen for euer frowne,
Or backe the Crown to this yong Prince ile bring,
Or not be *VVarwicke* if he be not King.

When they accord, Prince *Edward* should affye,
Anne the Earles Daughter, to confirme it more,
By Sacrament themselues they strictly tye,
By Armes againe King *Henry* to restore,
Or in the Quarrell they would liue and dye,
Comprising likewise in the oath they swore,
That th'Earle and *Clarence* should Protectors be,
When they King *Henry* and the Prince should (free.

Prince Edward affyed to Anne the Earle of Warwicks daughter.

When soone great *VVarwicke* into *England* sends,
To warne his friends that they for Warre prepare,
King *Henrys* Title, and to them commends,
That they should take his cause into their care,
Now is the time that he must try his friends,
When he himselfe gainst *Edward* must declare;
And vvhen much strife amongst the cõmons rose,
Whom they should ayde, and whom they should (oppose,
Furnish'd with all things well befitting Warre,
By great King *Lewis* to Queene *Margarite* lent,
VVarwicke (vvhose name Fame sounded had so far,
That men with Wonder view'd him as he went,

Warwicke makes preparation for a new Warre.

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Warwicke so famous that he was seene with wonder.

Of all men liuing the most popular,)
Thought eu'ry houre to be but idely spent,
On *Englands* troubled earth vntill he were,
To view the troupes attending for him there.

And in his Army tooke with him along,
Oxford, and *Penbrooke*, who had beene destroy'd,
By *Edward*, sworne now to reuenge their wrong,
By *Burgoyne* the *French* Admirall conuoy'd,
At whose Arine the shores with people throng:
At sight of *Warwicke*, and so ouerioy'd,
That eu'ry one, a *VVarwicke VVarwicke* cryes,
Well may the *Red-Rose* by great *VVarwicke* rise.

A Simile.

Like some black cloud, which houering lately hung
Thrust on at last by th'windes impetuous power,
The groues and fields, comes raging in among,
As though both foules and flockes it would deuoure
That those abroad make to the shelters strong,
To saue themselues from the outragious shower;
So fly the *Yorkists* before *VVarwicks* Drummes,
Like a sterne Tempest roaring as he comes.

When *Edward* late who wore the costly Crowne,
Himselfe so high and on his Fortunes bore,
Then heard himselfe in euery place cry'd dowue,
And made much lesse, then he was great before,
Nor dares he trust himselfe in any Towne,
For in the In-lands as along the shore,
Their Proclamations him a Traytor make,
And each man charg'd against him Armes to take

For

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For which the *VVaſhes* he is forc'd to wade,
And in much perill laſtly gets to *Lin*,
(To ſaue himſelfe ſuch ſhift King *Edward* made,
For in more danger he had neuer bin,) (trade,
Where finding three Dutch Hulkes which lay for
The greatſt of them he hires to take him in,
Richard his brother, *Haſtings* his true friend,
Scarſe worth one ſword their perſons to defend.

Warwick driueth King Edward out of the Kingdome.

When *VVarwicke* now the only Prince of power,
Edward the fourth out of the Kingdome fled,
Commands himſelfe free entrance to the Tower,
And fets th'Imperiall wreath on *Henrys* head,
Brings him through *London* to the Biſhops bower,
By the applauding people followed, (far,
Whoſe ſhrill re-ecchoing ſhouts reſounds from
A *VVarwicke*, *VVarwicke*, long liue *Lancaſter*,

Warwicke takes King Henry out of the Tower.

And preſently a Parliament they call,
In which they attaint King *Edward* in his blood,
The lands and goods made forfeitures of all,
That in this quarrell, with proud *Yorke* had ſtood,
Their friends in their old honours they inſtall,
Which they had loſt now by an act made good,
Intayle the Crovvne, on *Henry* and his heyres,
The next on *Clarence* ſhould they fayle in theirs,

King Edward and his adherents attainted by all of Parliament.

Whilſt *VVarwicke* thus King *Henry* doth aduance,
See but the Fate ſtill following the ſad Queene,
Such Stormes and Tempeſts in that ſeaſon chance,
Before that time as ſeldome had bin ſeene,

That

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That twice from Sea she was forc'd back to *France*,
As angry Heauen had put it selfe betvvene
Her and her Ioyes, and would a witnesse be,
That naught but sorrow, this sad Queene must see

This might haue lent her comfort yet at last,
So many troubles hauing vndergone,
Queene Margaritte neuer sees any thing that might giue her comfort.
And hauing through so many perils past,
I'haue seene her husband setled on his Throne,
Yet still the skies with clowds are ouercast,
Well might shee heare, but of this sees she none,
Which from far off, as flying newes doth greet her
Naught but mischance, when she comes in, must meet her,

But all this while King *Edward* not dismay'd,
The Duke of Burgondy brother in Law to King Edward, so was he allied to King Henry by his Grand mother being the daughter of Iohn of Gaunt.
His brother *Charles* of *Burgondy* so plyes,
That though the subtill Duke on both side play'd,
Edward and *Henry* both his neere Allies;
Vpon the Duke King *Edward* yet so layd,
(Hauing his sisters furtherance, who was wise,)
That Vnderhand, his strength he so restores,
As that he dar'd t'attempt the *English* shores.
With foureteene Ships from th' *Easterlings* being hir'd,
And foure *Burgonians* excellently man'd,
After some time with stormes and tempests tyr'd,
He neere the mouth of *Humber* haps to land,
Where though the Beacons at his sight were fir'd,
Yet few or none his entrance doe withstand,
For that his friends had giuen it out before,
He sought the Dukedome, and he would no more.

Vpon

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Vpon his march when forward as he came,
Resolu'd to trye the very worst of Warre,
He Summons *Yorke* (whereof he bare the name)
To him her Duke, her Gates that doth vnbarre,
And comming next to Rocke-reard *Nottingham*,
Mountgomery, *Borough*, *Harrington* and *Par*,
Bring him their power; at *Leceſter* againe,
Three thouſand came, to *Haſtings* that retaine.

Yorke yeelded up to King Edward.

Succourcommeth into Edward.

To *Couentry* and keeping on his way,
(Sets downe his Army in the Cities ſight,)
Whereas that time the Earle of *Warwicke* lay,
To whom he ſends to dare him out to fight,
Which ſtill the Earle deferrs from day to day,
Perceiuing well, that all things went not right,
For with his ſuccours *Clarence* came not in,
Whom to ſuſpect he greatly doth beginne,

King Edward ſets downe his Army before Couentry, daring Warwick to the field.

And not in vaine, for that diſloyall Lord,
Taking thoſe forces he had leuied, leaues
The Earle, and with his Brother doth accord,
Which of all hope braue *Warwicke* ſo bereaues;
That now King *Edward* hopes to be reſtor'd,
Which then too late the credulous Earle perceiues,
Edward towards *London* with an Army ſped,
To take the Crown once more from *Henrys* head.

Clarence reuolts from his father in Law the Earle of Warwicke.

The Queene in *France* this woful newes that heard
How farre through *England Edward* thus had paſt;
As how by *Clarence* (whom ſhe euer fear'd,)
Warwicke behind-hand mightily was caſt,

This

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This moſt vndaunted Queene her hopes yet cheer'd,
By thoſe great perills ſhe had lately paſt.
And from King *Lewis* doth three thouſand preſſe
To ayde her friends in *England* in diſtreſſe,

Whilſt ſhe is buſie gathering vp thoſe aydes,
(In ſo ſhort time) as *France* could her afford,
Couragious *VVarwicke* baſely thus betray'd,
By *Clarence* lewdly falſifying his word,
Warwicke followes the King towards London. The moſt couragious Earle no whit diſmayd,
But truſting ſtill to his ſucceſſefull Svvord, (fore,
Followes the King towards *London* march't be-
Each day his Power increaſing more and more.

But *Edward* by the *Londoners* let in,
Who in their Gates his Army tooke to guard,
VVarwicke this while that trifling had not bin,
But with a povver ſufficiently prepar'd,
T'approach the City brauely doth begin,
To dare the King, vvho lately him had dar'd,
Who then from *London* his Arm'd forces leades,
King Edward ſets out of London to meete Warwicke. Towards where his march ambitious *VVarwicke* (treads.
From *London* this, that from Saint *Albans* ſet,
Theſe two grãd ſouldiers ſhouldring for the Crown,
The Armies meet at Barnet. They in the mid-way are at *Barnet* met,
Where then they ſet their puiſſant Armies downe,
VVarwicke as neere as euer hee could get,
But *Edward* onely taketh vp the Towne; (lyes,
Betwixt whoſe Tents a Heath call'd *Gladmore*
Where they prepare to act this bloody prize.

With

With Drums and Trumpets they awake the day,
Muffled in mists her lowring selfe that showes,
To stop their madnesse doing all it may,
Knowing what blood her light was like to lose:
But hope of slaughter beares so great a sway,
That with the Sunne their rage still higher growes,
Full were their hands of death, so freely dealt,
That the most mortal wounds, the least were felt.

The aduerse Ensignes to each other waue,
(As t'were) to call them forward to the field,
The King the Earle, The Earle the King doth braue,
Nor cares he for the * Leopards in his shield, *The Armes of England.*
And whilst one friend another striues to saue,
He's slaine himselfe if not enforc'd to yeeld,
In either Army there is not one eye,
But is spectator of some Tragedy.

Those wrongs the King had from the Earle re-(ceiu'd
Expulst the Kingdome onely by his power,
Euen to the height his powerfull hand vp heau'd,
For full reuenge in this vnhappy houre,
And by the King the Earle his hopes bereau'd,
Sheltred by him from many a bloody shower,
Spurres vp reuenge, and with that violent rage,
That scarsely blood their fury could asswage.

Warwicke who sees his Souldiers had the worse, *Warwickes high valour.*
And at a neere point to be put to flight,
Throwing himselfe from off his Armed Horse,
Thrusts in on foote into the deadliest fight,

Edward

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Edward againe with an vnuſuall force,
In his owne perſon in the Armies ſight,
Puts for the Garland, which if now he loſe,
Warwicke his Crowne at pleaſure would diſpoſe.

To *Edwards* ſide, but fortune doth encline,
Warwickes high valour then was but in vaine;
His noble ſoule there deſtin'd to reſigne,
Braue *Mountacute* his valiant Brother ſlaine:
The Earle of Warwicke & his brother Marqueſſe Mountacute ſlaine.
Here *Sommerſet* (with them that did combine)
Forced to flye, and *Exceſter* is faine,
To ſaue himſelfe by Sanctuary; this day
Edward's victorious, and beares all away.

That very day that Warwick was ſlaine the Queene lands.
THis fatall field vnluckily thus loſt,
That very day ſo Deſtiny contriues,
That the griev'd Queene at Sea turmoyl'd and toſt,
Neere twenty dayes, in *Weymouth* Road ariues,
Where ſcarcely landed, but Poſt after Poſt,
Brings her this ill newes, which ſo farre depriues,
Her of all comfort, that ſhee curſt and band,
Thoſe plaguy winds that ſuffered her to land:

The Queenes ſpeech hearing of Warwicks defeat in the three following Stanzaes.
Wert thou (quoth ſhee) ſo fortunate in fight,
O noble *VVarwicke*, when thou wert our foe,
And now thou ſtood'ſt in our indoubted right,
And ſhould'ſt for *Henry* thy high valour ſhow,
Thus to be ſlaine; what power in our deſpight,
Watcheth from heau'n vpon our ouerthrow?
Th'vnlucky Starres haue certainly made lawes,
To marke for death the fauourers of our cauſe,

O

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O vvhat infernall brought that *Edward* backe,
So late expel'd by *Warwickes* powerfull hand,
Was there no way his rotten Ship to wracke?
Was there no Rock? was there no swallowing sand?
And too, the wretched Subiects were so slacke,
To suffer him so traiterously to land;
Surely whole heau'n against vs haue conspir'd,
Or in our troubles they had else beene tyr'd,

Was I for this so long detayn'd in *France*,
From ragefull Tempests, and reseru'd till now,
That I should land, to meete with this mischance:
It must needes be, the Powers haue made a vowe,
Vp to that height my sorrowes to aduance,
That before mine all miseries shall bowe:
That all the sorrow mortalls can surmise,
Shall fall far short of *Margarites* miseries.

These vvords scarse spoke, her halfe-slaine heart to
But the least breath of comfort to preuent, (ease
The next ill newes, in rushing after these,
Was that King *Henry* to the Tower was sent,
(As though it selfe (euen) Destiny should please,
In wretched *Margarites* heauy discontent,)
Thronging so thick as like themselues to smother,
Or as one ranne to ouertake another,

Cause of new sorrow to the Queene.

Those scattered Troopes from *Barnet* that escap'd,
Hearing the Queene thus landed with her power,
Though much dismay'd with what had lately hapt,
On Gore-drown'd *Gladmore* in that bloody shower

The remnant of the Army which escaped at Barnet resort to the Queene.

And

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And fearing by the foe to be entrapt:
Through vntrod grounds, in many a tedious hower,
Flocke to her dayly, till that by her ayde,
Equall with *Edwards* they her Army made,

The Queene encouraged by her friends

When *Somerſet*, and *Devonſhire* came in,
To the ſad Queene, and bad her not diſpaire,
Though they of late infortunate had bin,
Yet there vvas helpe that Ruine to repaire,
What they had loſt they hop'd againe to win,
And that the way lay open yet, and faire,
For that the Weſt would wholly with her riſe,
Beſides from *Walles* aſſur'd her of Supplyes.

And euery day ſtill adding to their Force,
As on their Hoſt tow'rds *Gloceſter* they guide,
When *Edward* finding their intended courſe,
Againe for Battell ſtrongly doth prouide,
Both Armies they ſupply vvith Foote and Horſe,
By both their friends, as they affect the ſide,
And in their march at *Tewkesbury* they met,
Where they in Order their Battalions ſet.

The Armies meete at Tukesbury.

A place ill choſen on the Queenes part

Ill was her choyſe of this vneuen ground,
Luckleſſe the place, vnlucky vvas the howre,
The Heauens vpon her ſo extreamely frownd,
As on her head their plagues at once to powre;
As in a Deluge here her hopes were drown'd,
Here ſees ſhe death her faithfull friends deuoure,
The earth is fil'd with grones, the aire with cryes,
Horrour on each ſide doth encloſe her eyes,

Neuer

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Neuer did death so terribly appeare,
Since first their Armes the *English* learnt to weeld,
Who would see slaughter, might behold it heere,
In the true shape vpon this fatall field,
In vaine was valour, and in vaine was feare,
In vaine to fight, in vaine it was to yeeld,
In vayne to flye; for destiny discust,
By their owne hands, or others, dye they must.

A bloody battell.

Here her deare *Deuonshire* noble *Courtney* dyde,
Her faithfull friend great *Somerset* here fell,
Delues, Leuknor, Hamden, Whittingham beside,
O *Margarite*, who thy miseries can tell, (so wide
Sharp were those swords which made their wounds
Whole blood the soyle did with abundance swell,
Other her friends into the Towne that fled,
Taken, no better then the former sped.

The Queenes Army ouerthrowne.

But the amazing misery of all,
As heauen the great'st vntill the last had kept.
As it would say, that after this none shall
Be mortall eyes be worthy to be wept,
The Prince her sonne who sees his friends thus fall,
And on each side their carkases lye heapt,
Making away in this most piteous plight,
Is taken prisoner in his tardy flight.

Prince Edward taken prisoner.

And forth by *Crofts* before the conqueror brought
His Proclamation clearing euery doubt,
Of the youths safety: liuing where he caught,
As a reward to him should bring him out,

Vpon the Kings Proclamation of a great reward to him that could bring him in.

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But when they once had found him whō they sought
Hearing his answeres, Princely, wise, and stout,
Those bloody brothers, *Hastings* and the rest,
Sheath'd their sharpe ponyards in his many brest.

As also of the Princes safety, Sir Richard Crofts is won to discouer his prisoners. Prince Edward stabd to death.

Queene *Margarite* thus of mortalls most forlorn,
Her sonne now slaine, her army ouerthrowne,
Left to the world, as fortunes only scorne,
And not one friend to whom to make her moane,
(To so much wo was neuer woman borne)
This wretched Lady wandring all alone,
Gets to a homely Cell not farre away,
If possibly to hide her from the day.

Queene Margarite gets into a poore Cell.

But wretched woman quickly there bewray'd,
She thence is taken and to Prison sent,
Meanely attended, miserably array'd,
The people wondring at her as she went,
Of whom the most malicious her vpbray'd, (rent
With good Duke *Humphries* death, her heart to
Whilst her milde lookes, and Gracefull gesture
Many a sad eye, her miseries to rue. (drue

Lewis of France.

Till by Duke *Rayner* Ransomed at last,
Her tender Father, who a Prince but poore,
Borrow'd great Summes of *Lewis*, with much wast
Which for he was not able to restore,
Prouince and both the *Cicils*, to him past,
With fruitfull *Naples* which was all his store;
To bring her backe from earthly ioyes exil'd,
The vndon Father helpes the vndone Child.

Duke Rayner vndooth himselfe to ransome his Daughter.

An

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And though enlarg'd ere she could leaue the land,
Making a long yeere of each short-liu'd houre,
The heares that by Duke *Richards* murthering hand, *The Earle of Gloster after Richard the third.*
The King her husband suffers in the Towre,
Although high heauen had layd a strict command,
Vpon each starre, some plague on her to powre:
And vntill now that nothing could suffice,
Nor giue a period to her miseries.

FINIS.

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THE COVRT OF

FAYRIE.

Lde *Chaucer* doth of *Topas* tell,
Mad *Rablais* of *Pantagruell*,
A latter third of *Dowsabell*,
With such poore trifles playing:
Others the like haue laboured at
Some of this thing, and some of that,
And many of they know not what,
But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be that will,
Be talking of the Fayries still,
Nor neuer can they haue their fill,
As they were wedded to them;
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight in them they take,
And some strange thing they faine would make,
Knew they the way to doe them.

Then since no Muse hath bin so bold,
Or of the Latter, or the old,
Those Eluish secrets to vnfold,
Which lye from others reeding,

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My actiue Muſe to light ſhall bring,
The court of that proud Fayry King,
And tell there of the Reuelling
Iuue proſper my proceeding,

And thou *Nimphidia* gentle Fay,
Which meeting me vpon the way,
Theſe ſecrets didſt to me bewray,
Which now I am in telling:
My pretty light fantaſticke mayde,
Here inuoke thee to my ayde,
That I may ſpeake what thou haſt ſayd,
In numbers ſmoothly ſwelling,

This Pallace ſtandeth in the ayre,
By Negromancy placed there,
That it no Tempeſts needes to feare,
Which way ſo ere it bloweth,
And ſomewhat Southward tow'rd the Noone,
Whence lyes a way vp to the Moone,
And thence the *Fayrie* can as ſoone,
Paſſe to the earth below it.

The Walles of Spiders legges are made,
Well mortized and finely layd,
He was the maſter of his Trade,
It curiouſly that builded:
The Windowes of the eyes of Cats,
And for the roofe, inſtead of Slats,
Is couer'd with the skinnes of Bats,
With Mooneſhine that are guilded.

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Hence *Oberon* him ſport to make,
(Their reſt when weary mortalls take)
And none but onely *Fayries* wake,
Deſcendeth for his pleaſure.
And *Mab* his merry Queene by night,
Beſtrids young Folkes that lye vpright,
(In elder Times the *Mare* that height)
Which plagues them out of meaſure.

Hence Shaddowes, ſeeming Idle ſhapes,
Of little friſking Elues and Apes,
To Earth doe make their wanton skapes,
As hope of paſtime haſts them:
Which maydes thinkes on the Hearth they ſee,
When Fires well neere conſumed be,
Their dauncing Hayes by two and three,
Juſt as their Fancy caſts them,

Theſe make our Girles their ſluttery rue,
By pinching them both blacke and blew,
And pnt a penny in their ſhue,
The houſe for cleanly ſweeping:
And in their courſes make that Round,
In Meadowes and in Marſhes found,
Of them ſo call'd the *Fayrie* ground,
Of which they haue the keeping.

Theſe when a Child haps to be got,
Which after proues an Ideot,
When Folkes perceiue it thriueth not,
The fault therein to ſmother,

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Some filly doting braineleſſe Calfe,
That vnderſtands things by the halfe,
Say that the *Fayrie* left this Aulfe,
And tooke away the other.

But liſten and I ſhall you tell,
A chance in *Fayrie* that befell,
Which certainely may pleaſe you well,
In Loue and Armes delighting:
Of *Oberon* that iealous grew,
Of one of his owne *Fayrie* crue,
Too well (he fear'd) his Queene that knew,
His loue but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this *Fayrie* Knight,
One wondrous gracious in the ſight
Of faire Queene *Mab*, which day and night,
He amorouſly obſerued;
Which made King *Oberon* ſuſpect,
His ſeruice tooke too good effect,
His ſaucineſſe and often checkt,
And could haue wiſht him ſtarued.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend,
Some token to Queene *Mab* to ſend,
If Sea, or Land, him ought could lend,
Were worthy of her wearing:
At length this Louer doth deuiſe,
A bracelet made of Emmets eyes,
A thing he thought that ſhee would prize,
No whitt her ſtate impayring.

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And to the Queene a letter writes,
Which he moſt curiouſly endites,
Coniuring her by all the rites,
Of loue, ſhe would be pleaſed,
To meete him her true Seruant, where
They might without ſuſpect or feare,
Themſelues to one another cleare,
And haue their poore hearts eaſed.

At mid night the appointed hower,
And for the Queene a fitting Bower,
(Quoth he) is that faire Cowſlip flower,
On *Hipcut* hill that groweth,
In all your Trayne ther's not a *Fay*,
That euer went to gather May,
But ſhee hath made it in her way,
The talleſt there that groweth.

When by *Tom Thum* a *Fayry* Page,
He ſent it, and doth him engage,
By promiſe of a mighty wage,
It ſecretly to carry:
Which done the Queene her mayds doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
Shee would goe ſee her Summer Hall,
She would no longer tarry,

Her Chariot ready ſtraight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting layd,
That ſhe by nothing might be ſtayd,
For naught muſt her be letting,

Foure

Foure nimble Gnats the Horſes were,
Their Harnaſſes of Coſſamere,
Flye Ormaion her Chariottere,
Vpon the Coatch-boxe getting,

Her Chariot of a Snayles fine ſhell,
Which for the colours did excell:
The faire Queene *Mab* becomming well,
So liuely was the limming:
The ſeate the ſoft wooll of a Bee;
The couer (gallantly to ſee)
The wing of a pyde butter-flee,
I trowe t'was ſimple trimming.

The wheeles compoſ'd of Crickets bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For feare of ratling on the ſtones,
With Thiſtle-downe they ſhod it;
For all her Maydens much did feare,
If *Oberon* had chanc'd to heare,
That *Mab* his Queene ſhould haue beene there,
He would not haue abode it.

She mounts her Chariot with a trice,
Nor would ſhe ſtay for no aduice,
Vntill her Maydes that were ſo nice,
To waite on her were fitted,
But ranne her ſelfe away alone;
Which when they heard there was not one,
But haſted after to be gone,
As ſhe had beene diſwitted,

Hop

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Hop, and *Mop*, and *Drop* so cleare,
Pip, and *Trip*, and *Skip* that were,
To *Mab* their Soueraigne euer deare:
Her speciall Maydes of Honour.
Fib, and *Tib* and *Pinck* and *Pin*,
Tick, and *Quick*, and *Jill*, and *Jin*,
Tit, and *Nit*, and *Wap*, and *Win*,
The Trayne that wayte vpon her.

Vpon a Grashopper they got,
And what with Amble and with Trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not.
But after her they hye them.
A Cobweb ouer them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselues they wisely could bestow,
Lest any should espie them.

But let vs leaue Queene *Mab* a while,
Through many a gate, o'r many a stile,
That now had gotten by this wile,
Her deare *Pigwiggin* kissing,
And tell how *Oberon* doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any Hare,
When he had sought each place with care,
And found his Queene was missing.

By grisly *Pluto* he doth sweare,
He rent his clothes and tore his haire,
And as he runneth here and there,
An Acorne cup he greeteth;

Which

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Which ſoone he taketh by the ſtalke,
About his head he lets it walke,
Nor doth he any creature balke,
But layes on all he meeteth.

The *Thuskan* Poet doth aduance,
The franticke *Paladine* of France,
And thoſe more ancient doe inhance,
Alcides in his fury;
And others *Aiax Telamon*,
But to this time there hath bin non,
So Bedlam as our *Oberon*,
Of which I dare aſſure you,

And firſt encountring with a waſpe,
He in his armes the Flye doth claſpe,
As though his breath he foorth would graſpe,
Him for *Pigwiggin* taking:
Where is my wife thou Rogue, quoth he,
Pigwiggen ſhe is come to thee,
Reſtore her, or thou dy'ſt by me,
Whereat the poore Waſpe quaking,

Cryes, *Oberon*, great *Fayrie* King,
Content thee, I am no ſuch thing,
I am a Waſpe behold my ſting,
At which the *Fayrie* ſtarted:
When ſoone away the Waſpe doth goe,
Poore wretch was neuer frighted ſo,
He though his wings were much too ſlow,
O'r ioyd, they ſo were parted,

He

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Hee next vpon a Glow-worme light,
(You muſt ſuppoſe it now was night,)
Which for her hinder part was bright,
He tooke to be a Deuill.
And furiouſly doth her aſſayle,
For carrying fier in her tayle,
He thraſht her rough coat with his flayle,
The mad King fear'd no euill.

O quoth the *Glow-worme* hold thy hand,
Thou puiſſant King of *Fayrie* land,
Thy mighty ſtroaks who may withſtand,
Hould, or of life deſpaire I:
Together then her ſelfe doth roule,
And tumbling downe into a hole,
She ſeem'd as blacke as any Cole,
Which vext away the *Fayrie*.

From thence he ran into a Hiue,
Amongſt the Bees he letteth driue,
And downe their Combes begins to riue,
All likely to haue ſpoyled:
Which with their Waxe his face beſmear'd,
And with their Hony daub'd his Beard,
It would haue made a man afeard,
To ſee how he was moyled.

A new aduenture him betides,
He met an Ant, which he beſtrides,
And poſt thereon away he rides,
Which with his haſt doth ſtumble;

And

And came full ouer on her ſnowte,
Her heeles ſo threw the durt about,
For ſhe by no meanes could get out,
But ouer him doth tumble,

And being in this pitteous caſe,
And all be-ſlurried head and face,
On runs he in his Wild-gooſe chaſe,
As here, and there he rambles,
Halfe blind, againſt a molehill hit,
And for a Mountaine taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he ſcrambles,

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himſelfe he could not ſtop,
But downe on th'other ſide doth chop,
And to the foote came tumbling:
So that the Grubs therein that bred,
Hearing ſuch turmoyle ouer head,
Thought ſurely they had al bene dead,
So fearefull was the Iumbling,

And falling downe into a Lake,
Which him vp to the necke doth take,
His fury ſomewhat it doth ſlake,
He calleth for a Ferry;
Where you may ſome recouery note,
What was his Club he made his Boate,
And in his Oaken Cup doth float,
As ſafe as in a Wherry.

Men

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Men talke of the aduentures ſtrange,
Of *Don Quiſhot*, and of their change,
Through which he Armed oft did range,
Of *Sancha Panchas* trauell:
But ſhould a man tell euery thing,
Done by this franticke *Fayrie* King,
And them in lofty Numbers ſing,
It well his wits might grauell.

Scarſe ſet on ſhore, but therewithall,
He meeteth *Pucke*, which moſt men call,
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall,
With words from frenzy ſpoken;
Hoh, hoh, quoth *Hob*, God ſaue thy grace,
Who dreſt thee in this pitteous caſe,
He thus that ſpoyld my ſoueraignes face,
I would his necke were broken;

This *Pucke* ſeemes but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged Colt,
And oft out of a buſh doth bolt,
Of purpoſe to deceiue vs,
And leading vs makes vs to ſtray,
Long Winters nights out of the way,
And when we ſticke in mire and clay,
Hob doth with laughter leaue vs.

Deare *Pucke* (quoth he) my Wife is gone,
As ere thou lou'ſt King *Oberon*,
Let euery thing but this alone,
With vengeance, and purſue her.

Bring

Bring her to me aliue or dead,
Or that vild thiefe, *Pigwiggins* head,
That villaine hath defil'd my bed,
He to this folly drew her.

Quoth *Puck*, My Liege Ile neuer lin,
But I will thorough thicke and thinne,
Vntill at length I bring her in,
My deareſt Lord nere doubt it:
Thorough Brake, thorough Brier,
Thorough Mucke, thorough Mier,
Thorough Water, thorough Fier,
And thus goes *Pucke* about it.

This thing *Nimphidia* ouer hard,
That on this mad King had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
For firſt this buſineſſe broching;
And through the ayre away doth goe,
Swift as an Arrow from the Bow;
To let her Soueraigne *Mab* to know,
What perill was approching.

The Queene bound with Loues powerfulſt charme,
Sate with *Pigwiggin* arme in arme,
Her merry Maydes that thought no harme,
About the roome were skipping:
A Humble-Bee their Minſtrell playd,
Vpon his Hobby; euery Mayde
Fit for this Reuells was arayde,
The Horne-pipe neately tripping.

In

In comes *Nimphidia*, and doth cry,
My Soueraigne for your safety flye,
For there is danger but too nie,
I posted to forewarne you:
The King hath sent *Hobgoblin* out,
To seeke you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt,
If he but once discerne you.

When like an vprore in a Towne,
Before them euery thing went downe,
Some tore a Ruffe, and some a Gowne,
Gainst one another iustling:
They flew about like Chaffe i'th winde,
For haste some left their Maskes behind,
Some could not stay their Gloues to finde,
There neuer was such bustling.

Foorth ranne they by a secret way,
Into a brake that neere them lay;
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
Lest *Hob* should hap to find them:
He had a sharpe and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night,
And therefore were resolu'd by flight,
To leaue this place behind them,

At length one chanc'd to find a Nut,
In th'end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay vpon a Hazell roote,
There scattered by a Squirrell,

Whic

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Which out the kernell gotten had;
When quoth this *Fay* deare Queene be glad,
Let *Oberon* be nere so mad,
Ile set you safe from perill.

Come all into this Nut (quoth she)
Come closely in, be rul'd by me,
Each one may here a chuser be,
For roome ye need not wrastle.
Nor need ye be together heapt;
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying downe they soundly slept.
As safe as in a Castle,

Nymphidia that this while doth watch,
Perceiu'd if *Pucke* the Queene should catch,
That he would be her ouer-match,
Of which shee well bethought her;
Found it must be some powerfull Charme,
The Queene against him that must arme,
Or surely he would doe her harme,
For throughly he had sought her.

And listning if shee ought could heare,
That her might hinder, or might feare:
But finding still the coast was cleare,
Nor creature had discride her;
Each circumstance and hauing scand,
She came thereby to vnderstand,
Pucke would be with them out of hand,
When to her Charmes she hide her.

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And first her Ferne seed doth bestowe,
The kernell of the Mesſletowe:
And here and there as *Pucke* doth goe,
With terrour to affright him,
She Night-shade strawes to worke him ill,
There with her Veruayne and her Dill,
That hindreth Witches of their will,
Of purpose to despight him.

Then sprinkles she the iuce of Rue,
That groweth vnderneath the Yew:
With nine drops of the midnight dewe,
From Lunarie distilling:
The Molewarps braine mixt therewithall;
And with the same the Pismyres gall,
For she in nothing short would fall;
The *Fayrie* was so willing.

Then thrice vnder a Bryer doth creepe,
Which at both ends was rooted deepe,
And ouer it three times shee leepe;
Her Magicke much auayling:
Then on *Porserpina* doth call,
And so vpon her Spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeate I shall,
Not in one tittle fayling,

By the crooking of the Frogge;
By the howling of the Dogge;
By the crying of the Hogge,
Against the storme arising;

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By the Euening Curphewe Bell,
By the dolefull dying knell,
O let this my direfull Spell,
Hob, hinder thy ſurpriſing,

By the Mandrakes dreadfull groanes,
By the Lubricans ſad moanes:
By the noyſe of dead mens bones,
In Charnell houſes ratling:
By the hyſsing of the Snake,
The rufling of the fire-Drake,
I charge thee thou this place forſake,
Nor of Queene *Mab* be pratling.

By the Whirlewindes hollow ſound,
By the Thunders dreadfull ſtound,
Tells of ſpirits vnder ground,
I charge thee not to feare vs:
By the Screech-owles diſmall note,
By the Blacke Night-Rauens throate,
I charge thee *Hob* to teare thy Coate
With thornes if thou come neere vs,

Her ſpell thus ſpoke ſhe ſtept aſide,
And in a Chinke her ſelfe doth hide,
To ſee thereof what would betyde,
For ſhe doth onely mind him:
When preſently ſhe *Pucke* eſpies,
And well ſhe markt his gloating eyes,
How vnder euery leafe he pries,
In ſeeking ſtill to find them.

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But once the Circle got within,
The Charmes to worke doe ſtraight begin,
And he was caught as in a Gin;
For as he thus was buſie,
A paine he in his Headpeece feeles,
Againſt a ſtubbed Tree he reeles,
And vp went poore *Hobgoblins* heeles,
Alas his braine was dizzie,

At length vpon his feete he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, *Hobgoblin* frets,
And as againe he forward ſets,
And through the Buſhes ſcrambles:
A ſtump doth trip him in his pace,
Downe comes poore *Hob* vpon his face,
And lamentably tore his caſe,
Amongſt the Bryers and brambles.

A plague vpon Queene *Mab*, quoth he,
And all her maydes where ere they be,
I thinke the Deuill guided me,
To ſeeke her ſo prouoked;
Where ſtumbling at a piece of Wood,
He fell into a ditch of mudd,
Where to the very Chin he ſtood,
In danger to be choked.

Now worſe then e're he was before:
Poore *Puck* doth yell, poore *Puck* doth rore,
That wak'd Queene *Mab* who doubted ſore,
Some Treaſon had beene wrought her.

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Vntill *Nimphidia* told the Queene,
What she had done, what she had seene,
Who then had well-neere crackt her spleene,
With very extreame laughter.

But leaue we *Hob* to clamber out:
Queene *Mab*, and all her *Fayrie* rout,
And come againe to haue about,
With *Oberon* yet madding:
And with *Pigwiggin* now distrought,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the Queene had sought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runnes he still doth cry,
King *Oberon* I thee defie,
And dare thee here in Armes to trye,
For my deare Ladies honour:
For that she is a Queene right good,
In whose defence Ile shed my blood,
And that thou in this iealous mood
Hast layd this slander on her,

And quickly Armes him for the Field,
A little Cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very brauely weeld:
Yet could it not be pierced:
His Speare, a Bent both stiffe, and strong,
And well-neere of two Inches long;
The Pyle was of a Horse-flyes tong,
Whose sharpenesse nought reuersed.

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And puts him on a Coat of Male,
Which was of a Fiſhes ſcale,
That when his Foe ſhould him aſſayle,
No point ſhould be preuayling:
His Rapier was a Hornets ſting,
It was a very dangerous thing:
For if he chanc'd to hurt the King,
It would be long in healing.

His Helmet was a Beetles head,
Moſt horrible and full of dread,
That able was to ſtrike one dead,
Yet did it well become him;
And for a Plume a Horſes hayre,
Which being toſſed with the ayre,
Had force to ſtrike his Foe with feare,
And turne his weapon from him.

Himſelfe he on an Earewig ſet,
Yet ſcarſe he on his backe could get,
So oft and high he did coruet,
Ere he himſelfe could ſettle:
He made him turne, and ſtop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the Round,
He ſcarce could ſtand on any ground,
He was ſo full of mettle.

When ſoone he met with *Tomalin*,
One that a valiant Knight had bin,
And to King *Oberon* of Kin;
Quoth he thou manly *Fayrie*.

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Tell *Oberon* I come prepar'd,
Then bid him ſtand vpon his guard;
This hand his baſeneſſe ſhall reward,
Let him be ne'r ſo wary.

Say to him thus, that I defie,
His ſlanders and his infamie,
And as a mortall enemie,
Doe publickly proclaime him;
Withall, that if I had mine owne,
He ſhould not weare the *Fayrie* Crowne,
But with a vengeance ſhould come downe,
Nor wee a King ſhould name him.

This *Tomalin* could not abide,
To heare his Soueraigne vilefide:
But to the *Fayrie* Court him hide;
Full furiouſly he poſted:
With euery thing *Pigwiggen* ſayd:
How title to the Crowne he layd,
And in what Armes he was arrayd,
As how himſelfe he boaſted.

Twixt head and foote, from poynt to poynt,
He told th'arming of each ioynt,
In euery piece, how neat and quaint,
For *Tomalin* could doe it:
How fayre he ſat, how ſure he rid,
As of the courſer he beſtrid,
How Mannag'd, and how well he did,
The King which liſtned to it,

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Quoth hee, goe *Tomalin* with ſpeede,
Prouide me Armes prouide my Steed,
And euery thing that I ſhall need,
By thee I will be guided:
To ſtrait account call thou thy wit,
See there be wanting not a whit,
In euery thing ſee thou me fit,
Iuſt as my foes prouided.

Soone flew this newes through *Fayrie* land,
Which gaue Queene *Mab* to vnderſtand,
The Combat that was then at hand,
Betwixt thoſe men ſo mighty:
Which greatly ſhe began to rew,
Perceiuing that all Fayrie knew,
The firſt occaſion from her grew,
Of theſe affaires ſo weighty.

Wherefore attended with her Maydes,
Through fogs, and miſts, and damps, ſhee wades,
To *Proſerpine* the Queene of ſhades,
To treat that it would pleaſe her:
The cauſe into her hands to take,
For ancient loue and friendſhips ſake,
And ſoone thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would eaſe her.

A while, there let we *Mab* alone,
And come we to King *Oberon*,
Who Arm'd to meete his Foe is gone,
For proud *Pigwiggin* crying:

Who

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Who ſought the *Fayrie* King as faſt,
And had ſo well his iourneys caſt,
That he arriued at the laſt,
His puiſſant foe eſpying.

Stout *Tomalin*, came with the King,
Tom Thum doth on *Pigwiggin* bring,
That perfect were in euery thing,
To ſingle fights belonging:
And therefore they themſelues ingage,
To ſee them exerciſe their rage,
With faire and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in Armes, theſe champions were,
As they had bin a very paire,
So that a man would almoſt ſweare,
That either had bin either:
Their furious ſteeds began to nay,
That they were heard a mighty way,
Their ſtaues vpon their reſts they lay,
Yet e'r they flew together;

Their Seconds miniſter an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their Knightly faith and troth,
No Magicke them ſupplyed:
And ſought them that they had no charmes,
Wherewith to worke each others harmes,
But came with ſimple open armes,
To haue their cauſes tryed.

Tog-

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man,
The blood out of their Helmets ran,
So sharpe were their incounters:
And though they to the earth were throwne,
Yet quickly they regain'd their owne,
Such nimblenesse was neuer showne,
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course againe,
They forward came with might and maine,
Yet which had better of the twaine,
The seconds could not iudge it,
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their Helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
These Champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staues they threw,
Their cruell swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew;
They euery stroke redoubled:
Which made *Proserpina* take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For feare lest they too much should bleed,
Which wondrously her troubled.

When to th'infernall *Styx* she goes,
She takes the Fogs from thence that rose,
And in a Bagge doth them enclose,
When well she had them blended,

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She hyes her then to *Lethe* ſpring,
A bottell and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith ſhe meant to worke the thing.
Which onely ſhe intended.

Now *Proſerpine* with *Mab* is gone,
Vnto the place where *Oberon*
And proud *Pigwiggen* one to one,
Both to be ſlaine were likely:
And there themſelues they cloſely hide,
Becauſe they would not be eſpide;
For *Proſerpine* meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And ſuddainly vntyes the Poke,
Which out of it ſent ſuch a ſmoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
So grieuous was the pother.
So that the Knights each other loſt,
And ſtood as ſtill as any poſt,
Tom Thum, nor *Tomalin* could boaſt,
Themſelues of any other.

But when the miſt gan ſomewhat ceaſe,
Proſerpina commandeth peace:
And that a while they ſhould releaſe,
Each other of their perill.
Which here (quoth ſhee) I doe proclaime,
To all in dreadfull *Plutoes* name,
That as yee will eſchew his blame,
You let me heare the quarrell,

But

But here your ſelues you muſt engage,
Somewhat to coole your ſpleeniſh rage,
Your grieuous thirſt and to aſſwage,
That firſt you drinke this liquor,
Which ſhall your vnderſtanding cleare,
As plainely ſhall to you appeare;
Thoſe things from mee that you ſhall heare,
Conceiuing much the quicker,

This *Lethe* water you muſt know,
The memory deſtroyeth ſo,
That of our weale, or of our woe,
It all remembrance blotted:
Of it nor can you euer thinke,
For they no ſooner tooke this drinke,
But nought into their braines could ſinke,
Of what had them beſotted.

King *Oberon* forgotten had,
That he for iealouſie ranne madd:
But of his Queene was wonderous glad,
And ask'd how he came thither;
Pigwiggen likewiſe doth forget,
That he Queene *Mab* had euer met
Or that they were ſo hard beſet,
When they were found together.

Nor neither of them both had thought,
That e'r they had each other ſought,
Much leſſe that they a Combat fought,
But ſuch a dreame were lothing;

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Tom Thum had got a little ſup,
And *Tomalin* ſcarſe kiſt the Cup,
Yet had their braines ſo ſure lockt vp,
That they remembred nothing.

Queene *Mab* and her light Maydes the while,
Amongſt themſelues doe cloſely ſmile,
To ſee the King caught with a wile,
With one another ieſting:
And to the *Fayrie* Court they went,
With mickle ioy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent,
And thus I left them feaſting.

FINIS.

THE

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THE QVEST OF CYNTHIA.

WHat time the groues were clad in greene,
The fields dreſt all in flovvers, (ſeene,
And that the ſleeke-hayrd Nimphs were
To ſeeke them Sommer Bowers.

Foorth rou'd I by the ſliding Rills,
To find where *Cynthia* ſat,
Whoſe name ſo often from the hilles,
The Eechos woondred at.

When me vpon my Queſt to bring,
That pleaſure might excell,
The Birds ſtroue which ſhould ſweetlieſt ſing,
The flowers which ſweet'ſt ſhould ſmell.

Long wandring in the Woods (ſayd I)
Oh whether's *Cynthia* gone?
When ſoone the Eccho doth reply,
To my laſt word, goe on.

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At length vpon a lofty Firre,
It was my chance to finde,
Where that deare name most due to her,
Was caru'd vpon the rynde.

Which whilst with Wonder I beheld,
The Bees their hony brought,
And vp the carued letters fild,
As they with gold were wrought.

And neere that trees more spacious roote,
Then looking on the ground,
The shape of her most dainty foote,
Imprinted there I found.

Which stucke there like a curious seale,
As though it should forbid,
Vs wretched mortalls, to reueale,
What vnder it was hid.

Besides the flowers which it had prest,
Appeared to my view,
More fresh and lowely then the rest,
That in the meadowes grew:

The cleare drops in the steps that stood,
Of that delicious Girle,
The Nimphs amongst their dainty food,
Drunke for dissolued pearle,

The

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The yielding ſand, where ſhe had troad,
Vntutcht yet with the Winde,
By the faire poſture playnely ſhow'd,
Where he might *Cynthia* finde,

When on vpon my wayleſſe walke,
As my deſires me draw,
I like a madman fell to talke,
With euery thing I ſaw:

I ask'd ſome Lillyes why ſo white,
They from their fellowes were;
Who anſwered me that *Cynthia's* ſight,
Had made them looke ſo cleare,

I ask'd a nodding Violet why
It ſadly hung the head,
It told me *Cynthia* late paſt by,
Too ſoone from it that fled:

A bed of Roſes ſaw I there,
Bewitching with their grace,
Beſides ſo wonderous ſweete they were,
That they perfum'd the place;

I of a Shrub of thoſe enquir'd,
From others of that kind,
Who with ſuch vertue them enſpir'd,
It anſwer'd (to my mind.)

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As the base Hemblocke were we such,
The poysond weed that growes,
Till *Cynthia* by her good-lucke touch
Transform'd vs to a Rose,

Since when those Frosts that winter brings,
Which candy euery greene,
Renew vs like the Teeming Springs,
and wee thus fresh are seene.

At length I on a Fountaine light,
whose brim with Pincks was platted;
The Bank with Daffadillies dight,
with grasse like Sleaue was matted,

When I demanded of that Well,
What power frequented there;
Desiring it would please to tell
What name it vs'd to beare.

It told me it was *Cynthias* owne,
Within whose cheerefull brimmes,
That curious Nimph had oft bin knowne,
To bath her snowy Limmes.

Since when that water had the power,
Lost Mayden-heads to restore,
And make one Twenty in an howre,
of *Esons* Age before,

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And told me that the bottome cleere,
Now layd with many a fett
Of ſeed-pearle, ere ſhe bath'd her there;
Was knowne as blacke as Iet,

And when ſhe from the water came,
Where firſt ſhe toucht the mould,
In balles the people made the ſame
For Pomander, and ſold.

When chance me to an Arbour led,
Whereas I might behold
Two bleſt *Elizeums* in one ſted,
The leſſe the great enfold,

The place which ſhe had choſen out,
Her ſelfe in to repoſe;
Had they com'n down the gods no doubt
The very ſame had choſe.

The wealthy ſpring yet never bore,
That ſweet, nor dainty flower,
That damask'd not the chequer'd flore
Of *Cynthias* Summer Bower.

The Birch, the Mirtle, and the Bay,
Like friends did all embrace;
And their large branches did diſplay,
To Canopy the place,

Where

Where ſhee like *Venus* doth appeare,
Vpon a Roſie bed;
As Lillyes the ſoft pillowes were,
Whereon ſhee layd her head.

Heau'n on her ſhape ſuch coſt beſtow'd,
And with ſuch bounties bleſt,
No limb of hers but might haue made
A goddeſſe at the leaſt.

The Flyes by chance meſht in her hayre,
By the bright Radience throwne,
From her cleare eyes, rich Iewels were,
They ſo like Diamonds ſhone.

The meaneſt weed the ſoyle there bare,
Her breath did ſo refine,
That it with Woodbynd durſt compare,
And beard the Eglantine.

The dew which on the tender graſſe,
The Euening had diſtill'd,
To pure Roſe-water turned was,
The ſhades with ſweets that fild.

The winds were huſht, no leafe ſo ſmall,
At all was ſeene to ſtirre:
Whilſt turning to the waters fall,
The ſmall Birds ſang to her.

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Where ſhee too quickly mee eſpies,
When I might plainely ſee,
A thouſand *Cupids* from her eyes,
ſhoote all at once at mee.

Into theſe ſecret ſhades (quoth ſhe)
How dar'ſt thou be ſo bold,
To enter, conſecrate to me;
Or touch this hallowed mold.

Thoſe words (quoth ſhe) I can pronounce,
Which to that ſhape can bring,
Thee, which the Hunter had, who once
Saw *Dian* in the ſpring,

Bright Nimph againe I thus replye,
This cannot me affright:
I had rather in thy preſence dye,
Then liue out of thy ſight.

I firſt vpon the mountaines hie,
Built Altars to thy name,
And grau'd it on the Rocks thereby,
To propagate thy Fame.

I taught the Shepheards on the downes,
Of thee to frame their Layes:
T'was I that fill'd the neighboring Townes,
With Ditties of thy prayſe.

Thy

Thy collours I deuis'd with care;
Which were vnknowne before:
Which since that, in their brayded hayre,
The Nimphs and Siluans wore.

Transforme me to what shape you can,
I passe not what it bee,
Yea what most hatefull is to man:
So I may follow thee,

Which when shee heard, full pearly floods
I in her eyes might view:
(Quoth she) most vvelcome to these Woods,
Too meane for one so true,

Here from the hatefull world wee'll liue,
A den of meere despight,
To Ideots onely that doth giue,
Which be her sole delight.

To people the infernall pit,
That more and more doth striue,
Where onely Villany is wit:
And Diuels onely thriue.

Whose vildnesse vs shall neuer awe:
But here our sports shall be;
Such as the golden world first saw,
Most innocent and free,

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Of Simples in theſe Groues that grow,
Wee'll learne the perfect skill;
The nature of each Herbe to know,
Which cures, and which can kill.

The waxen Pallace of the Bee,
Wee ſeeking will ſurpriſe,
The curious workemanſhip to ſee,
Of her full laden thighes.

Wee'll ſuck the ſweets out of the Combe,
And make the gods repine:
As they doe feaſt in *Ioues* great roome,
To ſee with what we dine.

Yet when there haps a honey fall,
Wee'll licke the ſirupt leaues;
And tell the Bees that their's is gall,
To this vpon the Greaues.

The nimble Squirrell noting here,
Her moſſy Dray that makes,
And laugh to ſee the luſty Deere
Come bounding ore the brakes,

The ſpiders Web to watch weele ſtand,
And when it takes the Bee,
Weele helpe out of the Tyrants hand,
The Innocent to free.

Some-

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Sometime weele angle at the Brooke,
The freckled Trout to take,
With silken Wormes, and bayte the hooke,
Which him our prey shall make,

Of medling with such subtill tooles,
Such dangers that enclose,
The Morrall is that painted Fooles,
Are caught with silken showes.

And when the Moone doth once appeare,
Weele trace the lower grounds,
When *Fayries* in their Ringlets there,
Doe dance their nightly Rounds,

And haue a Flocke of Turtle Doues,
A guard on vs to keepe,
As witnesse of our honest loues,
To watch vs till wee sleepe.

Which spoke I felt such holy fires,
To ouerspred my breast,
As lent life to my chast desires,
And gaue me endlesse rest.

By *Cynthia* thus doe I subsist,
On earth Heauens only pride,
Let her be mine, and let who list,
Take all the world beside.

FINIS.

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THE SHEPHEARDS SIRENA.

Dorilus in ſorrowes deepe,
Autumne waxing old and chill,
As he ſate his Flocks to keepe,
Vnderneath an eaſie hill;
Chanc'd to caſt his eye aſide,
On thoſe fields, where he had ſeene,
Bright *Sirena*, Natures pride,
Sporting on the pleaſant greene:
To whoſe walkes the Shepheards oft,
Came her god-like foote to finde,
And in places that were ſoft,
Kiſt the print there left behind,
Where the path which he had troad,
Hath thereby more glory gayn'd,
Then in Heau'n that milky rode,
Which with Nectar *Hebe* ſtain'd:
But bleake Winters boyſtrous blaſts,
Now their fading pleaſures chid,
And ſo fill'd them with his waſts,
That from ſight her ſteps were hid.
Silly Shepheard ſad the while,

For

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For his ſweet *Syrena* gone,
All his pleaſures in exile:
Layd on the cold earth alone,
Whilſt his gameſome cur-tayld Curre,
With his mirthleſſe Maſter playes,
Striuing him with ſport to ſtirre,
As in his more youthfull dayes;
Dorilus his Dogge doth chide,
Layes his well-tun'd Bagpipe by,
And his Sheepe-hooke caſts aſide,
There (quoth he) together lye,
When a Letter foorth he tooke,
Which to him *Syrena* writ,
With a deadly downe-caſt looke,
And thus fell to reading it.

Dorilus my deare (quoth ſhee)
Kind companion of my woe,
Though we thus diuided be,
Death cannot diuorce vs ſo:
Thou whoſe boſome hath beene ſtill
Th'only cloſet of my care,
And in all my good and ill;
Euer had thy equall ſhare:
Might I winne thee from thy Fold,
Thou ſhouldſt come to viſite mee,
But the Winter is ſo cold,
That I feare to hazzard thee:
The wild waters are waxt hie,
So they are both deafe and dumbe,
Lou'd they thee ſo well as I,
They would ebbe when thou ſhouldſt come;

Then

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Then my coate with light ſhould ſhine,
Purer then the Veſtall fire:
Nothing here but ſhould be thine,
That thy heart can well deſire:
Where at large wee will relate,
From what cauſe our friendſhip grew,
And in that the varying Fate,
Since we firſt each other knewe:
Of my heauy paſſed plight,
As of many a future feare,
Which except the ſilent night,
None but onely thou ſhalt heare;
My ſad heart it ſhall releeue,
When my thoughts I ſhall diſcloſe,
For thou canſt not chuſe but greeue,
When I ſhall recount my Woes;
There is nothing to that friend,
To whoſe cloſe vncranied breſt,
Wee our ſecret thoughts may ſend.
And there ſafely let it reſt:
And thy faithfull counſell may
My diſtreſſed caſe aſſiſt,
Sad affliction elſe may ſway
Me a woman as it liſt:
Hither I would haue thee haſte,
Yet would gladly haue thee ſtay,
When thoſe dangers I forecaſt,
That may meete thee by the way,
Doe as thou ſhalt thinke it beſt,
Let thy knowledge be thy guide,
Liue thou in my conſtant breſt,

What

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Whatſoeuer ſhall betide.
He her letter hauing red,
Puts it in his Scrip againe,
Looking like a man halfe dead,
By her kindneſſe ſtrangely ſlaine;
And as one who inly knew,
Her diſtreſſed preſent ſtate,
And to her had ſtill beene true,
Thus doth with himſelfe delate.
I will not thy face admire,
Admirable though it be,
Nor thine eyes whoſe ſubtile fire,
So much wonder winne in me:
But my maruell ſhall be now,
(And of long it hath bin ſo,)
Of all woman kind that thou
Wert ordain'd to taſt of vvoe;
To a beauty ſo diuine,
Paradiſe in little done,
O that fortune ſhould aſsigne,
Ought, but what thou wel might'ſt ſhun,
But my counſailes ſuch muſt bee,
(Though as yet I them conceale)
By their deadly wound in me,
They thy hurt muſt only heale,
Could I giue what thou doo'ſt craue,
To that paſſe thy ſtate is growne,
I thereby thy life may ſaue,
But am ſure to looſe mine owne,
To that ioy thou do'ſt conceiue.
Through my heart the way doth lye,

Which

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Which in two for thee must cleaue,
Lest that thou shouldst goe awry,
Thus my death must be a toy,
Which my pensiue brest must couer:
Thy beloued to enioy,
Must be taught thee by thy Louer,
Hard the choise I haue to chuse,
To my selfe if friend I be,
I must my *Syrena* loose,
If not so, shee looseth mee.
Thus whilst he doth cast about,
What therein were best to doe,
Nor could yet resolue the doubt,
Whether he should stay or goe,
In those Fields not farre away,
There was many a frolike Swaine,
In fresh Russets day by day,
That kept Reuells on the plaine,
Nimble *Tom*, surnam'd the *Tup*,
For his Pipe without a peere:
And could tickle *Trenchmore* vp,
As t'would ioy your heart to heare,
Ralph as much renowned for skill,
That the *Taber* touch'd so well:
For his *Gittern*, little *Gill*,
That all other did excell,
Rocke and *Rollo* euery way,
Who still led the Rusticke Ging,
And could troule a *Roundelay*,
That would make the Fields to ring,
Collin on his *Shalme* so cleere,

Many

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Many a high-pitcht note that had,
And could make the Ecchos neere,
Shout as they were waxen mad,
Many a lustie Swaine beside,
That for nought but pleasure car'd,
Hauing *Dorilus* espy'd,
And with him knew how it far'd,
Thought from him they would remoue,
This strong melancholy fitt,
Or so, should it not behoue,
Quite to put him out of's wit;
Hauing learnt a Song, which hee,
Sometime to *Sirena* sent,
Full of Iollity and glee,
When the Nimph lin'd neere to *Trent*,
They behind him softly got,
Lying on the earth along,
And when he suspected not,
Thus the Iouiall Shepheards song.

NEare to the Siluer *Trent*,
Syrena dwelleth,
Hee to whom Nature lent
All that excelleth:
Which the *Muses* late,
And the neate *Graces*,
Vse for their greater state,
Taken their places:
Lifting an *Anadem*,
Wherewith to Crowne her,
As it belong'd to them

Most

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Most to renowne her.

Cho: *On thy Bancke,*
In a Rancke,
Let thy Swannes sing her,
And with their Musicke,
Along let them bring her.

Tagus and *Pactolus*
are to thee Debter,
Nor for their gould to vs,
are they the better:
Hencefoorth of all the rest,
be thou the Riuer,
Which as the daintiest,
puts them downe euer,
For as my precious one,
o'r thee doth trauell,
She to Pearle Paragon
turneth thy grauell.

Cho: *On thy Bancke,*
In a Rancke,
Let thy Swanns sing her,
And with their Musicke
along let them bring her,

Our mournefull *Philomell,*
that rarest Tuner,
Hencefoorth in *Aperill*
shall wake the sooner,
And to her shall complaine,
from the thicke couer,

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Redoubling euery ſtraine
ouer and ouer:
For when my Loue too long
her chamber keepeth;
As though it ſuffered wrong,
then morning weepeth,
Cho: *On thy Banke,*
In a Rancke,
Let thy Swannes ſing her,
And with their Muſicke,
along let them bring her.

Oft haue I ſeene the Sunne,
to doe her honour,
Fix himſelfe at his noone,
to looke vpon her,
And hath guilt euery Groue,
euery Hill neare her,
With his flames from aboue,
ſtriuing to cheere her,
And when ſhe from his ſight,
hath her ſelfe turned,
Hee as it had beene night,
In Clouds hath mourned:
Cho: *On thy Bancke,*
In a Rancke,
Let thy Swannes ſing her,
And with their Muſicke,
along let them bring her.

The Verdant Meades are ſeene
when ſhe doth view them,

In

In Freſh and gallant Greene,
ſtraight to renew them,
And euery little Graſſe
broad it ſelfe ſpreadeth,
Proud that this bony Laſſe,
vpon it treadeth:
Nor flower is ſo ſweete
In this large Cincture,
But it vpon her feete
Leaueth ſome Tincture,
Cho: *On thy Bancke*
In a Rancke,
Let thy Swanes ſing her,
And with their Muſicke
along let them bring her.

The Fiſhes in the Flood,
when ſhe doth Angle,
For the hooke ſtriue a good
Them to intangle;
And leaping on the Land,
from the cleare water,
Their Scales vpon the ſand
lauiſhly ſcatter;
Therewith to paue the mould
whereon ſhee paſſes,
So her ſelfe to behold,
as in her glaſſes.
Cho: *On thy Banke,*
In a Ranke,

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Let thy Swanns ſing her,
And with their Muſicke,
along let them bring her.

When ſhee lookes out by night,
The Starres ſtand gazing,
Like Comets to our ſight,
Fearefully blazing;
As wondring at her eyes,
with their much brightneſſe,
Which ſo amaze the skies,
dimming their lightneſſe,
The raging Tempeſts are Calme,
when ſhe ſpeaketh,
Such moſt delightſome balme,
from her lips breaketh.
On thy Banke,
In a Ranck,
Let thy Swanns ſing her,
And with their Muſicke, &c.

In all our *Brittany*
there's not a fayrer,
Nor can you fancy,
ſhould you compare her,
Angels her eye-lids keepe,
all harts ſurprizing,
Which looke whilſt ſhe doth ſleepe
like the Sunnes riſing:
She alone of her kinde,
knoweth true meaſure,

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And her vnmatched mind
is Heauens treasure:

Cho: *On thy Bancke,*
In a Rancke,
Let thy Swannes sing her,
And with their Musicke,
Along let them bring her.

Fayre *Done* and *Darwine* cleere
boast yē your beauties,
To *Trent* your Mistres here
yet pay your duties.
My loue was higher borne
tow'rds the full Fountaines,
Yet she doth *Moorelands* scorne,
and the *Peake* Mountaines;
Nor would she none should dreame,
vvhere she abideth,
Humble as is the streame,
Which by her slydeth,

Cho: *On thy Bancke,*
In a Rancke,
Let thy Swanns sing her,
And with their Musicke
along let them bring her,

Yet my poore Rusticke *Muse*,
nothing can moue her,
Nor the meanes I can vse,

tho

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though her true Louer,
Many a long Winters night
haue I wak'd for her.
Yet this my piteous plight,
nothing can stirre her,
All thy Sands siluer *Trent*
downe to the *Humber*,
The sighs that I haue spent
Neuer can number.
Ho: On thy Bancke
In a Rancke,
Let thy Swans sing her,
And with their Musicke
along let them bring her.

Taken with this suddaine Song,
ast for mirth when he doth looke,
is sad heart more deepely stong,
ten the former care he tooke,
their laughter and amaz'd,
r a while he sate aghast,
t a little hauing gaz'd,
us he them bespake at last.

Is this time for mirth (quoth he)
a man with griefe oppreſt,
full wretches as you be,
y the sorrowes in my breast,
ght vpon you one by one,
das now you mocke my woe,
ten your mirth is turn'd to moane,

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May your like then ſerue you ſo.
When one Swaine among the reſt,
Thus him merrily beſpake,
Get thee vp thou arrant beaſt,
Fits this ſeaſon loue to make?
Take thy Sheephooke in thy hand,
Clap thy Curre and ſet him on,
For our fields ti's time to ſtand,
Or they quickly will be gon.
Rougiſh Swinheards that repine,
At our Flocks, like beaſtly Clownes,
Sweare that they will bring their Swine,
And will wroote vp all our Downes:
They their Holly whips haue braſd,
And tough Hazell goades haue gott;
Soundly they your ſides will baſte,
If their courage faile them not,
Of their purpoſe if they ſpeed,
Then your Bagpipes you may burne,
It is neither Droane nor Reed
Shepheard, that will ſerue your turne,
Angry *Olcon* ſets them on,
And againſt vs part doth take,
Euer ſince he was out-gone,
Offring Rymes with vs to make,
Yet if ſo our Sheep-hookes hold,
Dearely ſhall our Downes be bought,
For it neuer ſhall be told.
Wee our Sheepe-walkes ſold for naught,
And we here haue got vs dogges,

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ſt of all the Weſterne breed,
hich though Whelps ſhall lug their Hogges,
ll they make their eares to bleed:
erefore Shepheard come away;
hen as *Dorilus* aroſe,
hiſtles Cut-tayle from his play,
d along with them he goes.

FINIS.

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THE MOONE-CALFE.

Stultorum plena ſunt omnia.

HElpe Neighbors helpe, for Gods ſake come with ſpeed, (nee
For of your helpe there neuer was ſu
Midwiues mak haſt & dres ye as ye r
Either come quickly, or w'are al vnd
The World's in labour, her throwes come ſo thic
That with the pangs ſhe's waxt ſtarke lunnticke
But whither, whither, one was heard to crye:
Shee that call'd thus, doth preſently reply;
Doe yee not ſee in eu'ry ſtreet and place,
The generall world now in a piteous caſe.
Vp got the Goſsips, and for very haſt,
Some came without ſhoes, ſome came all vnlac'd
As ſhe had firſt appointed them, and found
The World in labour, dropt into a ſwound;
Wallowing ſhe lay, like to a boy ſtrous hulke,
Dropſied with ryots, and her big-ſwolne bulke,
Stuff'd with infection, rottenneſſe, and ſtench;
Her blood ſo fierd, that nothing might it quench,
But the Aſpes poyſon, which ſtood by her ſtill,

T

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hat in her drought she often vs'd to swill;
lothed she was in a Fooles coate, and cap,
)f rich imbroydered Silks, and in her lap,
sort of paper Puppets, Gawdes and Toyes,
rifles scarce good enough for Girles and Boyes,
Vhich she had dandled, and with them had playd,
nd of this trash her only God had made.
Out and alasse (quoth one) the rest among,
doubt me Neighbours, we haue stayd too long:
lucke off your Rings, lay me your bracelets by;
ll to your bus'nesse, and that speedily,
r else I doubt, her spirits consume so fast,
hat e'r the birth, her strength will quite be past:
ut when more wistly they did her behold,
here was not one (that once) durst be so bold
s to come neere her, but stood all amaz'd,
ach vpon other silently and gaz'd:
Vhen as her belly they so bigge doe see,
s if a Tunne within the same should be,
nd heard a noyse and rumbling in her wombe,
s at the instant of the generall doome:
hunder and Earthquakes raging, and the Rocks
ubling down from their scyts, like mighty blocks,
owl'd fro huge mountains, such a noise they make,
s though in sunder heau'ns huge Axtree brake;
hey either Poles, their heads together pasht,
nd all againe into the *Chaos* dasht;
me of slight iudgement that were standing by,
yd, it was nothing but a Timpany:
thers sayd, sure she humane helpe did want,
nd had conceiued by an Elephant;

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Or ſome Sea-monſter, of a horrid ſhape,
Committed with her by ſome violent rape:
Others more wiſe, and noting very well,
How her huge wombe did paſt all compaſſe ſwell,
Said certainly (if that they might confeſſe her)
It would be found ſome Diuell did poſſeſſe her.
Thus while they ſtood, and knew not what to doe
Women (quoth one) why doe you trifle ſo:
I pray you thinke but wherefore ye came hether,
Shall wombe, and burthen periſh both together:
Bring foorth the Birth-ſtoole, no, let it alone,
She is ſo farre beyond all compaſſe growne:
Some other new deuiſe vs needs muſt ſted,
Or elſe ſhe neuer can be brought to bed.
Let one that hath ſome execrable ſpell,
Make preſently her entrance into hell:
The Furies fetcht from hell to bring the World to bed.
Call *Hecate*, and the damn'd Furies hether,
And try if they will vndertake together:
To helpe the ſicke World; one is out of hand
Diſpatch'd for hell, who by the dread command
Of powerfull Charmes, brought *Hecate* away,
Who knowing her buſ'neſſe from herſelfe doth lay
That ſad aſpect, ſhee wont to put on there,
In that blacke Empire; and doth now appeare,
As ſhees *Lucina* giuing ſtrength and ayde,
In birth to women; mild as any Mayde,
Full of ſweet hope her brow ſeem'd, and her eyes
Darting freſh comfort, like the morning skies.
A deſcription of the furies.
Then came the Furies with their boſomes bare,
Saue ſomewhat couer'd with their Snaky hayre,
In wreathes contorted, mumbling helliſh Charmes

V

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Vp to the elbowes naked were their Armes,
Megera eld'ſt of this damn'd Femall Fiends,
Gnawing her wriſts, biting her fingers ends,
Entred the firſt; *Tiſiphone* the next,
As to reuenge her ſiſter throughly vext,
In one hand bare a whip and in the other,
A long ſharpe knife; the third which ſeeme to ſmother.
Her manner of reuenge, caſt ſuch an eye,
As well neere turn'd to ſtone all that ſtood by,
Her name *Alecto*, which no plague doth rue,
Nor neuer leaues them whom ſhe doth purſue.
The Women pray the goddeſſe now to ſtand,
Auſpicious to them, and to lend her hand
To the ſick World, which willingly ſhe granted;
But at the ſight, as altogether danted,
From her cleare face the ſprightly vigour fled,
And but ſhe ſaw the Women hard beſted
Out ſhee had gone, not one glance backe had ſhot,
Till heauen or hell ſhe o'r her head had got,
Yet ſhee her ſelfe retires, next to the doore,
The Goſſips worſe then e'r they were before,
At their wits end, know not which way to take,
At length the World beginning to awake,
Out of the trance, in which ſhe lay as dead,
And ſomewhat raiſing her vnweeldy head,
To bright *Lucina* call'd for helpe, that ſhee,
Now in her trauell would propitious be,
The Goddeſſe not from feeling of her woe,
Onely to ſee with what the World might goe,
As ſhe is draded *Hecate*, hauing power,
Of all that keepe hells vgly Balefull Bower,

Com-

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Commands the Furies to ſtep in and ayd her,
And be the Midwiues, till they ſafe had layd her,
To doe whoſe pleaſure as they were about,
A ſturdy Huswife pertly ſtepping out,
Cryes hold a while, and let the queane alone,
It is no matter let her lye and groane:
Hold her ſtill to't wee'l doe the beſt we can,
To get out of her, certainely the man,
Which ownes the Baſtard, for ther's not a Nation,
But hath with her committed fornication:
And by her baſe and common proſtitution,
Shee came by this vnnaturall pollution;
There is a meane for women thus abus'd.
Which at this time may very well be vs'd:
That in this caſe when people doe deſire,
To know the trueth, yet doubtfull of the Sire,
When as the woman moſt of life doth doubt her,
In grieuous throwes; to thoſe that are about her,
He that is then at the laſt caſt diſclos'd,
The naturall Father is to be ſuppos'd:
And the iuſt law doth faithfully decide,
That for the nurſing he is to prouide:
Therefore let's ſee, what in her pangs ſhee'll ſay,
Leſt that this Baſtard on the Land we lay:
They lik'd her counſell, and their helpe denyde,
And bad her lye and languiſh till ſhe dyde;
Vnleſſe to them ſhe truly would confeſſe,
Who fill'd her belly with this foule exceſſe.

The Moone-Calfe begot by the diuell.

Alas (quoth ſhee) the Deuill dreſt mee thus,
A midſt my Ryot, whilſt that *Incubus*
Wrought on my weakeneſſe, and by him beguilde,

Hee

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Hee onely is the Father of the childe.
His Inſtrument my Apiſh imitation,
Of ev'ry monſtrous and prodigeous faſhion,
Abus'd my weakeneſſe: women it was ſhe,
Who was the Bawd betwixt the Fiend and me:
That this is true, it on my death I take,
Then helpe me women euen for pitties ſake,
When ominous ſignes to ſhew themſelues began,
That now at hand this monſtrous birth fore-ran:
About at noone flew the affrighted Owle,
And dogs in corners ſet them downe to howle:
Bitches and Wolues theſe fatall ſignes among,
Brought foorth moſt monſtrous & prodigious yong
And from his hight the earth refreſhing Sunne,
Before his houre his golden head doth runne,
Farre vnder vs, in doubt his glorious eye,
Should be polluted with this Prodigy,
A *Panique* feare vpon the people grewe,
But yet the cauſe, there was not one that knew,
When they had heard this; a ſhort tale to tell,
The *Furies* ſtraight vpon their bus'neſſe fell,
And long it was not ere there came to light,
The moſt abhorrid, the moſt fearefull ſight,
That euer eye beheld, a birth ſo ſtrange,
That at the view, it made their lookes to change;
Women (quoth one) ſtand off, and come not neere it
The Diuell if he ſaw it, ſure would feare it:
For by the ſhape, for ought that I can gather,
The childe is able to affright the Father;
Out cryes another, now for Gods ſake hide it,
It is ſo vgly, we may not abide it:

The prodigious ſigns that foreran the birth of the Mone-Calfe.

The

A description of the Moon Calfe.

The birth is double, and grows side to side,
That humane hand it neuer can diuide;
And in this wonderous sort as they be Twins;
Like Male and Female they be *Androgines*,
The Man is partly Woman, likewise shee
Is partly Man, and yet in face they bee,
Full as prodigious, as in parts; the Twinne,
That is most man, yet in the face and skinne,
Is all meere woman, that which most doth take
From weaker woman: Nature seemes to make
A man in show, thereby as to define,
A Fem'nine man, a woman Masculine;
Before bred nor begot: a more strange thing,
Than euer *Nile* yet into light could bring,
Made as Creation meerely to despight,
Nor man, nor woman, scarse *Hermophroditt*,
Affricke that's said, Mother of Monsters is,
Let her but shew me such a one as this,
And then I will subscribe (to doe her due)
And sweare, that what is said of her is true,
Quoth one, tis monstrous, and for nothing fitt,
And for a Monster, quicke let's bury it:
Nay quoth another, rather make prouision.
If possibly, to part it by incision,
For were it parted, for ought I can see,
Both man, and woman it may seeme to bee:
Nay quoth a third, that must be done with cost,
And were it done, our labour is but lost,
For when w'haue wrought the vtmost that we can,
Hees too much woman, and shee's too much man;
Therefore, as tis a most prodigious birth,

Let

Let it not liue here to pollute the earth:
Goſsip (quoth th'laſt) your reaſon I deny,
Tis more by law, then we can iuſtifie;
For Syer, and Dam, haue certainly decreed,
That they will haue more comfort of their ſeed:
For he begot it, and t'was borne of her,
And out of doubt, they will their owne prefer:
Therefore good women, better be aduis'd,
" For precious things ſhould not be lightly priz'd;
This *Moon-Calfe* borne vnder a lucky Fate,
May powerfull proue in many a wealthy State,
And taught the tongues about ſome few yeers hence
As now vv'are all tongue, and but little ſence:
It may fall out for any thing you know,
This *Moon-Calfe* may on great imployments goe:
When learned men for noble action fit,
Idly at home (vnthought of once) may ſit;
A Bawd, or a Proiector he may proue,
And by his purſe ſo purchaſing him loue,
May be exalted to ſome thriuing Roome,
Where ſeldome good men ſuffred are to come:
What will you ſay, hereafter when you ſee
The times ſo graceleſſe and ſo mad to be;
That men their perfect humane ſhape ſhall flie,
To imitate this Beaſts deformitie:
Nay, when you ſee this Monſter, which you vovv,
Will hardly breath vpon the earth alovv;
In his caroch with foure vvhite Freezelands drawn,
And he as pyde and gariſh as the Pavvne,
With a ſet face; in which as in a booke, (looke,
He thinks the World for grounds of ſtate ſhould

When

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Whē to sōe greater one, whose might doth awe him
He's known a verier iade, then those that draw him,
Nay at the last, the very killing sight,
To see this *Calfe* (as vertue to despight)
Aboue iust honest men his head to reare,
Nor to his greatnesse may they once come neere,
Each ignorant Sott to Honour seekes to rise;
But as for vertue who did first deuise
That title a reward for, hee's to be,
As most contemned and despised shee,
Goes vnregarded, that they who should owne her,
Dare not take notice euer to haue knowne her;
And but that vertue, when she seemeth throwne
Lower then Hell, hath power to raise her owne.
Aboue the World, and this her monstrous birth!
She long e'r this had perish'd from the earth:
Her Fautors banish'd by her foes so hie,
Which looke so bigge as they would scale the skie:
But seeing no helpe, why should I thus complaine,
Then to my *Moone-Calfe* I returne againe,
By his deare Dam the World, so choicely bred,
To whom there is such greatnesse promised;
For it might well a perfect man amaze,
To see what meanes the Syer and Dam will raise,
T'exalt their *Moone-Calfe*, and him so to cherish,
That he shall thriue, when vertuous men shal perish.
The Drunkard, Glutton, or who doth apply,
Himselfe to beastly sensuallity,
Shall get him many friends, for that there be,
Many in euery place iust such as hee:
The euill loue them that delight in ill,

Like

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Like haue cleau'd to their like, and euer will:
But the true vertuous man (God knowes) hath fewe,
They that his straite and harder steps pursue,
Are a small number, scarcely knowne of any;
" God hath few friends, the Deuill hath so many,
But to returne that yee may plainly see,
That such a one he likely is to be,
And that my words for trueth that ye may trie,
Of the Worlds Babe thus doe I prophecy,
Marke but the more man of these monstrous Twins,
From his first youth, how tow'rdly he begins,
Whē he should learn, being learnd to leaue the schole
This arrant *Moone-Calfe*, this most beastly foole,
Iust to our English Prouerbe shall be seene,
" Scarcely so wise at fifty, as fifteene:
And when himselfe hee of his home can free,
He to the City comes, where then if he,
And the familiar butterflye his Page,
Can passe the Streete, the Ord'nary and Stage,
It is enough, and he himselfe thinks then,
To be the only absolut'st of men:
Then in his Cups you shall not see him shrinke,
To the grand diuell a carowse to drinke.
Next to his whore he doth himselfe apply,
And to maintaine his gotish luxurie,
Eates Capons Cookt at fifteene Crownes a peece,
With their fat bellies, stuff'd with Amber greece,
And being to trauell he sticks not to lay,
His Post Caroches still vpon his way:
And in some sixe dayes iourney doth consume,
Ten pounds in Suckets and the *Indian* Fume:

For

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For his Attire, then Forraigne parts are sought,
He holds all vile in *England* that is wrought,
And into *Flanders* sendeth for the nonce,
Twelue dozen of Shirts prouiding him at once,
Layd in the seames vvith costly Lace that be,
Of the Smocke fashion, whole below the knee,
Then bathes in milke, in which when he hath bin,
He lookes like one for the prepostrous sinne,
Put by the wicked and rebellious Iewes,
To be a Pathique in a Malekind Stevves.
With the ball of's foot the ground he may not feele
But he must tread vpon his toe and heele:
Dublet and Cloake, vvith Plush, and Veluet linde,
Onely his head-piece, that is fil'd with Winde,
Rags, running Horses, Dogs, Drabs, Drink & dice,
The onely things that he doth hold in price:
Yet more then these, naught doth him so delight,
As doth his smooth-chind, plump-thigh'd, Catamite
Sodome *for her great sinne that burning sanke,*
Which at one draught the pit infernall dranke,
Which that iust God on earth could not abide,
Hath shee so much the Deuils terrifide:
As from their state, them well neere to exile,
Hath Hell new spew'd her vp after this while:
Is she new risen, and her sinne agen,
Imbrac'd by beastly and outragious men.
Nay more he iests at Incest, as therein,
There were no fault, counts sacriledge no sin:
His blasphemies he vseth for his grace;
Wherewith he truth doth often times outface:
He termeth vertue madnesse, or meere folly,

Hee

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He hates all high things, and prophanes all holly;
Where is thy thunder god, art thou asleepe?
Or to what suff'ring hand giu'st thou to keepe
Thy wrath and vengeance; where is now the strength
Of thy Almighty arme, failes it at length?
Turne all the Starres to Comets, to outstare
The Sunne at noone-tide, that he shall not dare
To looke but like a Glowerme, for that heat
Can without melting these damnations see.
But this Ile leaue, least I my penne defile:
Yet to my *Moon-Calfe* keepe I close the while,
Who by some knaue, perswaded he hath wit,
When like a braue Foole, he to vtter it,
Dare with a desperate boldnesse roughly passe
His censure on those bookes, which the poore Asse
Can neuer reach to, things from darkenesse sought,
That to the light with blood & sweat were brought:
And takes vpon him those things to controule,
Which should the braineless Ideot fell his soule,
All his dull race, and he can neuer buy
With their base pelfe, his glorious industry,
Knowledge with him is idle, if it straine
Aboue the compasse of his yeftie braine:
Nor knowes mens worths but by a second hand,
For he himselfe doth nothing vnderstand; (not
He would haue something, but what tie hee knowes
What he would speake, nay what to think he knowes
He nothing more the truth & knowledg loaths (not
And nothing he admires of mans fine cloathes,
Now for that I thy dotage dare mislike,
And seeme so deepe, into thy soule to strike;

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Because I am so plaine thou lik'dst not me,
Why know, poore Slaue, I no more thinke of thee,
Then of the Ordure that is cast abroad,
I hate thy vice more then I doe a Toade,
Poore is the spirit that fawnes on thy applause;
Or seekes for suffrage from thy Barbarous lawes.
Misfortune light on him, that ought do thy way,
Yee sonnes of Belial, what yee thinke or say:
Who would haue thought whilst wit sought to aduance,
It selfe so high, damn'd beastly ignorance
Vnder the cloake of knowledge should creepe in,
And from desert should so much credit win:
But all this poysonous froth Hell hath let flie,
In these last dayes, as noble Poesie,
That which hath had birth in all times and places,
For her much worth, so sundry soueraigne graces;
The language, which the Spheares and Angels speake,
In which their minde they to poore Mortals breake,
By Gods great power, into rich soules infus'd,
By euery Moone-Calfe *lately thus abus'd:*
Should all hells blacke inhabitants conspire,
And more vnheard of mischiefe to them hyer,
Such as high Heauen were able to affright,
And on the noone-sted bring a double night:
Then they haue done, they could not more disgrace her,
As from the earth (euen) vtterly to race her:
What Princes lou'd, by Peasants now made hatefull,
In this our age so dammably ingratefull:
And to giue open passage to her fall,
It is deuis'd to blemish her withall,
That th'hideous braying of each Barbarous Asse,

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In Printed Letters freely now must passe,
In Accents so vntuneable and vile,
With other Nations was might damne our Ile,
If so our tongue they truely vnderstood,
And make them thinke our braines were meerely mud,
To make her vile, and vgly to appeare,
Whose naturall beauty is Diuinely cleare;
That on the Stationers Stall, who passing lookes,
To see the multiplicity of Bookes,
That pester it, may well beleeue the Presse,
Sicke of a surfet, spu'd with the excesse:
Which breedeth such a dulnesse through the land,
Mongst those one tongue which onely vnderstand,
Which did they reade those sinewie Poems writ,
That are materiall relishing of wit:
Wise policie, Morallity, or Story,
Well portraying the Ancients and their glory,
These blinded Fooles, on their base Carrion feeding,
Which are (in truth) made ignorant by reading,
In little time would growe to be asham'd,
And blush to heare these lowzie Pamphlets nam'd,
Which now they finde, naught but folly learning,
Which is the cause that they haue no discerning,
The good from bad, this ill, that well to know,
Because in ignorance they are nourish'd so:
Who for this hatefull trash should I condemne
They that doe vtter, or Authorize them:
O that the Ancients should so carefull be,
Of what they did impresse, and only wee
Loosely at randome, should let all things flie,
Though gainst the Muses it be blasphemy:

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But yet to happy Spirits, and to the wise,
All is but foolish that they can deuise,
For when contempt of Poesie is proudest,
Then haue the Muses euer sung the lowdest.
But to my *Calfe*, who to be counted prime,
According to the fashion of the time,
Him to associate some Buffoon doth get,
Whose braines he still with much expence must whet,
And euer beare about him as his guest,
Who comming out with some ridiculous iest,
Of one (perhaps) a god that well might be,
If but compar'd with such an Asse as hee,
His Patron rores with laughter, and doth cry,
Take him away, or presently I dye, (know
Whilst that Knaue-foole which well himselfe doth
Smiles at the Coxecombe, which admires him so:
His time and wealth, thus lewdly that doth spend,
As it were lent him to no other end:
Vntill this *Moone-Calfe*, this most drunken puffe,
Euen like a Candle burnt vnto the snuffe:
Fierd with surfet, in his owne greace fries,
Sparkles a little, and then stinking dies.
The wealth his Father by extortion wonne,
Thus in the spending helps to damme the Sonne,
And so falls out indifferently to either,
Whereby in hell they iustly meete together;
And yet the World much ioyes in her behalfe,
And takes no little pleasure in her Calfe,
Had this declining time the Freedome now,
Which the brane Romane once did it allowe:

With

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With Whyer and Whipcord yee ſhould ſee her payd,
Till the luxurious Whore ſhould be afraid
Of proſtitution, and ſuch laſhes giuen,
To make her blood ſpirt in the face of Heauen;
That men by looking vpward as they goe,
Should ſee the plagues layd on her here below,

But now proceed we with the other Twin,
Which is moſt woman who ſhall ſoone begin
To ſhew her ſelfe; no ſooner got the Teenes,
But her owne naturall beauty ſhe diſdaines,
With Oyles and Broathes moſt venomous and baſe,
She plaiſters ouer her well-fauoured face;
And thoſe ſweet veines by nature rightly plac'd,
Wherwith ſhe ſeem'd that white skin to haue lac'd
She ſoone doth alter; and with fading blew,
Blanching her boſome, ſhe makes others new,
Blotting the curious workemanſhip of nature;
That e're ſhe be arriu'd at her full ſtature,
E're ſhe be dreſt, ſhe ſeemeth aged growne,
And to haue nothing on her of her owne:
Her black, browne, aburne or her yellow hayre;
Naturally louely, ſhe doth ſcorne to weare,
It muſt be white to make it freſh to ſhow,
And with compounded meale ſhe makes it ſo:
With fumes and powdrings raiſing ſuch a ſmoke,
That a whole Region able were to choke:
Whoſe ſtench might fright a Dragon from his den;
The ſunne yet ne're exhal'd from any Fen
Such peſtilentious vapours as ariſe, ſcurſes,
From their French powderings and their Mer-
Ireland,

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Ireland, *if thou wilt able be alone,*
Of thine owne power to drive out thy Tyrone:
By heaping up a masse of Coyne together.
Sheere thy olde Wolues, and send their Fleeces hether,
Thy white Goates hayre, Wales, *dearer will be solde,*
Then silke of Naples, *or then Threed of gold,*
Our Water-dogs, and Islands here are shorne;
White hayre so much of Women here is worne,
Nay more then this, they'll any thing endure,
And with large summes they sticke not to procure
Haire from the dead, yea and the most vncleane,
To helpe their pride they nothing will disdaine.
Then in attyring her, and in her sleepe,
The dayes three parts she exercis'd doth keepe,
And in ridiculous visits she doth spend,
The other fourth part to no other end;
But to take note how such a Lady lyes,
And to gleane from her some deformities,
Which for a grace she holds, and till she get,
She thinks her selfe to be but counterfet.
Our Merchants from all parts twixt either *Inde,*
Cannot get silke to satisfie her minde:
Nor natures perfect'st patterne can suffice,
The curious draughts for her embroderies:
She thinkes her honour vtterly is lost,
Except those things doe infinitely cost, (dresse
Which shee doth weare; nor thinke they can her
Except she haue them in most strange excesse,
And in her fashion she is likev vise thus,
In euery thing she must be monstrous:

Her

Her Picadell aboue her crowne vp-beares,
Her Fardingale is set aboue her eares:
Which like a broad sayle with the wind doth swell,
To drive this faire Hulke headlong into hell.
After againe, note, and you shall her see,
Shorne like a man, and for that she will be
Like him in all, her congies she will make.
With the mans curtsie, and her hat off take,
Of the *French* fashion, and weare by her side,
Her sharpe Stillato in a Ryband tyde,
Then gird he selfe close to the paps she shall,
Shap'd, breast and buttocke, but no waste at all.
But of this shee Calfe now to cease all strife,
Ile by example lim her to the life,
Not long agone it was my chance to meete,
With such a Fury, such a female spright,
As neuer man saw yet, except twere shee,
And such a one as I may neuer see
Againe I pray: but where I will not name,
For that the place might so partake her shame:
But when I saw her rampant to transcend
All womenhead, I thought her (sure) a friend,
And to my selfe my thoughts suggested thus,
That she was gotten by some *Incubus*,
And so remembring an old womans tale,
As shee sate dreaming o'r a pot of Ale,
That on a time she did the Deuill meete,
And knew him only by his clouen feete:
So did I looke at hers, where she did goe,
To see if her feete, were not clouen so.

Ten long-tongu'd Tapsters in a common Inne,
When as the Guests to flocke apace begin,
When vp-staire one, downe-staire another hyes,
With squeaking clamours, and confused cryes;
Neuer did yet make such a noyse as she,
That I dare boldly iustifie, that he,
Who but an howre her loud clacke can endure,
May vndisturbed, safely and secure,
Sleepe vnder any Bells, and neuer heare,
Though they were rung the clappers at his eare,
And the long'st night with one sweet sleepe beguile,
As though he dreamt of Musicke all the while.
The very sight of her, when she doth rore,
Is able to strike dumbe the boldest Whore,
That euer traded: shee'll not sticke to tell,
All in her life that euer her befell;
How she hath layne, with all degrees, and ages,
Her Plow-boyes, Scullians, Lackies, and some Pages,
And sweare when we haue said all that we can,
That there is nothing worth a pin in man,
And that ther's nothing doth so please her mind,
As to see Mares, and Horses, doe their kind;
And when shee's Tipsey, how so e'r t'offend,
Then all her speech to Bawdry doth intend:
In womens secrets, and shee'll name ye all
Read to the Midwiues at the Surgeons Hall.
Were the poore Coxecombe, her dull husband dead
He that durst then this female *Moone-Calfe* wed,
Should quite put down the Roman which once leepe
Into the burning Gulfe, thereby to keepe

His

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His Country from deuouring with the flames:
Thus leaue we her, of all her sexe the shame.
Amongst the rest, at the Worlds labour there,
For good old Women, most especiall were,
Which had bene iolly Wenches in their dayes,
Through all the Parish, and had borne the prayse,
For merry Tales: one Mother *Red-Cap* hight,
And Mother *Howlet* somewhat ill of sight,
For she had hurt her eyes with watching late;
Them Mother *Bumby* a mad iocund Mate
As euer Gossipt, and with her there came
Olde Gammer *Gurton*, a right plesant Dame,
As the best of them; being thus together,
The busnesse done for which they had come thither:
Quoth Iolly Mother *Red-Cap* at the last,
I see the night is quickly like to waste,
And since the World so kindly now is layd,
And the child safe, which made vs all afrayde:
Let's haue a night on't Wenches, hang vp sorrow,
And what sleepe wants now, take it vp to morrow.
Stirre vp the fire, and let vs haue our Ale,
And o'r our Cups, let's each one tell her Tale:
My honest Gossips, and to put you in,
Ile breake the Ice, and thus doth mine begin.
There was a certaine Propheſie of old,
Which to an Ile had anciently beene told,
That after many yeeres were com'n and gone,
Which then came out, and the set time came on;
Nay, more it told, the very day and howre,
Wherein should fall so violent a showre;

Mother Red-Caps tale.

That

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That it new Riuers in the earth should weare,
And Dorps and Bridges quite away should beare:
But where this Ile is, that I cannot showe,
Let them enquire that haue desire to knowe:
The Story leaues out that, let it alone;
And Gossip with my Tale I will goe on:
Yet what was worse the Prophecy this spake,
(As to warne men defence for it to make)
That vpon whom one drop should chance to light,
They should of reason be depriued quite,
This Prophecy had many an Age beene heard,
But not a man did it one pin regard;
For all to folly did themselues dispose,
(On veryer Calues the Sunne yet neuer rose)
And of their laughter made it all their Theame,
By terming it the drunken Wizards dreame:
There was one honest man amongst the rest,
That bare more perfect knowledge in his breast;
And to himselfe his priuat houres had kept,
To talke with God, whilst others drunke or slept,
Who in his mercy to this man reueal'd,
That which in Iustice he had long conceal'd
From the rude Heard but let them still run on
The ready way to their destruction.
This honest man the Prophecy that noted,
And things therein more curiously had quoted,
Found all those signes were truely come to passe,
That should fore-showe this raine, and that it was
Neerely at hand; and from his depth of skill,
Had many a time fore-warn'd them of their ill,

And

And Preach'd to them this Deluge (for their good)
As to th'old world *Noe* did before the Flood,
But loſt his labour, and ſince t'was in vaine,
To talke more to thoſe Ideots of the raine,
He let them reſt: and ſilent ſought about,
Where he might finde ſome place of ſafety out,
To ſhroud himſelfe in, for right well he knew,
That from this ſhower, which then began to brew,
No roofe of Tyle, or thatch he could come in,
Could ſerue him from being wet to the bare skin.
At length this man bethought him of a Caue,
In a huge Rocke, which likely was to ſaue
Him from the ſhower, vpon a hill ſo ſteepe,
As vp the ſame a man could hardly creepe;
So that except *Noahs* flood ſhould come againe,
He neuer could be raught by any raine;
Thither at length, though with much toyle he clome
Liſtning to heare what would thereof become.
It was not long e'r he perceiu'd the skies
Setled to raine, and a blacke cloud ariſe,
Whoſe foggy groſneſſe ſo oppos'd the light,
As it would turne the noone-ſted into night,
When the winde came about with all his power,
Into the tayle of this approaching ſhower,
And it to lighten preſently began;
Quicker then thought, from Eaſt to Weſt that ran:
The Thunder following did ſo fiercely raue,
And through the thick clouds with ſuch fury draue
As Hell had beene ſet open for the nonce,
And all the Diuels heard to rore at once;

And

And ſoone the Tempeſt ſo outragious grew,
That it whole hedgerowes by th' rootes vp threw;
So wondrouſly prodigious was the weather,
As heauen and earth had meant to goe together:
And downe the ſhower impetuouſly doth fall,
Like that which men the *Hurricane* call:
As the grand Deluge had bene come againe,
And all the world ſhould periſh by the raine,
And long it laſted; all which time this man
Hid in the Caue doth in his iudgement ſcan,
What of this inundation would enſue,
For he knew well the Prophecie was true:
And when the ſhower was ſomewhat ouerpaſt;
And that the ſkie began to cleare at laſt:
To the Caues mouth he ſoftly put his eare,
To liſten if he any thing could heare:
What harme this ſtorm had done, and what became
Of thoſe that had beene ſowſed in the ſame,
No ſooner he that nimble Organ lent,
To the Caues mouth; but that incontinent
There was a noyſe as if the Garden beares
And all the Dogs together by the eares,
And thoſe of *Bedlam* had enlarged bin,
And to behold the bayting had come in:
Which when he heard, he knew too well alas,
That what had beene fore-told, was come to paſſe;
Within himſelfe good man, he reaſoned thus:
Tis for our ſinnes, this plague is falne on vs.
Of all the reſt, though in my wits I be,
(I thanke my Maker) yet it grieueth mee,

To

To see my Country in this piteous case;
Woe's me that euer they so wanted grace,
But vvhen as man once casts off vertue quite,
And doth in sin and beastlinesse delight,
We see how soone God turnes him to a Sot:
To show my selfe yet a true Patriot,
Ile in amongst them, and if so that they
Be not acurst of God, yet, yet I may,
By wholesome counsell (if they can but heare)
Make them as perfect as at first they vvere,
And thus resolu'd goes this good poore man downe,
When at the entrance of the neighboring Towne,
He meets a woman with her buttocks bare,
Got vp a stride vpon a wall eyd-Mare,
To runne a Horse-race, and was like to ride
Ouer the goodman; but he stept aside;
And after her, another that bestroad
A Horse of seruice, with a Lance she rode;
Arm'd, and behind her on a Pillian satt
Her frantique husband, in a broad brim'd Hat,
A Maske and Safeguard; and had in his hand,
His mad Wiues Distaffe for a ryding Wand:
Scarse from these mad folke, had he gone so farre,
As a strong man will easly pitch a Barre:
But that he found a Youth in Tissue braue,
(A daintier man one would not wish to haue)
Was courting of a loathsome meazeled Sow,
And in his iudgement swore he must alowe
Hers the prime Beauty, that he euer saw,
Thus was she sued to (by that prating Daw)

Who,

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Who, on a Dunghill in the loathsome gore
Had farrowed ten Pigs scarce an houre before,
At which this man in melancholly deepe,
Burst into laughter, like before to weepe,
Another foole, to fit him for the Weather, (ther,
Had arm'd his heeles with Corke his head with lea-
And in more strange and sundry collours clad,
Then in the Raine-bowe euer can be had,
Stalk'd through the streets, preparing him to flie,
Vp to the Moone vpon an Embassie,
Another seeing his drunken Wife disgorge
Her pamperd stomacke, got her to a Forge,
And in her throat the Feauerous heat to quench
With the Smiths horne, was giuing her a Drench:
One his next neighbour haltred had by force,
So frantique, that he tooke him for a Horse,
And to a Pond was leading him to drinke;
It went beyond the wit of man to thinke,
The sundry frenzies that he there might see,
One man would to another married be:
And for the Curate taking the Towne Bull,
Would haue him knit the knot: another Gull
Had found an Ape was chained to a Stall,
Which he to worship on his knees doth fall;
To doe the like and doth his Neighbours get,
Who in a Chaire this ill-fac'd Munky set,
And on their shoulders lifting him on hie,
They in Procession beare him with a cry,
And him a Lord will haue at least if not,
A greater man; another sort had got

About

About a Pedlar, vvho had lately heard,
How with the mad men of this Ile it far'd:
And hauing nothing in his Packe but toyes,
Which none except meere mad men, and fond boyes
Would euer touch; thought verily that hee
Amongst these Bedlams, would a gayner be,
Or else loose all: scarce had he pitcht his packe,
E're he could scarcely say, what doe yee lacke:
But that they throng'd about him with their money,
As thicke as Flyes about a pot of hony:
Some of these Lunaticks, these frantique Asses,
Gaue him Spurryalls for his farthing Glasses:
There should you see another of these Cattell,
Giue him a pound of siluer for a rattle;
And there another that would needsly scorse,
A costly Iewell for a Hobby-Horse:
For Bells, and Babyes, such as children small,
Are euer vs'd to solace them withall:
Those they did buy at such a costly rate,
That it was able to subuert a State;
Which when this wise and sober man beheld,
For very griefe his eyes with teares were sweld.
Alas, that euer I saw this day (quoth he)
That I my Natiue country-men should see
In this estate; when out of very zeale
Both to his natiue earth, and common weale,
He thrust amongst them, and thus frames his speech.
Deare Country-men, I humbly yee beseech,
Heare me a little, and but marke me well,
Alas, it is not long since first yee fell,

Into

Into this frenzie, these outragious fits,
Be not I pray ye so out of your wits:
But call to mind th'ineuitable ill
Must fall on yee, if ye continue still
Thus mad and frantique: therefore be not worse,
Then your bruite beasts to bring thereby a Curse
Vpon your Nephewes, so to taynt their blood,
That twenty Generations shall be woo'd,
And this braue Land for wit that hath bin fam'd,
The Ile of Ideots after shall be nam'd:
Your braines are not so craz'd, but leaue this ryot,
And tis no queſtion, but with Temperate Dyet,
And counsaile of wise men, when they shall see
The desperate estate wherein you bee:
But with such med'cines as they will apply,
They'll quickly cure your grieuous malady,
And as he would proceed with his Oration,
One of the chiefest of this Bedlam Nation:
Layes hold on him, and askes who he should bee,
Thou fellow (quoth this Lord) where had we thee,
Com'st thou to preach to vs that be so wise,
What wilt thou take vpon thee to aduise,
Vs of whom all now vnderneath the skie,
May well be seene to learne frugalitie:
Why surely honest fellow thou art mad,
Another standing by, swore that he had
Seene him in Bedlam fourteene yeeres agoe:
O quoth a third this fellow doe I know,
This is an arrant Coxecomb, a meere Dizzard,
If yee remember, this is the same Wizzard,

Which

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Which tooke vpon him wisely to fore-tell
The shower so many yeeres before it fell:
Whose strong effects being so strange and rare,
Hath made vs such braue creatures as we are:
When of this Nation all the frantique Rouse,
Fell into laughter the poore man about,
Some made mouthes at him, others as in scorne
With their forkt fingers pointed him the Hornes
They call'd him Asse, and Dolt, and bad him goe
Amongst such Fooles, as he himselfe was, who
Could not teach them: at which this honest man,
Finding that naught, but hate and scorne he wan
Amongst these Ideots, and their beastly kinde,
The poore small remnant of his life behinde,
Determineth to Solitude to giue.
And a true Hermite afterward to liue,
The tale thus ended, Gossip by your leaue;
Quoth Mother *Bumby*, I doe well perceiue
The morrall of your Story, which is this;
(Correct me Dame, if I doe iudge amisse)
But first Ile tell you by this honest Ale,
In my conceit this is a pretty Tale;
And if some hansome players would it take,
It (sure) a pretty interlude would make,
But to the Morrall, this same mighty shower
Is a plague sent by supernaturall power,
Vpon the wicked: for when God intends
To lay a curse on mens vngodly ends,
Of vnderstanding he doth them depriue;
Which taken from them vp themselues they giue
To beastlinesse, nor will he let them see,

The morality of mother Red-Caps tale.

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The miserable estate wherein they be.
The Rocke to which this man for safety climes,
The contemplation is of the sad times
Of the declining World; his counsailes told
To the mad Route, to spoyle and baseneſſe solde,
Showes that from such no goodneſſe can proceede,
Who counsailes fooles, shall never better speede.
Quoth Mother *Red-Cap*, you haue hit it right:
(Quoth she) I know it Gossip, and to quite
Your tale; another you of me shall haue,
Therefore a while your patience let me craue.
Out in the North tow'rds *Greeneland* farre away,
There was a Witch (as ancient Stories say)
As in those parts there many Witches be:
Yet in her craft aboue all other, shee
Was the most expert, dwelling in an Ile,
Which was in compaſſe scarce an *Engliſh* mile,
Which by her cunning shee could make to floate
Whither she list, as though it were a Boate:
And where againe she meant to haue it stay,
There could she fixe it in the deepest Sea:
Shee could sell Windes to any one that would
Buy them for money, forcing them to hold
What time she listed, tye them in a thrid,
Which euer as the Sea-farer vndid,
They rose or scantled, as his Sayles would driue,
To the same Port whereas he would ariue:
She by her Spels could make the Moone to stay,
And from the East she could keepe backe the day,
Rayse Mists and Fogs that could Eclipse the light,
And with the noone-sted she could mixe the night.

Vpon

pon this Ile whereas she had abode,
lature (God knowes) but little cost bestow'd:
et in the same, some Bastard creatures were,
sidome yet seene in any place but there;
alfe men, halfe Goate there was a certaine kinde,
uch as we Satyres purtray'd out doe finde,
nother sort of a most vgly shape;
A Beare in body, and in face an Ape:
Other like Beasts yet had the feete of Fowles,
That Demy-Vrchins were, and Demy-Owles:
Besides there were of sundry other sorts,
But wee'll not stand too long on these reports.
Of all the rest that most resembled man,
Was an o'r worne ill-fauoured *Babian*;
Which of all other, for that onely he
Was full of tricks, as they are wont to bee
Him in her craft, so seriously she taught,
As that in little time she had him brought,
That nothing could before this Ape bee set,
That presently he could not counterfet;
She learnt him medicines instantly to make
Him any thing whose shape he pleas'd to take:
And when this skill shee had on him bestow'd,
He sent him for intelligence abroad.
Thus fully furnish'd, and by her sent out,
Hee went to practise all the World about,
He like a Hipsey oftentimes would goe,
All kind of Gibb'rish he had learnt to know,
Had with a sticke, a short string and a noose,
Would show the people tricks at fast and loose:
Tell folkes their Fortunes, for he would finde out

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By slye enquirie, as he went about,
What chance this one he, or that she had prou'd
Whom they most hated, or whom most they lou'd.
And looking in their hands, as there he knew it,
Out of his skill would counterfet to shew it:
Sometimes he for a Mountebanke would passe,
And shew you in a Crusible, or Glasse;
Some rare extraction, presently and runne,
Through all the cures that he therewith had done,
An Aspick still he carried in a poke,
Which he to bite him often would prouoke,
And with an oyle when it began to swell,
The deadly poyson quickly could expell:
And many times a iugler he would be,
(A craftier knaue there neuer was then he;)
And by a mist deceiuing of the sight,
(As knauery euer falsifies the light)
He by his actiue nimblenesse of hand,
Into a Serpent would transforme a Wand,
As those Egyptians, which by Magicke thought,
Farre beyond *Moyses* wonders to haue wrought,
There neuer was a subtilty deuis'd,
In which this villaine was not exercis'd.
Now from this Region where they dwelt, not fa
There was a wise and learn'd Astronomer,
Who skilfull in the Planetary howres,
The working knew of the Celestiall powers,
And by their ill, or by their good aspect,
Men in their actions wisely could direct,
And in the blacke and gloomy Arts so skild,
That he (euen) Hell in his subiection hild;

He

He could command the Spirits vp from below,
And bind them ſtrongly, till they let him know
All the dread ſecrets that belong'd them to,
And what thoſe did, with whom they had to do.
This Wizzard in his knowledge moſt profound,
Sitting one day the depth of things to ſound;
For that the World was brought to ſuch a paſſe,
That it well neere in a confuſion was,
For things ſet right, ran quickly out of frame,
And thoſe awry to rare perfection came:
And matters in ſuch ſort about were brought,
That States were puſſed almoſt beyond thought,
Which made him thinke (as he might very well)
There were more Diuels then he knew in hell.
And thus reſolues that he would caſt about
In his beſt skill, to find the Engine out,
That wrought all this, and put himſelfe therein:
When in this buſineſſe long he had not bin;
But by the Spirits which he had ſent abroad,
And in this worke had euery way beſtow'd;
He came to know this Foule Witch, and her factor,
The one the Plotter, and the other th'Actor,
Of all theſe ſtirres, which many a State had ſpoyl'd,
Whereby the World ſo long had bene turmoyl'd,
Wherefore he thought it much did him behoue,
Out of the vvay this couple to remoue;
Or (out of queſtion) halfe the World e're long,
Would be diuided, hers, and his among,
When turning ouer his moſt myſtique bookes,
Into the ſecrets of his Art he lookes, (fill,
And th'earth, and th'Ayre doth with his Magiques

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That euery place was troubled by his skill;
Whilst in his minde he many a thing reuolues,
Till at the last he with himselfe resolues;
One Spirit of his should take the Witches shape,
Another, in the person of the Ape,
Should be ioyn'd with him, so to proue by this,
Whether their power were lesse or more then his;
Which he performes, and to their taske them sets,
When soon that Spirit, the Witch that counterfets,
Watch'd till he found her farre abroad to be,
Into a place then of her home gets he:
And when the *Babian* came the newes to bring
What he had done abroad, and euery thing
Which he had plotted, how their bus'nesse went,
And in the rest to know her dread intent,
Where she was wont to call him her deare sonne,
Her little play-feere and her pretty Sun:
Hug him, and sweare he was her only ioy;
Her very *Hermes*, her most dainty Boy, (cheare,
O most strange thing! she chang'd her wonted
And doth to him most terrible appeare:
And in most fearefull shapes she doth him threaten,
With eager lookes, as him she would haue eaten,
That from her presence he was forc't to flye,
As from his death, or deadly enemy.
When now the second which the shape doth take
Of the Baboon, determining to make,
The like sport with him, his best time doth watch,
When he alone the cursed Witch might catch;
And when her Factor farthest was remote,
Then he began to change his former note,

And

And where he wont to tell her pleasing stories,
Ful of their Conquests, Triumphs, and their glories,
He turnes his Tale, and to the Witch relates,
The strange reuolts of Tributary States,
Things gotten backe, which late they had for prize,
With new discoueries of their policies;
Disgusts and dangers that had crost their cunning,
With sad portents, their ruine still forerunning;
That thus the Witch and the Baboon deceiu'd
Of all their hopes, of all their ioyes bereau'd,
As in deipaire doe bid the world adue,
When as the Ape which weake and sickly grew,
On the cold earth his scuruy caryion layes,
And worne to nothing, ends his wretched dayes:
The filthy Hagg abhorring of the light,
Into the North past *Thule* takes her flight,
And in those deepes, past which no Land is found,
Her wretched selfe she miserably drownd.
The tale thus ended, mother *Owle* doth take
Her turne, and thus to mother *Bumby* spake;
The tale our Gossip *Red-cap* told before
You so well ridled that there can no more
Be sayd of it, and therefore as your due,
What haue you done for her, Ile doe for you.
And thus it is, that same notorious Witch,
Is the ambition men haue to be rich,
And Great, for which all faith aside they lay,
And to the Deuill giue themselues away,
The floating Ile where she is sayd to wonne,
The various courses are through which they ronne,
To get their endes, and by the Ape is ment,

The morality of mother Bumbyes tale

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Thoſe damned Villaines made the inſtrument
To their deſignes, that wondrous man of skill,
Sound counſell is, or rather if you will,
The Diuine Iuſtice, which doth bring to light,
The wicked plots not raught by common ſight,
For though they neuer haue ſo cloſely wrought,
Yet to confuſion laſtly they are brought,
Goſsip, indeed, you haue hit it to a haire,
And ſurely your Morality is rare,
Quoth Mother *Bumby*: Mother *Owle* replyde,
Come, come, I know I was not very wide,
Wherefore to quit your Tales, and make them three
My honeſt Goſsips liſten now to me.
There was a man, not long ſince dead, but he
Rather a Diuell might accounted be:
For Iudgement at her beſt could hardly ſcan,
Whither he were more Deuil', or more man;
And as he was, he did himſelfe apply
T'all kind of Witchcraft, and blacke Sorcery:
And for his humour naturally ſtood,
To Theft, to Rapine, and to ſhedding blood,
By thoſe damn'd Hags with whom he was in grace,
And vſd to meet in many a ſecret place:
He learnt an hearbe of ſuch a wondrous power,
That were it gather'd at a certaine hower,
(For nature for the ſame did ſo prouide,
As though from knowledge gladly it to hide,
For at Sunſet it ſelfe it did diſcloſe,
And ſhut it ſelfe vp, as the morning roſe)
That with thrice ſaying a ſtrange Magique ſpell,
Which but to him, to no man they would tell,

When

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When as ſo e'r that ſimple he would take,
It him a War-vvoolfe inſtantly would make,
Which put in practiſe he moſt certaine proou'd,
When to a Forreſt he himſelfe remou'd,
Through which there lay a plaine and common rode
Which he the place choſe for his chiefe abode,
And there this monſter ſet him downe to theeue,
Nothing but ſtolne goods might this fiend releeue;
No ſilly woman, by that way could paſſe,
But by this Woolfe ſhe ſurely rauiſht was,
And if he found her fleſh was ſoft and good,
What ſeru'd for Luſt, muſt alſo ſerue for food,
Into a Village he ſometime would get,
And watching there (as for the purpoſe ſet)
For little children when they came to play,
The fattſt he euer bore with him away;
And as the people oft were wont to riſe,
Following with Hubbubs and confuſed cryes:
Yet was he ſo well breathed, and ſo light,
That he would ſtill outſtrip them by his flight:
And making ſtraight to the tall Forreſt neere,
Of the ſweet fleſh would haue his Iunkets there:
And let the Sheepheards doe the beſt they could,
Yet would he venture oft vpon the fold:
And taking the fatt'ſt ſheepe he there could finde:
Beare him away, and leaue the dogs behind:
Nor could men keepe, ſo much as Pig or Lamb,
But it no ſooner, could drop from the Dam,
By hooke or crooke, but he would ſurely catch,
Though with their weapons all the Towne ſhould watch,
Amongſt the reſt there was a ſilly Aſſe,

That

That on the way by Fortune chanc'd to paſſe,
Yet (it was true) he in his time had bin
A very perfect man in ſhape, and skin:
But by a Witch enuying his eſtate,
That had borne to him a moſt deadly hate,
Into this ſhape he was transform'e, and ſo,
From place to place, he wandred to and fro,
And often times was taken for a ſtray,
And in the Pinfold many a time he lay;
Yet held he ſtill the reaſon that he had
When he was man, although he thus was clad
In a poore aſſes ſhape, wherein he goes,
And muſt endure what Fortune will impoſe.
Him on his way this cruell Woolfe doth take,
His preſent pray determining to make,
He bray'd, and ror'd to make the people heare:
But it fell out, no creature being neare,
The ſilly Aſſe when he had done his beſt,
Muſt walke the common way among the reſt:
When tow'rds his den the cruell Wolfe him tugs,
And by the eares moſt terribly him lugs,
But as God would, he had no liſt to feed,
Wherefore to keepe him till he ſhould haue need,
The ſilly creature vtterly forlorne,
He brings into a Brake of Bryers and Thorne,
And ſo entangles by the mane and tayle,
That he might pluck, and ſtruggle there, and hale,
Till his breath left him, vnleſſe by great chance
Some one might come for his deliuerance.
At length the people grieuouſly annoy'd
By this vild Woolfe, ſo many that deſtroy'd,

Deter-

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Determined a Hunting they would make,
To see if they by any meanes could take (bring,
This rauenous War-Woolfe: and with them they
Mastiffes, and Mungrells, all that in a string
Could be got out, or could but lug a Hog.
Ball, Eateall, Cuttaile, Blackfoot, Bitch, and Dogg,
Bills, Batts, and Clubs, the Angry men doe beare,
The Women eager as their husbands were (him,
With Spits and Fireforks, sware if they could catch
It should go hard but they would soon dispatch him
This subtill Woolfe by passengers that heard,
What forces thus against him were prepar'd,
And by the noyse; that they were neere at hand,
Thinking this Asse did nothing vnderstand,
Goes downe into a spring that was hard by,
(Which the Asse noted) and immediatly,
He came out perfect man, his Wolues shape left,
In which so long he had committed theft.
The silly Asse, so wistly then did view him,
And in his fancy so exactly drew him,
That he was sure to owne this theefe agen,
If he should see him mongst a thousand men,
This woolfe turn'd man, him instantly doth shrowd
In a neere thicket, till the boystrous crowd,
Had somewhat past him, then he in doth fall
Vpon the Reare, not any of them all
Makes greater stirre, nor seemes to them to be
More diligent to finde the Woolfe then he:
They beate each brake, and tuft o'r all the ground,
But yet the War-Woolfe was not to be found:
But a poore Asse entangled in the Bryers,

In

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In ſuch ſtrange ſort, as euery one deſires
To ſee the manner, and each one doth gather,
How he was faſtned ſo, how he came thither,
The ſilly Aſſe yet being ſtill in hold,
Makes all the meanes, that poſsibly he could,
To be let looſe, he hummes, he kneeles, and cryes,
Shaketh his head, and turneth vp his eyes:
To moue their pitty: that ſome ſayd, t'was ſure
This Aſſe had ſence of what he did endure:
And at the laſt amongſt themſelues decreed
To let him looſe; the Aſſe no ſooner freed,
But out he goes the company among,
And where he ſaw the people thickſt to throng,
There he thruſts in, and looketh round about,
Here he runnes in, and there he ruſheth out;
That he was likely to haue throwne to ground
Thoſe in his way, which when the people found,
Though the poore Aſſe they ſeemed to diſdaine,
Follow'd him yet, to find what he ſhould meane,
Vntill by chance that he this Villaine met;
When he vpon him furiouſly doth ſet,
Faſtning his teeth vpon him with ſuch ſtrength,
That he could not be looſed, till at length
Railing them in, the people make a Ring,
Strooke with the wonder of ſo ſtrange a thing;
Whilſt they are cadg'd contending whither can
Conquer, the Aſſe ſome cry, ſome cry the man:
Yet the aſſe drag'd him, & ſtil forward drue, (knew
Towards the ſtrange ſpring, which yet they neuer
Yet to what part the ſtrugling ſeem'd to ſway,
The people made a lane, and gaue them way,

At

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At length the Asse had tug'd him neere thereto,
The people wondring what he meant to doe;
He seem'd to show them with his foot the Well,
Then with an Asse-like noyse he seem'd to tell
The Story, now by pointing to the men,
Then to the Theefe, then to the spring agen,
At length waxt angry growing into passion;
Because they could not find his demonstration,
T'expresse it more, he leapes into the spring,
When on the suddaine, O most monstrous thing,
To change his shape he presently began,
And at an instant became perfect man,
Recouering speech, and comming foorth accus'd,
The bloody murtherer, who had so abus'd
The honest people, and such harme had done;
Before them all, and presently begon
To shew them in what danger he had bin,
And of this Woolfe, the cruelty and sin;
How he came chang'd agen as he had pron'd;
Whereat the people being strangely moon'd,
Some on the head, some on the backe doe clap him,
And in their armes, with shouts and kisses hap him,
Then all at once vpon the War-woolfe flue,
And vp and downe him on the earth they drew;
Then from his bones the flesh in Collops cut,
And on their weapons points in Triumph put;
Returning backe with a victorious song,
Bearing the man aloft with them along.

Quoth Gammer *Gurton*, on my honest word,
You haue told a Tale doth much conceit afford:
Good neighbour *Howlet* and as ye haue done,

Each

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Each one for other, since our Tales beginne,
The moralitie of mother Howlets tale. And since our stand of Ale so well endures,
As you haue morral'd *Bumbyes*, I will yours,
The fable of the War-wolfe I apply;
To a man, giuen to blood and cruelty,
And vpon spoyle doth onely set his rest;
Which by a Woolfes shade liuelyest is expreſt,
The spring by which he gets his former shape,
Is the euasion after euery rape,
He hath to start by; and the silly Asse,
Which vnregarded, euery where doth passe,
Is some iust soule, who though the world disdaine,
Yet hee by God is strangely made the meane,
Gammer Gurtons tale. To bring his damned practises to light,
Quoth mother *Howlet* you haue hit the white,
I thought as much quoth Gammer *Gurton* then,
My turne comes next, haue with you once agen.
A mighty Waste there in a country was,
Yet not so great as it was poore of grasse;
T'was sayd of olde, a Saint once curst the soyle,
So barren, and so hungry, that no toyle,
Could euer make it any thing to beare;
Nor would ought prosper, that was planted there,
Vpon the earth, the spring was seldome seene,
T'was winter there, when each place else was green
When Summer did her most abundance yeeld,
That still lay browne, as any fallow field,
Vpon the same, some few trees scattering stood,
But it was *Autumne*, ere they vs'd to bud,
And they were crookt, and knotty, and the leanes,
The niggard sap so vtterly deceiues,

That

That ſprouting foorth, they drouping hung the head
And were neere withered, ere yet fully ſpread,
No mirthfull Birds the boughs did euer grace,
Nor could be won to ſtay vpon that place,
Onely the night-Crow ſometimes you might ſee,
Croking to ſit vpon ſome Rampick-tree,
Which was but very ſeldome too, and then
It boded great mortality to men;
As were the trees, which on that common grew,
So were the cattell ſtarnelings, and a few,
Aſſes, and Mules, and they were vs'd to gnaw
The very earth to fill the hungry maw,
When they far'd beſt they fed on Ferne and brak,
Their leane ſhrunke bellies clean'd vp to their back,
Of all the reſt, in that great Waſte that went,
Of thoſe quicke caryons, the moſt eminent,
Was a poore Mule vpon that common bred,
And from his foaling further neuer fed,
The Summer well-neere euery yeare was paſt,
Ere he his ragged Winter coat could caſt,
And then the Iade would get him to a tree,
That had a rough bark, purpoſely, where he
Rubbing his Buttocks, and his either ſide
Would get the old hayre from his ſtarued hyde,
And though he were as naked as my nayle,
Yet he would whinny then, and wagge the tayle,
In this ſhort paſture one day as he ſtood,
Ready to faint amongſt the reſt for food:
Yet the poore Beaſt according to his kinde,
Bearing his noſtrill vp into the Winde,
A ſweet freſh feeding thought that he did vent.

"No-

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" (Nothing as hunger ſharpneth ſo the ſent)
For that not far there was a goodly ground,
Which with ſweet graſſe, ſo greatly did abound,
That the fat ſoyle ſeem'd to be ouer fraught
Nor could beſtow the burthen that it brought,
Beſides that bounteous nature did it ſtick,
With ſundry ſorts of fragrant flowers ſo thicke,
That when the warme, and Baulmy ſouthwind blew,
The luſhyous ſmells o're all the region flew,
Led by his ſence, at length this poore Iade found,
This paſture (fenc'd though with a mighty Mound)
A pale and quicke ſet, circling him about,
(That nothing could get in, nor nothing out)
And with himſelfe thus wittily doth caſt,
Well, I haue found good paſture yet at laſt,
If by ſome meanes accompliſht it might be,
Round with the ditch immediatly walks he;
(And long though 'twas, good lucke nere comes too late)
It was his chance to light vpon a gate
That led into it, (though his hap were good)
Yet was it made of ſo ſufficient wood,
And euery barthat did to it belong,
Was ſo well ioynted, and ſo wondrous ſtrong
Beſides a great locke, with a double ward,
That he thereby of entrance was debar'd
And thereby hard beſet, yet though at length,
"T'was done by ſleight, that was not don by ſtrength
Faſt in the ground his two fore-feet doth get,
Then his hard Buttocks to the gate he ſet,
And thruſt, and ſhooke, and laboured till at laſt,
The two great poſts, that held the ſame ſo faſt,

Began

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Began to looſen, when againe he takes,
Freſh foot-hold, and a freſh he ſhakes and ſhakes,
Till the great Hinges to flye off he feeles;
And heard the gate fall clattering at his heeles,
Then nayes and brayes, with ſuch an open throat,
That all the Waſte reſounded with his note;
The reſt that did his language vnderſtand,
Knew well there was ſome good to them in hand,
And tag, & rag, through thick & thin came running
Nor dale, nor ditch, nor banke nor buſhes ſhunning;
And ſo deſirous to ſee their good hap,
That with their thronging they ſtucke in the gap.
Now they beſit their teeth, and doe deuoure,
More ſweetneſſe in the compaſſe of one howre,
Then twice ſo many could in twice the time,
For now the ſpring was in the very prime,
Till prickt with plenty eas'd of all their lacks
Their pampred bellies ſwolne aboue their backs,
They tread and waddle all the goodly graſſe,
That in the field there ſcarce a corner was,
Left free by them, and what they had not ſwallow'd
There they had dung'd, and lay'd them down and wal-
One with another they would ly and play, (lowd,
And in the deepe fog batten all the day,
Thus a long while, this merry life they led
Till (euen) like Lard their thickned ſides were fed,
But on a time the weather being fayre,
And ſeaſon fit to take the pleaſant ayre,
To view his paſture the rich owner went,
To ſee what graſſe the fruitfull yeare had ſent,
Finding the feeding for which he had toyl'd,

To haue kept safe, by these vile cattell spoyl'd,
He in a rage vpon them sets his Cur,
But for his bawling not a beast would stir:
Then whoots and shouts, and claps his hands, but
Might as well moue the dull earth, or a tree,
As once but stirre them, when all would not doe,
Last with his goad amongst them he doth goe,
And some of them he girdeth in the Hanches,
Some in the flankes that prickt their very panches
But when they felt that they began to smart,
Vp on a suddaine they together start,
And drine at him as fast as they could ding,
They flirt, they yerke, they backward fluce, and flin
As though the Deuill in their heeles had bin,
That to escape the danger he was in,
He back and backe into a quagmire by,
Though with much perill, forced was to flie:
But lightly treading there-vpon doth shift,
Out of the bog his cumbred feet to lift,
When they the perill that doe not fore-cast,
In the stiffe mud, are quickly stabled fast:
When to the Towne he presently doth flie,
Raysing the Neighbours with a suddaine crye:
With Cords and Halters that came all at once,
For now the lades were fitted for the nonce:
For by that time th'had sunke themselues so deepe,
That scarce their heads aboue groud they could kee
When presently they by the necks them bound,
And so they led them to the common pound,
Quoth Mother *Red-Cap*, right well haue you done
Good Gammer *Gurton*, and as we begun,

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So you conclude, 'tis time we parted now;
But first of my morallity a lowe.
The common that you speake of here, say I,
Is nothing else but want and beggery;
In the World common, and the Beasts that goe
Vpon the same, which oft are famish'd so:
Are the poore bred in scarcity; the Mule
The other Cattell that doth seeme to rule,
Some crafty fellow that hath slily found
A way to thrive by: and the fruitfull ground
Is wealth, which he by subtilty doth win,
In his possession which not long hath bin;
But he with ryot and excesse doth waste,
For goods ill gotten doe consume as fast;
And with the Law they lastly doe contend,
Till at the last the Prison is the end.
Quoth Gammer *Gurton*, well your selfe you quite,
By this the dawne vsurpt vpon the night;
And at the window biddeth them good day
When they departed each their severall way.

The morallity of Mother Gurtons tale

FINIS.

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ELEGIES VP
ON SVNDRY
OCCASIONS

Of his Ladies not Comming to London.

THat ten-yeres-trauel'd *Greek* return'd from Sea,
Ne'r ioyd so much to see his *Ithaca*,
As I should you, who are alone to me,
More then wide *Greece* could to that wanderer be,
The Winter windes still Easterly doe keepe,
And with keene frosts haue chained vp the deepe;
The Sun's to vs a niggard of his Rayes,
But reuelleth with our *Antipodes*;
And seldome to vs when he showes his head;
Mufled in Vapours, he straight hies to bed,
In those bleake mountains can you liue, where snow
Maketh the valles vp to the hilles to grow;
Whereas mens breaths doe instantly congeale,
And attom'd mists turne instantly to hayle;
Belike you thinke, from this more temperate coast,
My sighes may haue the power to thaw the frost,
Which I from hence should swiftly send you thither
Yet not so swift, as you come slowly hither.
How many a time hath *Phebe* from her wayne,
With *Phœbus* fires filld vp her hornes againe;
Shee through her Orb, still on her course doth rang

But

But you keepe yours ſtill, nor for me will change.
The Sun that mounted the ſterne Lyons backe,
Shall with the Fiſhes ſhortly diue the Bracke,
But ſtill you keepe your ſtation, which confines
You, nor regard him trauelling the ſignes,
Thoſe ſhips which when you went put out to Sea,
Both to our *Greeneland*, and *Virginia*,
Are now return'd, and Cuſtom'd haue their fraught,
Yet you arriue not, nor returne me ought.
The *Thames* was not ſo frozen yet this yeare,
As is my boſome, with the chilly feare,
Of your not comming, which on me doth light,
As on thoſe Clines, where halfe the world is night.
Of euery tedious howre you haue made two,
All this long Winter here, by miſsing you,
Minutes are months, and when the houre is paſt,
A yeere is ended ſince the clocke ſtrooke laſt,
When your remembrance puts me on the racke,
And I ſhould ſwound to ſee an *Almanacke*,
To read what ſilent weekes away are ſlid,
Since the dire Fates you from my ſight haue hid.
I hate him who the firſt deuiſor was
Of this ſame fooliſh thing, the Hower-glaſſe,
And of the Watch whoſe dribling ſands and wheele,
With their ſlow ſtroaks, make me too much to feele
Your ſlackneſſe hither, O how I doe ban,
Him that theſe Dialls againſt walles began,
Whoſe Snayly motion of the mooning hand,
(Although it goe) yet ſeeme to me to ſtand,
As though at *Adam* it had firſt ſet out,
And had beene ſtealing all this while about.

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And when it backe to the first point should come,
It shall be then iust at the generall Doome.
The Seas into themselues retrait their flowes,
The changing Winde from euery quarter blowes,
Declining Winter in the Spring doth fall,
The Stars rise to vs, as from vs they fall;
Those Birds we see, that leaue vs in the Prime,
Againe in Autumne re-salute our Clime;
Sure, either Nature you from kinde hath made,
Or you delight else to be Retrograde.
But I perceiue by your attractiue powers,
Like an Inchantresse you haue charm'd the howers
Into short minutes, and haue drawne them backe,
So that of vs at *London*, you do lacke,
Almost a yeare, the Spring is scarce begonne
There where you liue, and Autumne almost done
With vs more Eastward, surely you deuise,
By your strong Magicke, that the Sun shall rise,
Where now it sets, and that in some few yeares,
You'l alter quite the Motion of the Spheares,
Yes, and you meane, I shall complaine my loue
To grauell'd Walkes, or to a stupid Groue,
Now your companions; and that you the while
(As you are cruell) will sit by and smile,
To make me write to these, while passers by,
Sleightly looke in your louely face, where I
See Beauties heauen, whilst silly blockheads, they
Like laden Asses, plod vpon their way,
And wonder not, as you should point a Clowne,
Vp to the *Guards*, or *Ariadnes* Crowne;
Of Constellations, and his dulnesse tell,

Hee'd

Hee'd thinke your words were certainely a ſpell;
Or him ſome piece from *Creet*, or *Marcus* ſhow,
In all his life which till that time ne'r ſaw
Painting, except in Alehouſe or old Hall
Done by ſome Druzzler, of the prodigall.
Nay doe, ſtay ſtill, whilſt time away ſhall ſteale
Your youth, and beauty, and your ſelfe conceale
From me I pray you, you haue now inur'd
Me to your abſence, and I haue endur'd
Your want this long, whilſt I haue ſtarued bin
For your ſhort Letters, as you held it ſinne
To write to me, that to appeaſe my woe,
I reade ore thoſe you writ a yeare agoe,
Which are to me, as though they had bene made,
Long time before the firſt *Olimpiad*.
For thankes and curteſies ſell your preſence then
To tattling Women, and to things like men,
And bee more fooliſh then the *Indians* are
For Bells, for Kniues, for Glaſſes, and ſuch ware,
That ſell their Pearle and Gold, but here I ſtay,
So would I not haue you, but come away.

To Maſter GEORGE SANDIS.

Treaſurer for the Engliſh Colonie in Virginia.

FRiend, if you thinke my Papers may ſupplie
You, with ſome ſtrange omitted Nouelty,
Which others Letters yet haue left vntould,
You take me off before I can take hold

Of you at all; I put not thus to Sea,
For two moneths Voyage to *Virginia*,
With newes which now, a little some thing here,
But will be nothing ere it can come there.
I feare, as I doe stabbing; this word, State,
I dare not speake of the *Palatinate*;
Although some men make in their hourely theame,
And talke what's done in *Austria*, and in *Beame*,
I may not so; what *Spinola* intends, (bends
Nor with his *Dutch*, which way Prince *Maurice*
To other men although these things be free,
Yet (*George*) they must be mysteries to me,
I scarse dare praise a vertuous friend that's dead,
Lest for my lines he should be censured,
It was my hap before all other men,
To suffer shipwracke by my forward pen;
When King *James* entred; at which ioyfull time,
I taught his title to this Ile in rime;
And to my part did all the muses win,
With high-pitch *Paans* to applaud him in:
When cowardise had tyd vp every tongue;
And all stood silent, yet for him I sung;
And when before by danger I was dar'd,
I kick'd her from me, nor a iot I spar'd,
Yet had not my cleare spirit in Fortunes scorne,
Mee above earth and her afflictions borne;
He next my God on whom I built my trust,
Had left me troden lower then the dust:
But let this passe; in the extreamest ill,
Apollo's brood must be couragious still.
Let Pies and Dawes sit Dumb before the death,

Onely the Swan ſings at the parting breath.
And (worthy *George*) by induſtry and vſe,
Let's ſee what Lines *Virginia* will produce,
Goe on with *Ovid* as you haue begun,
With the firſt fiue bookes, let your numbers run,
Glib as the former, ſo ſhall it line long;
And doe much honour to the *Engliſh* tongue:
Intice the muſes thither to repaire,
Intreat them gently, traine them to that ayre,
For they from hence may thither hap to flye,
T'wards the ſad time which but to faſt doth hie,
For Poeſie is followed with ſuch ſpight,
By groueling drones that neuer raught her height,
That ſhe muſt hence, ſhe may no longer ſtay,
The driery fates prefixed haue the day,
Of her departure, which is now come on,
And they command her ſtraightway to be gone;
That beſtiall heard ſo hotly her purſue,
And to her ſuccour, there be very few,
Nay none at all, her wrongs that will redreſſe,
But ſhe muſt wander in the wilderneſſe,
Like to the woman, which that holy *Iohn*,
Beheld in *Pathmos* in his viſion.
As the *Engliſh* now, ſo did the ſtiffe-neckt *Iewes*,
Their noble Prophets vtterly refuſe,
And of thoſe men ſuch poore opinions had,
They counted *Eſay* and *Ezechiel* mad;
When *Ieremy* his Lamentations writ,
They thought the Wizzard quite out of his wit,
Such ſotts they were, as worthily to ly,
Lockt in the chaines of their captiuity,

Know-

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Knowledge hath ſtill her Eddy in her flow,
So it hath bene, and it will ſtill be ſo.
That famous *Greece* where learning flouriſht moſt,
Hath of her Muſes long ſince left to boaſt,
Th'vnletter'd *Turke*, and rude *Barbarian* trades,
Where *Homer* ſang his lofty *Iliades*;
And this vaſte volume of the vvorld hath taught,
Much may to paſſe in little time be brought.
As if to *Symptoms* wee may credit giue,
This very time, vvherein vve tvvo now liue,
Shall in the compaſſe, wound the Muſes more,
Then all the old *Engliſh* ignorance before,
Baſe Balatry is ſo belou'd and ſought,
And theſe braue numbers are put by for naught,
Which rarely read, were able to awake,
Bodyes from graues, and to the ground to ſhake
The wandring clouds, and to our men at armes,
'Gainſt pikes, and muskets were moſt powerfull
That, but I know, inſuing ages ſhall, (charmes,
Raiſe her againe, who now is in her fall;
And out of duſt reduce our ſcattered rimes,
Th'reiected iewels of theſe ſlouthfull times,
Who with the Muſes would miſpend an houer,
But let blind Gothiſh Barbariſme deuoure
Theſe feuerous Dogdayes, bleſt by no record,
But to be euerlaſtingly abhord.
If you vouchſafe reſcription, ſtuffe your quill
With naturall bounties, and impart your skill,
In the diſcription of the place, that I,
May be come learned in the ſoyle thereby,
Of noble *Wyats* health, and let me heare,

The

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The Gouernour; and how our people there,
Increase and labour, what supplyes are sent,
Which I confesse shall giue me much content;
But you may saue your labour if you please,
To write to me ought of your Sauages.
As sauage slaues be in great *Britaine* here,
As any one that you can shew me there
And though for this, de say I doe not thirst,
Yet I should like it well to be the first,
Whose numbers hence into *Virginia* flew,
So (noble *Sandis*) for this time adue.

To. my noble friend Master WILLIAM BROWNE, *of the euill time.*

Deare friend, be silent and with patience see,
What this mad times Catastrophe will be,
The Worlds first wisemen certainely mistooke
Themselues, and spoke things quite beside the booke
And that which they haue sayd of God, vntrue,
Or else expect strange iudgement to insue.
This life is a meere Bedlam, and therein,
We all lye rauing mad in euery sinne,
And him the wisest most men vse to call,
Who doth (alone) the maddest thing of all,
He whom the master of all wisedome found,
For a marckt foole, and so did him propound,
The time we liue in, to that passe is brought,
That only he a Censor now is thought:
And that base Villaine, (not an age yet gone,)

Which

Which a good man would not haue look'd vpon,
Now like a God, with diuine worship follow'd,
And all his actions are accounted hollow'd.
This world of ours, thus runneth vpon wheeles,
Set on the head, bolt vpright with her heeles,
Which makes me thinke of what the *Ethnicks* told,
Th'opinion the *Pythagorists* vphold,
That the immortall soule doth transmigrate;
Then I suppose by the strong power of fate,
That those which at confused *Babell* were,
And since that time now many a lingering yeare,
Through fooles, and beasts, and lunaticks haue past,
Are here imbodyed in this age at last,
And though so long we from that time begone,
Yet taste we stil of that confusion.
For certainely ther's scarce one found that now,
Knowes what t'approue, or vvhat to disalovv,
Al arsey varsey, nothing is it's owne,
But to our prouerbe, all turn'd vpside dovvne;
To doe in time, is to doe out of season,
And that speeds best, that's done the farth'st from reason
Hee's high'st that's low'st, hee's surest in that's out,
He hits the next way that goes farth'st about,
Hee getteth vp vnlike to rise at al,
He slips to ground as much vnlike to fall:
Which doth enforce me partly to preferre,
The opinion of that mad Philosopher,
Who taught, that those al-framing powers aboue,
(As tis suppos'd) made man not out of Loue
To him at all, but onely as a thing,
To make them sport with, which they vse to bring,

As

As men doe munkeys, puppets, and ſuch tooles,
Of laughter; ſo men are but the Gods of fooles,
Such are by titles lifted to the ſky,
As wherefore no man knowes, God ſcarcely why;
The vertuous man depreſſed like a ſtone
For that dull Sot to raiſe himſelfe vpon:
He who ne're thing yet worthy man durſt doe,
Neuer durſt looke vpon his countreys foe,
Nor durſt attempt that action which might get
Him fame with men: or higher might him ſet
Then the baſe begger (rightly if compar'd)
This drone yet neuer braue attempt that dar'd,
Yet dares be Knighted, and from thence dares grow,
To any title Empire can beſtow;
For this beleeue, that impudence is now
A Cardinall vertue, and men it alow
Reuerence, nay more, men ſtudy and inuent,
New wayes, nay glory to be impudent.
Into the clouds the Deuill lately got,
And by the moiſture doubting much the rot,
A medicine tooke to make him purge and caſt;
Which in ſhort time began to worke ſo faſt,
That he fell too't, and from his backeſide flew,
A rout of raſcall a rude ribauld crew
Of baſe Plebeians, which no ſooner light,
Vpon the earth, but with a ſuddaine flight,
They ſpread this Ile, and as *Deucalion* once
Ouer his ſhoulder backe, by throwing ſtones
They became men, euen ſo theſe beaſts became,
Owners of titles from an obſcure name.
He that by ryot of a mighty rent,

Hath

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Hath his late goodly Partrimony ſpent,
And into baſe and wilfull beggery runne,
This man as hee ſome glorious act had done,
With ſome great penſion, or rich guift releeu'd,
When he that hath by induſtry atchieu'd
Some noble thing, contemned and diſgrac'd,
In the forlorne hope of the times is plac'd,
As though that God had careleſſely left all
That being hath on this tereſtiall ball,
To fortunes guiding, nor would haue to doe
With man, nor ought that doth belong him to,
Or at the leaſt God hauing giuen more
Power to the Deuill, then he did of yore,
Ouer this vvorld: the fiend as he doth hate
The vertuous man; maligning his eſtate,
All noble things, and would haue by his will,
To be damn'd with him vſing all his skill,
By his black: helliſh miniſters to vexe
All worthy men, and ſtrangely to perplexe,
Their conſtancie, there by them ſo to fright,
That they ſhould yeelde them wholly to his might,
But of theſe things I vainely doe but tell,
Where hell is heauen, and heau'n is now turn'd hel,
Where that which lately blaſphemy hath bin,
Now godlineſſe, much leſſe accounted ſin;
And a long while I greatly maruail'd why
Buffoons and Bawds ſhould hourely multiply,
Til that of late I conſtrued it, that they
To preſent thrift had got the perfect way,
When I concluded by their odious crimes,
It was for vs no thriuing in theſe times.

As

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As men oft laugh at little Babes when they
Hap to behold some strange thing in their play,
To see them on the sudden strucken sad,
As in their fancie some strange formes they had,
Which they by pointing with their fingers show,
Angry at our capacities so slow,
That by their countenance we no sooner learne,
To see the wonder which they so discerne:
So the celestiall powers doe sit and smile
At innocent and vertuous men the while,
They stand amazed at the world ore-gone,
So farre beyond imagination,
With slauish baseneſſe, that the silent sit
Pointing like children in describing it.
Then noble friend the next way to controule
These worldly crosses, is to arme thy soule
With constant patience: and with thoughts as high
As these belowe, and poore, winged to flie
To that exalted stand, whether yet they
Are got with paine, that sit out of the way
Of this ignoble age, which raiseth none
But such as thinke their blacke damnation
To be a trifle; such, so ill, that when
They are aduanc'd, those few poore honest men
That yet are liuing, into search doe runne;
To find what mischiefe they haue lately done,
Which so prefers them; say thou he doth rise,
That maketh vertue his chiefe exercise,
And in this base World come what euer shall,
Hees worth lamenting that for her doth fall.

Vpon

Vpon the three Sonnes of the Lord SHEFFIELD, *drowned in Humber.*

LIght Sonnets hence, and to looſe Louers flie,
And mournefull Maydens ſing an Elegie,
On thoſe three *Sheffields*, ouer whelm'd with waues,
Whoſe loſſe the teares of all the Muſes craues;
A thing ſo full of pitty as this was,
Me thinks for nothing ſhould not ſlightly paſſe,
Treble this loſſe was, why ſhould it not borrow,
Through this Ile's treble parts, a treble ſorrow:
But fate did this, to let the World to know,
That ſorrowes which from common cauſes grow,
Are not worth mourning for, the loſſe to beare,
But of one onely ſonne's, not worth one teare,
Some tender hearted man, as I, may ſpend
Some drops (perhaps) for a deceaſed friend,
Some men (perhaps) their wiues late death may rue;
Or wiues their husbands, but ſuch be but few:
Cares that haue vs'd the hearts of men to touch
So oft and deepely, will not now bee ſuch;
Who'll care for loſſe of maintenance, or place,
Fame, liberty, or of the Princes grace;
Or ſuites in lavv, by baſe corruption croſt:
When he ſhall finde, that this which he hath loſt;
Alas, is nothing to his, which did looſe,
Three ſonnes at once ſo excellent as thoſe:
Nay, it is feard that this in time may breed
Hard hearts in men to their owne naturall ſeed,

That

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That in respect of this great losse of theirs,
Men will scarce mourne the death of their own heirs.
Through all this Ile their losse so publique is,
That euery man doth take them to be his,
And as a plague which had beginning there,
So catching is, and raigning euery where,
That those the farthest off as much doe rue them;
As those the most familiarly that knew them;
Children with this disaster are waxt sage,
And like to men that strucken are in age,
Talke what it is, three children at one time,
Thus to haue drown'd, and in their very prime;
Yea, and doe learne to act the same so well,
That then old folke, they better can it tell.
Inuention oft that Passion vs'd to faine,
In sorrowes of themselues but slight, and meane,
To make them seeme great, here it shall not need,
For that this Subiect doth so farre exceed
All forc'd Expression, that what Poesie shall
Happily thinke to grace it selfe withall,
Falls so below it, that it rather borrowes, (rowes,
Grace frō their griefe, then addeth to their sor-
For sad mischance thus in the losse of three,
To shewe it selfe the vtmost it could be:
Exacting also by the selfe same lawe,
The vtmost teares that sorrowe had to draw,
All future times hath vtterly preuented
Of a more losse, or more to be lamented.
Whilst in faire youth they liuely flourish'd here,
To their kind Parents they were onely deere,
But being dead, now euery one doth take,

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Them for their owne, and doe like sorrow make:
As for their owne begot, as they pretended,
Hope in the issue, which should haue discended
From them againe; nor here doth end our sorrow,
But those of vs, that shall be borne to morrow
Still shall lament them, and when time shall count,
To what vast number passed yeares shall mount,
They from their death shall duly reckon so,
As from the Deluge, former vs'd to doe.
O cruell *Humber*, guilty of their gore,
I now beleeue more then I did before,
The *Brittish* Story, whence thy name begun
Of Kingly *Humber*, an inuading *Hun*,
By thee deuoured, for t'is likely thou
With blood wert Christned, blood-thirsty till now,
The *Ouse*, the *Done*. And thou farre clearer *Trent*,
To drowne these *Sheffields* as you gaue consent,
Shall curse the time, that ere you were infus'd,
Which haue your waters basely thus abus'd,
The groueling Boore ye hinder not to goe,
And at his pleasure Ferry to and fro,
The very best part of whose soule. and blood,
Compar'd with theirs, is viler then your mud.
But wherefore Paper, doe I idly spend,
On those deafe waters to so little end,
And vp to starry heauen doe I not looke,
In which, as in an euerlasting booke,
Our ends are written, O let times rehearse,
Their fatall losse, in their sad aniverse.

To

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To the noble Lady, the Lady *I. S. of worldly crosses.*

MAdame, to shew the smoothnesse of my vaine,
Neither that I would haue you entertaine
The time in reading me, which you would spend,
In faire discourse with some knowne honest friend,
I write not to you. Nay, and which is more,
My powerfull verses striue not to restore,
What time and sicknesse haue in you impair'd,
To other end my Elegie is squar'd.
Your beauty, sweetnesse, and your gracefull parts
That haue drawne many eyes, won many hearts,
Of me get little, I am so much man,
That let them doe their vtmost that they can,
I will resist their forces: and they be
Though great to others, yet not so to me.
The first time I beheld you, I then saw,
That (in it selfe) which had the power to draw,
My stay'd affection, and thought to allow
You some deale of my heart; but you haue now
Got farre into it, and you haue the skill
(For ought I see) to winne vpon me still.
When I doe thinke how brauely you haue borne
Your many crosses, as in fortunes scorne,
And how neglectfull you haue seem'd to be,
Of that which hath seem'd terrible to me,
I thought you stupid, nor that you had felt
Those griefes which (often) I haue seene to melt,
Another woman into sighes and teares,

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A thing but ſeldome in your ſexe and yeares,
But when in you I haue perceiued agen,
(Noted by me, more then by other men,)
How feeling and how ſenſible you are
Of your friends ſorrowes, and with how much care
You ſeeke to cure them, then my ſelfe I blame,
That I your patience ſhould ſo much miſname,
Which to my vnderſtanding maketh knowne
" Who feeles anothers griefe, can feele their owne.
When ſtraight me thinks, I heare your patience ſay,
Are you the man that ſtudied *Seneca*;
Plinies moſt learned letters; and muſt I
Read you a Lecture in Philoſophie,
T'auoyd the afflictions that haue vs'd to reach you,
I'le learne you more Sir, then your bookes can teach
Of all your ſexe, yet neuer did I know, (you
Any that yet ſo actually could ſhow,
Such rules for patience, ſuch an eaſie way,
That who ſo ſees it, ſhall be forc't to ſay,
Loe what before ſeem'd hard to be diſcern'd,
Is of this Lady in an inſtant learn'd,
It is heauens will that you ſhould wronged be,
By the malicious, that the world might ſee
Your Doue-like meekeneſſe; for had the baſe ſcum,
The ſpawne of fiends, beene in your ſlander dumbe,
Your vertue then had periſh'd, neuer priz'd,
For that the ſame you had not exerciſ'd;
And you had loſt the Crowne you haue, and glory,
Neuer had you beene the ſubiect of my Story.
Whilſt they feele Hell, being damned in their hate,
Their thoughts like deuils them excruciate,

Which

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Which by your noble ſuffrings doe torment
Them with new paines, and giues you this content
To ſee your ſoule an innocent, hath ſuffered,
And vp to heauen before your eyes be offered:
Your like wee in a burning Glaſſe may ſee,
When the Sunnes rayes therein contracted be,
But on ſome obiect, which is purely white,
We find that colour doth diſperce the light,
And ſtands vntainted: but if it hath got
Some little fully; or the leaſt ſmall ſpot,
Then it ſoone fiers it; ſo you ſtill remaine,
Free, becauſe in you they can finde no ſtaine.
God doth not loue them leaſt, on whom he layes
The great'ſt afflictions; but that he will praiſe
Himſelfe moſt in them, and will make them fit,
Near'ſt to himſelfe who is the Lambe to ſit:
For by that touch, like perfect gold he tryes them,
Who are not his, vntill the world denies them,
And your example may worke ſuch effect,
That it may be the beginning of a Sect,
Of patient women; and that many a day,
All Husbands may for you their Founder pray.
Nor is to me your Innocence the leſſe,
In that you ſtriue not to ſuppreſſe
Their Barbarous malice; but your noble heart
Prepar'd to act ſo difficult a part,
With vnremoued conſtancy is ſtill
The ſame it was, that of your proper ill,
Th'effect proceeds from your owne ſelfe the cauſe,
Like ſome iuſt Prince, who to eſtabliſh lawes,
Suffers the breach at his beſt lou'd to ſtrike,
To learne the vulgar to endure the like,

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You are a Martir thus, nor can you be,
Leſſe to the world ſo valued by me:
If as you haue begun, you ſtill perſeuer,
Be euer good, that I may loue you euer.

An Elegie vpon the death of the Lady *Penelope Clifton.*

MVſt I needes write, whoſe hee that can refuſe,
He wants a mind, for her that hath no Muſe,
The thought of her doth heau'nly rage inſpire,
Next powerfull, to thoſe clouen tongues of fire.
Since I knew ought time neuer did allow
Mee ſtuffe fit for an Elegie, till now;
When *France* and *England's Henry's* dy'd, my quill,
Why, I know not, but it that time lay ſtil'.
'Tis more then greatneſſe that my ſpirit muſt raiſe,
To obſerue cuſtome I vſe not to praiſe,
Nor the leaſt thought of mine yet ere depended,
On any one from whom ſhe was deſcended:
That for their fauour I this way ſhould wooe,
As ſome poore wretched things (perhaps) may doe,
I gaine the end, whereat I only ayme,
If by my freedome I may giue her fame.
Walking then foorth being newly vp from bed,
O Sir (quoth one) the Lady *Clifton's* dead.
When, but that reaſon my ſterne rage withſtood,
My hand had ſure beene guilty of his blood,
If ſhee be ſo, muſt thy rude tongue confeſſe it,
(Quoth I) and com'ſt ſo coldly to expreſſe it, (thee
Thou ſhouldſt haue giuen a ſhreek, to make me feare
That might haue ſlain what euer had bin neere thee,
Thou ſhouldſt haue com'n like time wth thy ſcalp bare
And

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And in thy hands thou shouldst haue brought thy
Casting vpon me such a dreadfull looke, (haire,
As seene a spirit, or th'adst beene thunder strooke,
And gazing on mee so a little space,
Thou shouldst haue shot thine eye-balls in my face,
Then falling at my feet thou shouldst haue sayd,
O she is gone, and Nature with her dead.
With this ill newes amaz'd by chance I past,
By that neere groue, whereas both first and last,
I saw her, not three moneths before shee dy'd:
When (though full Summer gan to vaile her pride,
And that I saw men lead home ripened Corne,
Besides aduis'd me well;) I durst haue sworne
The lingring yeare the Autumne had adiourn'd,
And the fresh spring had been againe return'd,
Her delicacie, louelinesse, and grace,
With such a Summer brauely deckt the place:
But now alas, it lookt forlorne and dead;
And where she stood, the fading leaues were shed;
Presenting onely sorrow to my sight,
O God (thought I) this is her Emblem right.
And sure I thinke it cannot but bee thought,
That I to her by prouidence was brought:
For that the Fates fore-dooming she should die,
Shewed me this wondrous Master-peece, that I (it
Should sing her funerall, that the world should know
That heauen did thinke her worthy of a Poet;
My hand is fatall', nor doth fortune doubt,
For what it writes, not fire shall e'r race out,
A thousand silken Puppets should haue died,
And in their fulsome Coffins putrified,

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Ere in my lines, you of their names should heare
To tell the world that such there euer were,
Whose memory shall from the earth decay,
Before those rags be worne they gaue away,
Had I her god-like features neuer seene,
Poore sleight Report had told me she had beene
A hansome Lady, comely, very well,
And so might I haue died an Infidell,
As many doe which neuer did her see,
Or cannot credit, what she was by me.
Nature, her selfe, that before Art prefers
To goe beyond all our Cosmographers,
By Charts and Maps exactly that haue shown,
All of this earth that euer can be knowne,
For that shee would beyond them all descry,
What Art could not by any mortall eye;
A Map of Heauen in her rare features drue,
And that she did so liuely and so true,
That any soule but seeing it might sweare,
That all was perfect heauenly that was there.
If euer any Painter were so blest,
To draw that face, which so much heau'n expresst,
If in his best of skill he did her right,
I wish it neuer may come in my sight,
I greatly doubt my faith (weake man) lest I
Should to that face commit idolatry,
Death might haue tyth'd her sex, but for this one,
Nay, haue ta'n halfe to haue let her alone.
Such as their wrinckled temples to supply,
Cyment them vp with sluttish *Mercury*,
Such as vndrest were able to affright,
A valiant man approching him by night;

Death

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Death might haue taken ſuch, her end deferd,
Vntill the time ſhe had beene climaterd; (three,
When ſhe would haue bin at three ſcore yeres and
Such as our beſt at three and twenty be,
With enuy then, he might haue ouerthrowne her,
When age nor time had power to ſeaſe vpon her.
But when the vnpittying Fates her end decreed,
They to the ſame did inſtantly proceed,
For well they knew (if ſhe had languiſh'd ſo)
As thoſe which hence by naturall cauſes goe,
So many prayers and teares for her had ſpoken,
As certainly their Iron lawes had broken, (ſhow'd
And had awak'd heau'n, who clearely would haue
That change of Kingdoms to her death it ow'd,
And that the World ſtill of her end might thinke,
It would haue let ſome neighboring mountain ſinke
Or the vaſt Sea it in on vs to caſt,
As *Seuerne* did about ſome fiue yeares paſt:
Or ſome ſterne Comet his curld top to reare,
Whoſe length ſhould meaſure halfe our Hemiſphere,
Holding this height, to ſay ſome will not ſticke,
That now I raue, and am growne lunaticke:
You of what ſexe ſo ere you be, you lye,
'Tis thou thy ſelfe is lunatique, not I.
I charge you in her name that now is gone,
That may coniure you, if you be not ſtone,
That you no harſh, nor ſhallow rimes decline,
Vpon that day wherein you ſhall read mine,
Such as indeed are falſely termed verſe,
And will but ſit like mothes vpon her herſe;
Nor that no child, nor chambermaid nor page,
Diſturbe the Rome, the whilſt my ſacred rage,

In

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In reading is; but whilſt you heare it read,
Suppoſe, before you, that you ſee her dead,
The walls about you hung with mournfull blacke,
And nothing of her funerall to lacke,
And when this period giues you leaue to pauſe,
Caſt vp your eyes, and ſigh for my applauſe.

Vpon the noble Lady ASTONS *departure for Spaine.*

I Many a time haue greatly marueil'd why,
Men ſay their friends depart when as they die,
How well that word, a dying doth expreſſe,
I did not know (I truely muſt confeſſe,)
Till her departure, for whoſe miſſed ſight,
I am enforc'd this Elegie to write:
But ſince reſiſtleſſe fate will haue it ſo,
That ſhe from hence muſt to *Iberia* goe,
And my weake wiſhes can her not detaine,
I will of heauen in policy complaine,
That it ſo long her trauell ſhould adiourne,
Hoping thereby to haſten her returne.
Can thoſe of *Norway* for their wage procure,
By their blacke ſpells a winde that ſhall endure
Till from aboard the wiſhed land men ſee,
And fetch the harbour, where they long to be,
Can they by charmes doe this, and cannot I
Who am the Prieſt of *Phœbus*, and ſo hie;
Sit in his fauour, win the Poets god,
To ſend ſwift *Hermes* with a ſnaky rod,
To *Æolus* Caue, commanding him with care,
His proſperous winds, that he for her prepare,

And

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And from that houre, wherein she takes the seas,
Nature bring on the quiet *Halcion* dayes,
And in that hower that bird begin her nest,
Nay at that very instant, that long rest
May seize on *Neptune*, who may still repose,
And let that bird nere till that houre disclose,
Wherein she landeth, and for all that space
Be not a wrinckle seene on *Thetis* face,
Onely so much breath with a gentle gale,
As by the easie swelling of her saile,
May at * *Sebastians* safely set her downe
Where with her goodnes she may blesse the towne.
The neerest harbour of Spaine.
If heauen in iustice would haue plagu'd by thee
Some Pirate, and grim *Neptune* thou should'st be
His Executioner, or what is worse,
The gripple Merchant, borne to be the curse
Of this braue Iland; let them for her sake,
Who to thy safeguard doth her selfe betake,
Escape vndrown'd, vnwrackt, nay rather let
Them be at ease in some safe harbour set,
Wher with much profit they may vent their wealth
That they haue got by villany and stealth,
Rather great *Neptune*, then when thou dost raue,
Thou once should'st wet her saile but with a yvaue.
Or if some proling Rouer shall but dare,
To seize the ship wherein she is to fare,
Let the fell fishes of the Maine appeare,
And tell those Sea-thieues, that once such they were,
As they are now, till they assaild to rape;
Grape-crowned *Bacchus* in a striplings shape,
An Ile for the abundance of wine supposed to be the habitation of Bacchus.
That came aboard them, and would faine haue sayld,
To vine spread * *Naxus*, but that him they faild,

Which

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An Ile for the abundance of Wine supposed to bee the habitation of Bacchus.

Which he perceiuing, them so monstrous made,
And warne them how they passengers inuade.
Ye South and Westerne winds now cease to blow
A tumne is come, there be no flowers to grow,
Yea from that place respire, to which she goes,
And to her sailes should show your selfe but foes,
But *Boreas* and ye Esterne windes arise;
To send her soone to *Spaine*, but be precise,
That in your ayde you seeme not still so sterne,
As we a Summer should no more discerne,
For till that here againe, I may her see,
It will be winter all the yeare with me.
Yee swan-begotten lonely brother stars,
So oft auspicious to poore Marriners,
Yee twin-bred lights of louely *Leda's* brood,
Ioues egge-borne issue smile vpon the flood,
And in your mild'st aspect doe ye appeare
To be her warrant from all future feare.
And if thou ship that bear'st her, doe proue good,
May neuer time but wormes consume thy wood
Nor rust thy iron, may thy tacklings last,
Till they for reliques be in Temples plac't;
May'st thou be ranged with that mighty Arke,
Wherein iust *Noah* did all the world imbarque,
With that which after *Troyes* so famous wracke,
From ten yeeres trauell brought *Vlisses* backe:
That Argo which to *Colchos* went from *Greece*,
And in her bottom brought the Golden Fleece,
Vnder braue *Iason*; or that same of *Drake*,
Wherein he did his famous voyage make
About the World, or *Candishes* that went
As farre as his about the Continent.

And

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And ye milde windes that now I doe implore,
Not once to raiſe the leaſt ſand on the ſhore,
Nor once on forfeit of your ſelues reſpire:
When once the time is come of her retire,
If then it pleaſe you, but to doe your due,
What for thoſe Winds I did, Ile doe for you:
Ile wooe you then, and if that not ſuffice,
My pen ſhall proue you to haue dietyes,
Ile ſing your loues in verſes that ſhall flow,
And tell the ſtories of your weale and woe,
Ile proue vvhat profit to the earth you bring;
And how t'is you that vvelcome in the ſpring,
Ile raiſe vp altars to you, as to ſhow,
The time ſhalbe kept holy, when you blow,
O bleſſed vvinds! your will that it may be,
To ſend health to her, and her home to me.

To my moſt dearely-loued friend *Henry Reynolds* Eſquire *of Poets* and *Poeſie.*

MY dearely beloued friend how oft haue we,
In vvinter euenings (meaning to be free)
To ſome well choſen place vs'd to retire;
And there with moderate meate, and wine, and fire,
Haue paſt the houres contentedly with chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then diſcourſ'd of that,
Spoke our owne verſes 'twixt our ſelues if not,
Other mens lines, which we by chance had got,
Or ſome Stage pieces famous long before,
Of which your happy memory had ſtore:
And I remember you much pleaſed were,
Of thoſe who liued long agoe to heare,

As

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As well as of thoſe, of theſe latter times,
Who haue inricht our language with their rimes,
And in ſucceſſion, how ſtill vp they grew,
Which is the ſubiect that I now purſue;
For from my cradle (you muſt know that) I,
Was ſtill inclin'd to noble Poeſie;
And when that once *Pueriles* I had read,
And newly had my *Cato* conſtrued;
In my ſmall ſelfe I greatly marual'd then,
Amongſt all other, vvhat ſtrange kind of men
Theſe Poets vvere; And pleaſed with the name,
To my mild Tutor merily I came:
(For I was then a proper goodly page,
Much like a Pigmy, ſcarſe ten yeares of age)
Claſping my ſlender armes about his thigh,
O my deare maſter; cannot you (quoth I)
Make me a Poet; doe it, if you can,
And you ſhall ſee, Ile quickly be a man,
Who me thus anſwered ſmiling, boy quoth he,
If you'le not play the wag, but I may ſee
You ply your learning, I will ſhortly reade
Some Poets to you; *Phœbus* be my ſpeed,
Too't hard went I, when ſhortly he began,
And firſt read to me honeſt *Mantuan*,
Then *Virgils Eclogues*, being entred thus,
Me thought I ſtraight had mounted *Pegaſus*,
And in his full Carriere could make him ſtop,
And bound vpon *Parnaſſus* by cliff-top,
I ſcorn'd your ballet then though it were done
And had for Finis *William Elderton*,
But ſoft, in ſporting with this childiſh ieſt,
I from my ſubiect haue too long digreſt,

Then

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Then to the matter that we tooke in hand,
Ioue and *Apollo* for the *Muſes* ſtand.
That noble *Chaucer*, in thoſe former times,
The firſt inrich't our *Engliſh* with his rimes,
And was the firſt of ours, that euer brake,
Into the *Muſes* treaſure, and firſt ſpake
In weighty numbers, delning in the Mine
Of perfect knowledge, which he could refine.
And coyne for currant, and as much as then
The *Engliſh* language could expreſſe to men,
He made it doe; and by his wondrous skill,
Gaue vs much light from his abundant quill.
And honeſt *Gower*, who in reſpect of him,
Had onely ſipt at *Aganippas* brimme,
And though in yeares this laſt was him before,
Yet fell he far ſhort of the others ſtore.
When after thoſe, foure ages very neare,
They with the *Muſes* which conuerſed, were
That Princely *Surry*, early in the time
Of the Eight *Henry*, who vvas then the prime
Of *Englands* noble youth, with him there came
Wyat; with reuerence whom we ſtill doe name
Amongſt our Poets, *Bryan* had a ſhare
With the two former, which accompted are
That times beſt makers, and the authors were
Of thoſe ſmall Poems, which the title beare,
Of ſongs and ſonnets, vvherein oft they hit
On many dainty paſſages of wit.
Gaſcoyne and *Churchyard* after them againe
In the beginning of *Eliza's* raine,

Accoun-

Accoumpted were great Meterers many a day,
But not inſpired with braue fier, had they
Liu'd but a little longer, they had ſeene,
Their workes before them to haue buried beene.
Graue morrall *Spencer* after theſe came on,
Then whom I am perſwaded there was none
Sinee the blind *Bard* his *Iliads* vp did make,
Fitter a taske like that to vndertake,
To ſet downe boldly, brauely to inuent,
In all high knowledge, ſurely excellent.
The noble *Sidney*, vvith this laſt aroſe,
That *Heroe* for numbers, and for Proſe,
That throughly pac'd our language as to ſhow,
The plenteous *Engliſh* hand in hand might goe,
With *Greeke* and *Latine*, and did firſt reduce
Our tongue from *Lillies* vvriting then in vſe:
Talking of Stones, Stars, plants, of Fiſhes, Flyes,
Playing with wordes, and idle Similes,
As th'*Engliſh*, Apes and very Zanies be
Of euery thing, that they doe heare and ſee,
So imitating his ridiculous tricks,
They ſpake and Writ, all like meere lunatiques.
Then *Warner* though his lines were not ſo trim'd,
Nor yet his Poeme ſo exactly lim'd
And neatly ioynted, but the Criticke may
Eaſily reproue him, yet thus let me ſay:
For my old friend, ſome paſſages there be
In him, vvhich I proteſt haue taken me,
With almoſt wonder, ſo fine, cleere and new,
As yet they haue beene equalled by few.
Neat *Barlow* bathed in the *Theſpian* ſprings
Had in him thoſe braue tranſlunary things,

That

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That the first Poets had, his raptures were,
All Ayre, and fire, which made his verses cleere,
For that fine madnes still he did retaine,
Which rightly should possesse a Poets braine.
And surely *Nashe*, though he a Prose'r were,
A branch of Laurell yet deserues to beare,
Sharpely *Satiricke* was he, and that way,
He went, since that his being, to this day
Few haue attempted, and I surely thinke
Those words shall hardly be set downe with inke,
Shall scorch and blast, so as his could, where he,
Would inflict vengeance, and be it said of thee,
Shakespere thou hadst as smooth a Comicke vaine,
Fitting the socke, and in thy naturall braine,
As strong conception, and as cleere a rage,
As any one that traffiqu'd with the stage.
Amongst these, *Samuel Daniel*, whom if I
May speake of, but to censure doe denie,
Onely haue heard some wise men him rehearse,
To bee too much *Historian* in verse;
His rimes were smooth, his meeters well did close,
But yet his manner better fitted prose:
Next these, learn'd *Iohnson*, in this List I bring,
Who had drunke deepe of the *Pierian* spring,
Whose knowledge did him worthily prefer,
And long was Lord here of the Theater,
Who in opinion made our learn'd sit to sticke,
Whether in Poems rightly dramatique,
Strong *Seneca* or *Plautus*, he or they,
Should beare the Buskin, or the Socke away.

Others againe here liued in my dayes,
That haue of vs deserued no lesse praise
For their translations, then the daintiest wit,
That on *Parnassus* thinks he highest doth sit,
And for a chaire may mongst the muses call,
As the most curious maker of them all;
As reuerent *Chapman*, who hath brought to vs,
Musæus, *Homer*, and *Hesiodus*
Out of the Greeke, and by his skill hath reard
Them to that height, and to our tongue endear'd,
That were those Poets at this day aliue,
To see their bookes thus with vs to suruiue,
They would thinke, hauing neglected them so long,
They had bin written in the *English* tongue.
And *Siluester* who from the *French* more weake,
Made *Bartas* of his sixe dayes labour speake,
In naturall *English*, who, had he there stayd,
He had done well, and neuer had bewraid,
His owne inuention, to haue beene so poore
Who still wrote lesse, in striuing to write more,
Then dainty *Sands*, that hath to *English* done,
Smouth sliding *Ouid*, and hath made him run,
With so much sweetnesse and vnusuall grace,
As though the neatnesse of the *English* pace,
Should tell the letting *Latine* that it came
But slowly after, as though stiffe and lame.
So *Scotland* sent vs hither, for our owne
That man, whose name I euer would haue knowne,
To stand by mine, that most ingenious Knight,
My *Alexander*, to whom in his sight,
I want extreamely, yet in speaking thus
I doe but shew the loue, that was twixt vs,

And

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And not his numbers which were braue and hie,
So like his minde, was his cleare Poesie,
And my deare *Drummond* to whom much I owe
For his much loue, and proud I was to know,
His Poesie, for which, two worthy men,
I *Mersitry* still shall loue, and *Hauthorne-den*,
Then the two *Beaumants*, and my *Browne* arose,
My deare companions whom I freely chose
My bosome friends; and in their severall wayes,
Rightly borne Poets, and in these last dayes,
Men of much note, and no lesse nobler parts,
Such as haue freely told to me their hearts,
As I haue mine to them; but if you shall
Say in your knowledge, that these be not all
Haue writ in numbers be inform'd that I
Onely my selfe, to these few men doe tye,
Whose workes oft printed, set on euery post,
To publique censure subiect haue him most;
For such whose Poems, be they neere so rare,
In priuate chambers that incloistred are,
And by transcription daintily must goe,
As though the world vnworthy were to know,
Their rich composures, let those men that keepe
These wonderous reliques in their iudgement deep,
And cry them vp so, let such Peeces bee
Spoke of by those that shall come after me,
I passe not for them: nor doe meane to runne,
In quest of these, that them applause haue wonne,
Vpon our Stages in these latter dayes,
That are so many, let them haue their praises
That doe deserue it; let those wits that haunt
Those publique circuits, let them freely chaunt

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Their fine Composures, and their praise pursue,
And so my deare friend for this time adue.

Vpon the death of his incomparable friend, Sir Henry Raynsford, of Clifford.

COuld there be words found to expresse my losse
There were som hope, that this my heauy crosse
Might be sustained, and that wretched I
Might once finde comfort: but to haue him die
Past all degrees that was so deare to me,
As but comparing him with others, he
Was such a thing, as if some power should say
I'le take man on me, to shew men the way
What a friend should be. But words come so short,
Of him, that when I thus should him report,
I am vndone, and hauing nought to say,
Mad at my selfe, I throw my penne away,
And beat my breast, that there should be a woe
So high, that words cannot attaine thereto.
T'is strange that I from my abundant breast,
Who others sorrowes haue so well expresst:
Yet I by this in little time am growne
So poore, that I want to expresse my owne.
I thinke the fates perceiuing me to beare
My worldly crosses without wit or feare:
Nay, with what scorne I euer haue derided,
Those plagues that for me they haue oft prouided,
Drew them to counsaile, nay, conspired rather,
And in this businesse layd their heads together,
To finde some one plague, that might me subuert,
And at an instant breake my stubborne heart;

They

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They did indeed, and onely to this end,
They tooke from me this more then man, or friend.
Hard-hearted fates, your worst thus haue you done
Then let vs see what lastly you haue won,
By this your rigour, in a course so strict,
Why see, I beare all that you can inflict;
And he from heauen your poore revenge to view:
Laments my losse of him, but laughes at you,
Whilst I against you execrations breath;
Thus are you scorn'd aboue, and curst beneath.
Me thinks that man (vnhappy though it bee)
Is now thrice happy in respect of me,
Who hath no friend; for that in having none
He is not stirr'd as I am, to bemone
My miserable losse, who but in vaine,
May euer looke to finde the like againe:
This more then mine owne selfe, that who had seene
His care of me where euer I had beene,
And had not knowne his actiue spirit before,
Vpon some braue thing working euermore:
He would haue sworne that to no other end
He had beene borne; but onely for my friend.
I had beene happy, if nice nature had,
(Since now my lucke falls out to be so bad)
Made me vnperfect, either of so soft
And yeelding temper, that lamenting oft,
I into teares my mournefull selfe might melt;
Or else so dull, my losse not to haue felt,
I haue by my too deere experience bought,
That fooles and mad men, whom I euer thought
The most vnhappy, are indeed not so:
And therefore I lesse pitty can bestow

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(Since that my sence, my sorrow so can sound)
On those I see in Bedlam that are bound,
And scarce feele scourging; and when as I meete
A foole by children followed in the Streete:
Thinke I (poore wretch) thou from my griefe art free,
Nor couldst thou feele it, should it light on thee;
But that I am a *Christian* and am taught
By him who with his precious blood me bought,
Meekely like him my crosses to endure,
Else would they please me well, thus for their cure,
When as they feele their conscience doth them wound,
Vpon themselues dare lay a violent hand,
Not suffering Fortune with her murdering knife,
Stand like a Surgeon working on the life,
Desecting this part, that joynt to cut,
Shewing the Artyre, ripping then that gut,
Whilst the dull beastly World with hor squint eye,
Is to behold the strange Anatomy.

I am perswaded that those which we read
To be man-haters, were not so indeed
The Athenian *Timon*, and beside him more
Of which the *Latines*, as the *Greekes* haue store;
Nor not they did all humane manners hate,
Nor yet maligne mans dignity and state.
But finding our fraile life how euery day,
It like a bubble vanisheth away:
For this condition did mankind detest,
Farre more incertaine then that of the beast.

Sure heauen doth hate this world and deadly (too
Else as it hath done it would neuer doe,
For if it did not, it would ne'r permit
A man of so much vertue, knowledge, wit,

Of

Of naturall goodnesse, supernaturall grace,
Whose courses when considerately I trace
Into their ends, and diligently looke,
They serue me for Oeconomike booke,
By which this rough world I not onely learne,
In goodnesse but grow learn'd by reading them.
O pardon me, it my much sorrow is,
Which makes me vse this long Parenthesis;
Had heauen this world not hated as I say,
In height of life it had not, tane away
A spirit so brane, so actiue, and so free,
That such a one who would not wish to be,
Rather then weare a Crowne, by Armes though got
So fast a friend, so true a Patriot,
In things concerning both the worlds so wise,
Besides so liberall of his faculties,
That where he would his industrie bestow,
He would haue done e'r one could thinke to doe.
No more talke of the working of the Stars,
For plenty, scarcenesse, or for peace, or Warres.
They are impostures, therefore get you hence
With all your Planets, and their influence.
No more doe I care into them to looke,
Then in some idle Chiromantick booke,
Shewing the line of life, and *Venus* mount,
Nor yet no more would I of them account,
Then what that tells me, since that what so ere
Might promise man long life of care and feare,
By nature freed, a conscience cleere, and quiet,
His health, his constitution, and his diet,
Counting a hundred, foure score at the least,
Propt vp by prayers, yet more to be encreast,

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All these should faile, and in his fiftieth yeere
He should expire, henceforth let none be deare,
To me at all, lest for my hapleſſe sake,
Before their time heau'n from the world them take,
And leaue me wretched to lament their ends
As I doe his, who was a thousand friends.

Vpon the death of the Lady *Olive Stanhope.*

CAnst thou depart and be forgotten so,
Stanhope thou canst not, no deare *Stanhope*, no,
But in despight of death the world shall see,
That Muse which so much graced was by thee;
Can blacke oblivion vtterly out-braue,
And set the vp aboue thy silent Graue.
I marueil'd much the *Dorian* Nimphs were dumb
Or of those Muses, what should be become,
That of all those, the mountaines there among,
Not one this while thy *Epicedium* sung;
But so it is, when they of thee were reft,
They all those hilles, and all those riuers left,
And sullen growne, their former seates remooue,
Both from cleare *Darwin* and from siluer *Dowe*,
And for thy losse, they grieued are so sore,
That they haue vow'd they will come there no more;
But leaue thy losse to me, that I should rue thee,
Vnhappy man, and yet I neuer knew thee:
Me thou didst loue vnseene, so did I thee,
It was our spirits that lou'd then and not wee;
Therefore without prophanenesse I may call
The loue betwixt vs, loue spirituall:

But

But that which thou affectedst was so true,
As that thereby thee perfectly I knew;
And now that spirit, which thou so loud'st, still mine,
Shall offer this a Sacrifice to thine,
And reare this Trophe, which for thee shall last,
When this most beastly iron age is past;
I am perswaded, whilst we two haue slept,
Our soules haue met, and to each other wept;
That destiny so strongly should forbid,
Our bodies to conuerse as oft they did:
For certainly refined spirits doe know,
As doe the Angels, and doe here below,
Take the fruition of that endlesse blisse,
As those aboue doe, and what each one is,
They see diuinely, and as those there doe,
They know each others wills, so soules can too.
About that dismall time, thy spirit hence flew,
Mine much was troubled, but why, I not knew,
In dull and sleepy sounds, it often left me,
As if it selfe it ment to haue bereft me,
I ask't it what the cause was, of such woe,
Or what it might be, that might vexe it so,
But it was deafe, nor my demand would heare,
But when that ill rewes came to touch mine eare,
I straight wayes found this watchfull spirit of mine,
Troubled had bin to take it leaue of thine,
For when fate found, what nature late had done,
How much from heauen, she for the earth had won,
By thy deare birth; said, that it could not be
In so yong yeares, what it perceiu'd in thee,
But nature sure, had fram'd thee long before;
And as rich Misers of their mighty store,

Keepe

Keepe the most precious long'st, so from times past,
She onely had reseru'd thee till the last;
So did thy wisedome, not thy youth behold,
And tooke thee hence, in thinking thou wast old.
Thy shape and beauty often haue to mee
Bin highly praised, which I thought might be,
Truely reported, for a spirit so braue;
Which heauen to thee so bountifully gaue;
Nature could not in recompence againe,
In some rich lodging but to entertaine.
Let not the world report then, that the Peake,
Is but a rude place only vast and bleake,
And nothing hath to boast of but her Lead,
When she can say, that happily she bred
Thee, and when she shall of her wonders tell,
Wherein she doth all other tracts excell,
Let her account thee greatest, and still to time
Of all the rest, record thee for the prime.

To Maister WILLIAM IEFFRIES, Chapleine to the Lord Ambassadour in Spaine.

MY noble friend, you challenge me to write:
To you in Verse, and often you recite,
My promise to you, and to send you newes;
As 'tis a thing I very seldome vse,
And I must write of State, if to *Madrid*,
A thing our Proclamations here forbid,
And that word State such Latitude doth beare,
As it may make me very well to feare
To write, nay speake at all, these let you know
Your power on me, yet not that I will show

The

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The loue I beare you, in that lofty height,
So cleare expression, or such words of weight,
As into *Spanish* if they were translated,
Might make the Poets of that Realme amated;
Yet these my last were, but that you extort
These numbers from me, when I should report
In home-spun-prose, in good plaine honest words
The newes our wofull *England* vs affords.
The Muses here sit sad, and mute the while
A sort of swine vnseasonably defile
Those sacred springs, which from the by-clift-hill
Dropt their pure *Nectar* into euery quill;
In this with State, I hope I doe not deale,
This onely tends the Muses common-weale.
What canst thou hope, or looke for from his pen,
Who liues with beasts, though in the shapes of men,
And what a poore few are we honest still,
And dare to be so, when all the world is ill.
I find this age of our markt with this Fate,
That honest men are still precipitate
Vnder base Villaines, which till th'earth can vent
This her last brood, and wholly hath them spent,
Shall be so, then in reuolution shall;
Vertue againe a vice by vices fall;
But that shall I not see, neither will I
Maintaine this, as one doth a Prophesie,
That our King *James* to *Rome* shall surely goe,
And from his Chaire the *Pope* shall ouerthrow.
But ô this world is so giuen vp to hell,
That as the old Giants, which did once rebel,
Against the gods, so this new liuing race
Dare sin, yet stand, and leere heau'n in the face.

But

But soft my Muse, and make a little stay,
Surely thou art not rightly in thy way,
To my good *Jeffrayes* was not I about
To write, and see, I suddainly am out,
This is pure *Satire*, that thou speak'st, and I
Was first in hand to write an Elegie.
To tell my countries shame I not delight,
But doe bemoane't I am no *Democrite*:
O God, though Vertue mightily doe grieue,
For all this world yet will I not beleeue
But that shee's faire and louely, and that shee
So to the period of the world shall bee;
Else had she beene forsaken (sure) of all,
For that so many sundry mischiefes fall
Vpon her daily, and so many take
Armes vp against her, as it well might make,
Her to forsake her nature, and behind,
To leaue no kep for future time to find,
As shee had neuer beene, for he that now
Can doe her most disgrace, him they allow
The times chiefe Champion, and he is the man,
The prize, and palme that absolutely wanne,
For where Kings Closets her free seat hath bin,
Shee neere the Lodge, not suffered is to Inne,
For ignorance against her stands in state,
Like some great porter at a pallace gate;
So dull and barbarous lately are wee growne,
And there are some this fluttery that haue sowne,
That for mans knowledge it enough doth make,
If he can learne to read an Almanacke;
By whom that trash of *Amadis de Gaule*,
Is held an Author most authenticall,

And

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And things wee haue like Noblemen that be
In little time, which I haue hope to see
Vpon their foot-clothes, as the streets they ride,
To haue their hornebookes at their girdles ti'd,
But all their superfluity of spight
On vertues handmayd Poesy doth light,
And to extirpe her all their plots they lay,
But to her ruine they shall misse the way,
For tis alone the Monuments of wit,
Aboue the rage of Tyrants that doe sit,
And from their strength, not one himselfe can shake,
But they shall triumph o'r his hated graue.
In my conceipt, friend, thou didst neuer see
A righter Madam then thou hast of mee,
For now as *Elegiacke* I bewaile
These poore base times; then suddainely Ile raile
And I am *Satiricke*, not that I inforce
My selfe to be so, but euen as remorse,
Or hate, in the proud fullnesse of their hight
Master my fancy, iust so doe I write.
But gentle friend, as soone shall I behold
That stone of which so many haue vs told,
(Yet neuer any to this day could make)
The great *Elixar*, or to vndertake
The *Rose-Crosse* knowledge which is much like that,
A Tarrying-iron for fooles to labour at,
As euer after I may hope to see,
(A plague vpon this beastly world for mee)
Wit so respected as it was of yore,
And if hereafter any it restore,
It must be those that yet for many a yeere,
Shall be vnborne that must inhabit here,

And

And such in vertue as shall be asham'd
Almost to heare their ignorant Grandsires nam'd,
With whom so many noble spirits then liu'd;
That were by them of all reward depriu'd.
My noble friend, I would I might haue quit
This age of these, and that I might haue writ,
Before all other, how much the braue pen;
Had here bin honoured of the *English* men;
Goodnesse and knowledge, held by them in prise,
How hatefull to them ignorance and vice,
But it falls out the contrary is true,
And so my *Ieffereyes* for this time adue.

Vpon the death of Mistris Elianor *Fallowfield.*

ACcursed Death, what need was there at all
Of thee, or who to councell did thee call;
The subiect vvhereupon these lines I spend
For thee was most vnfit, her timelesse end (stand;
Too soone thou wrought'st, too neere her thou didst
Thou should'st haue lent thy leane and meager hand
To those who oft the helpe thereof beseech,
And can be cured by no other Leech.
In this wide world how many thousands be
That hauing past fourescore, do call for thee,
The wretched debtor in the layle that lyes,
Yet cannot this his Creditor suffice;
Doth woe thee oft with many a sigh and teare,
Yet thou art coy, and him thou wilt not heare.
The Captiue slaue that tugged at the Oares,
And vnderneath the Bulls tough sinewes rores,

Begs

Begs at thy hand, in lieu of all his paines,
That thou vvould'ſt but releaſe him of his chaines;
Yet thou a niggard liſteneſt not thereto,
With one ſhort gaſpe which thou might'ſt eaſily do,
But thou couldſt come to her ere there was need,
And euen at once deſtroy both flovvre and ſeede.
But cruell death if thou ſo barbarous bee,
To thoſe ſo goodly, and ſo young as ſhee;
That in their te-ming thou wilt ſhew thy ſpight;
Either from marriage thou wilt Maides affright,
Or in their Wedlocke, Widdowes liues to chuſe
Their husbands bed, and vtterly refuſe,
Fearing conception; ſo ſhalt thou thereby
Extirpate mankind by thy cruelty.
If after direfull Tragedy thou thirſt,
Extinguiſh *Himens* Torches at the firſt;
Build Funerall pyles, and the ſad pauement ſtrew,
With mournful Cypreſſe, and the pale-leau'd Yewe.
Away with Roſes, Mirtle, and with Bayes;
Enſignes of mith, and iollity, as theſe;
Neuer at Nuptialls vſed be againe,
But from the Church the new Bride entertaine
With Weeping *Nenias*, euer and among,
As at departings be ſad *Requiems* ſong.
Lucina by th'old Poets that wert ſayd,
Women in Child-birth euermore to ayde,
Becauſe thine Altars, long haue layne neglected:
Nor as they ſhould, thy holy fiers reflected
Vpon thy Temples, therefore thou doeſt flye,
And wilt not helpe them in neceſsity.
Thinking vpon thee, I doe often muſe,
Whether for thy deare ſake I ſhould accuſe

Nature

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Nature or Fortune, Fortune then I blame,
And doe impute it as her greateſt ſhame,
To haſt thy timeleſſe end, and ſoone agen
I vexe at Nature, nay I curſe her then,
That at the time of need ſhe was no ſtronger,
That wee by her might haue enioy'd thee longer.
But whilſt of theſe I with my ſelfe debate,
I call to mind how flinty-hearted Fate,
Seaſeth the olde, the yong, the faire, the foule,
Nothing of earth can Deſtiny controule:
But yet that Fate which hath of life bereft thee,
Still to eternall memory hath left thee,
Which thou enioy'ſt by the deſerued breath,
That many a great one hath not after death.

FINIS.

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